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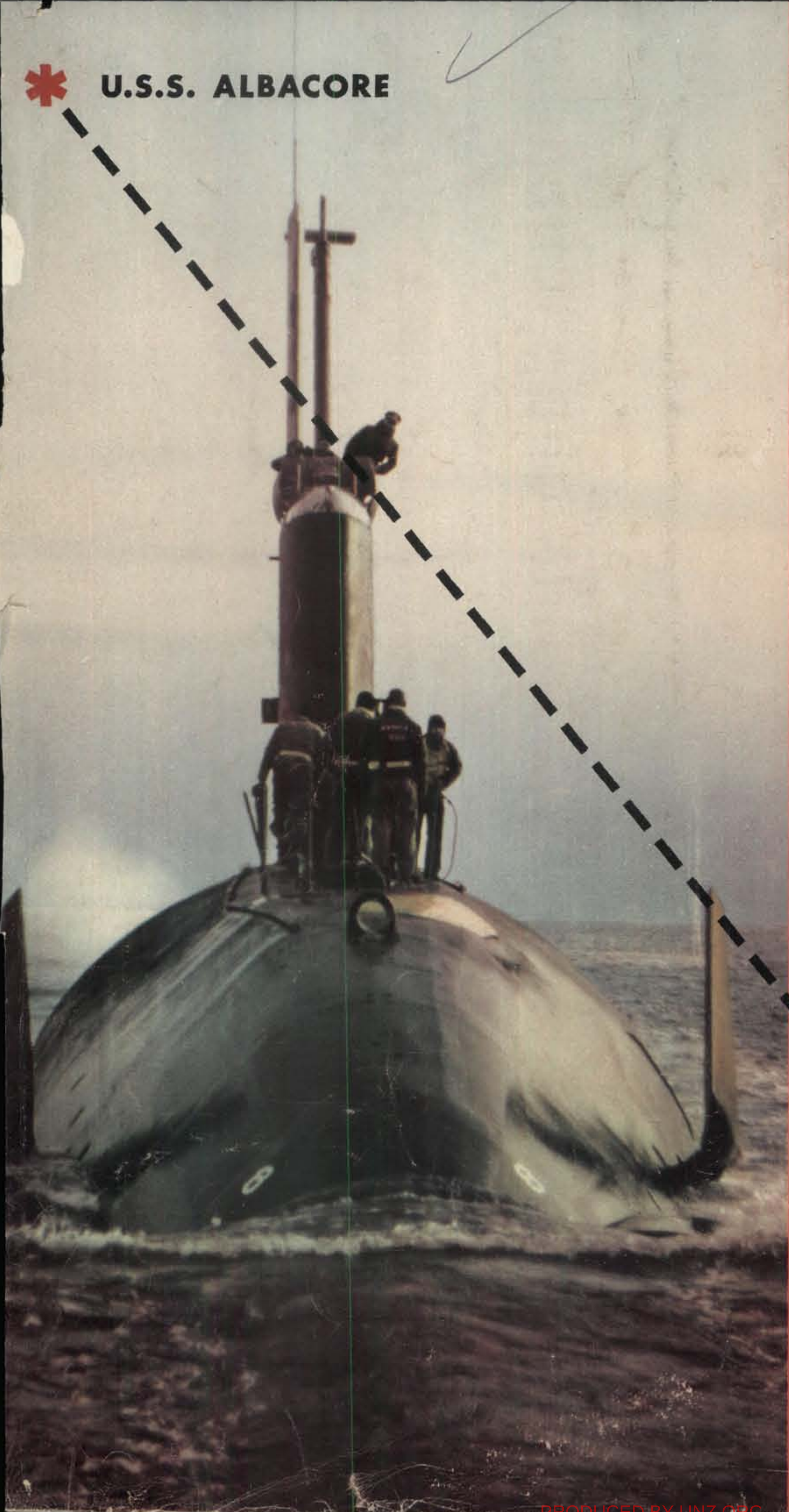

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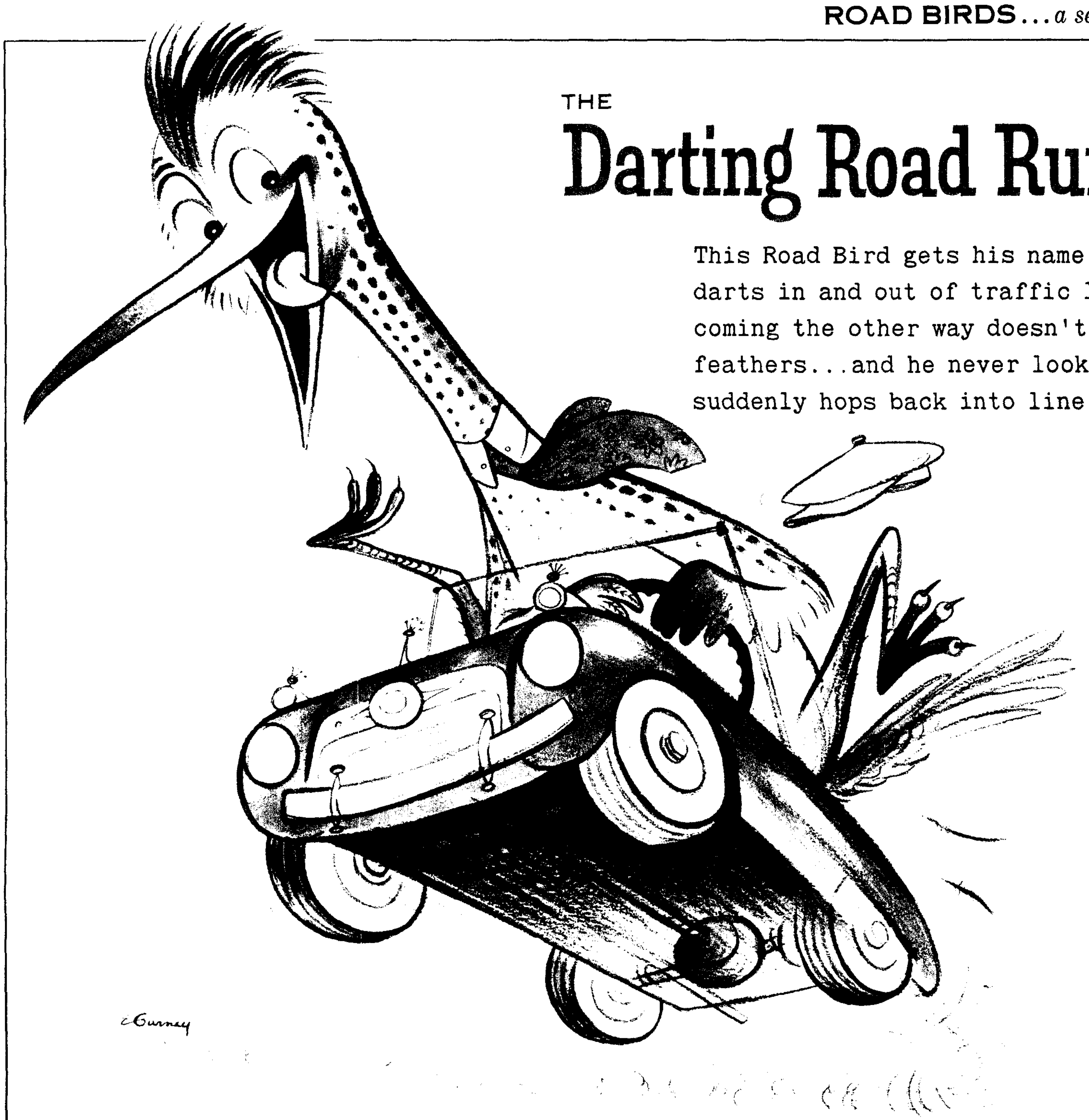
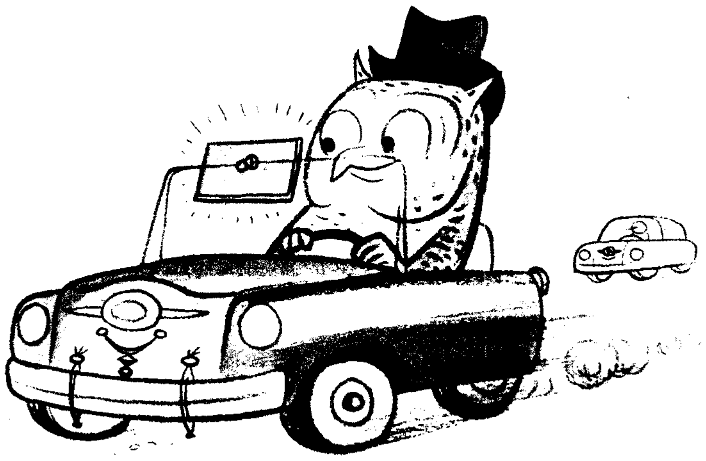


This Road Bird gets his name from the way he darts in and out of traffic lanes. A truck coming the other way doesn't even ruffle his feathers...and he never looks behind when he suddenly hops back into line.



THE

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Picture
OF THE MONTH

We didn't go to the preview of M-G-M's "The Glass Slipper" in anything so grand as the storied pumpkin coach. But we certainly came out walking on our own private cloud!

Mind you, we *expected* to be charmed by this romance-with-music which stars Leslie Caron and Michael Wilding. After all, this lovely production, in enchanting Color, is the wonder-work of the same gifted innovators who took the nation by storm when they took "Lili" by the hand.

Leslie Caron's starry loveliness as captured by famed artist Jon Whitcomb

But what we didn't quite expect is the steady stunning stream of surprises, the dazzling dances, the endless beauties that make this so completely fresh and original in concept.

Here is a happy blending, too, of the Cinderella theme into a flesh-warm, large-as-life love story that bounces from delight to delight without recourse to witch's wands and such. Leslie Caron is as real as a kiss on the lips, once you've adjusted to the idea that such loveliness can be. Her Ella Sonder, a scullery-maid, has no notion that her *gamine* grace could ever be thought desirable by anyone, much less a sophisticated blueblood.

Wilding's devil-may-care flair for romantic fun has never been so evidenced. You will be as captivated as Ella herself from their meeting in the forest glade, through the three matchless dance sequences staged by Roland Petit with his breathtaking Ballet de Paris Company, to the astoundingly beautiful palace ball and all the lilt and laughter of the heart-lifting climax.

Helping to put "The Glass Slipper's" funniest foot forward are Keenan Wynn as aide-d'escapade to the prince, stage star Estelle Winwood as the mad matchmaker, Elsa Lanchester as the high-stepping stepmother.

How proud must be producer Edwin H. Knopf, director Charles Walters, writer Helen Deutsch and composer Bronislau Kaper, the latter two of whom have seemingly contributed another lyrical Academy Award winner in "The Glass Slipper" song —"Take My Love."

They have not only out-gilded their own "Lili"; they have made "The Glass Slipper" a perfect fit for the most exacting entertainment taste!

* * *

M-G-M presents in Color "THE GLASS SLIPPER" starring LESLIE CARON, MICHAEL WILDING with KEENAN WYNN, ESTELLE WINWOOD, ELSA LANCHESTER, BARRY JONES. Written for the screen by Helen Deutsch. Ballets by Roland Petit. Featuring Ballet de Paris. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by Charles Walters. Produced by Edwin H. Knopf. An M-G-M Picture.

Collier's

APRIL 1, 1955

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Here, photographed head on, is the fastest sub in the world—the Navy's sleek new USS Albacore. For a thrilling account of what happened on a test run aboard the Albacore, turn to Cornelius Ryan's special report on pages 25–29. Also featured in this issue are the behind-the-scenes story of the Jackie Gleason TV show (page 36) and a searching look at Red China's threat to Free Asia (page 46)

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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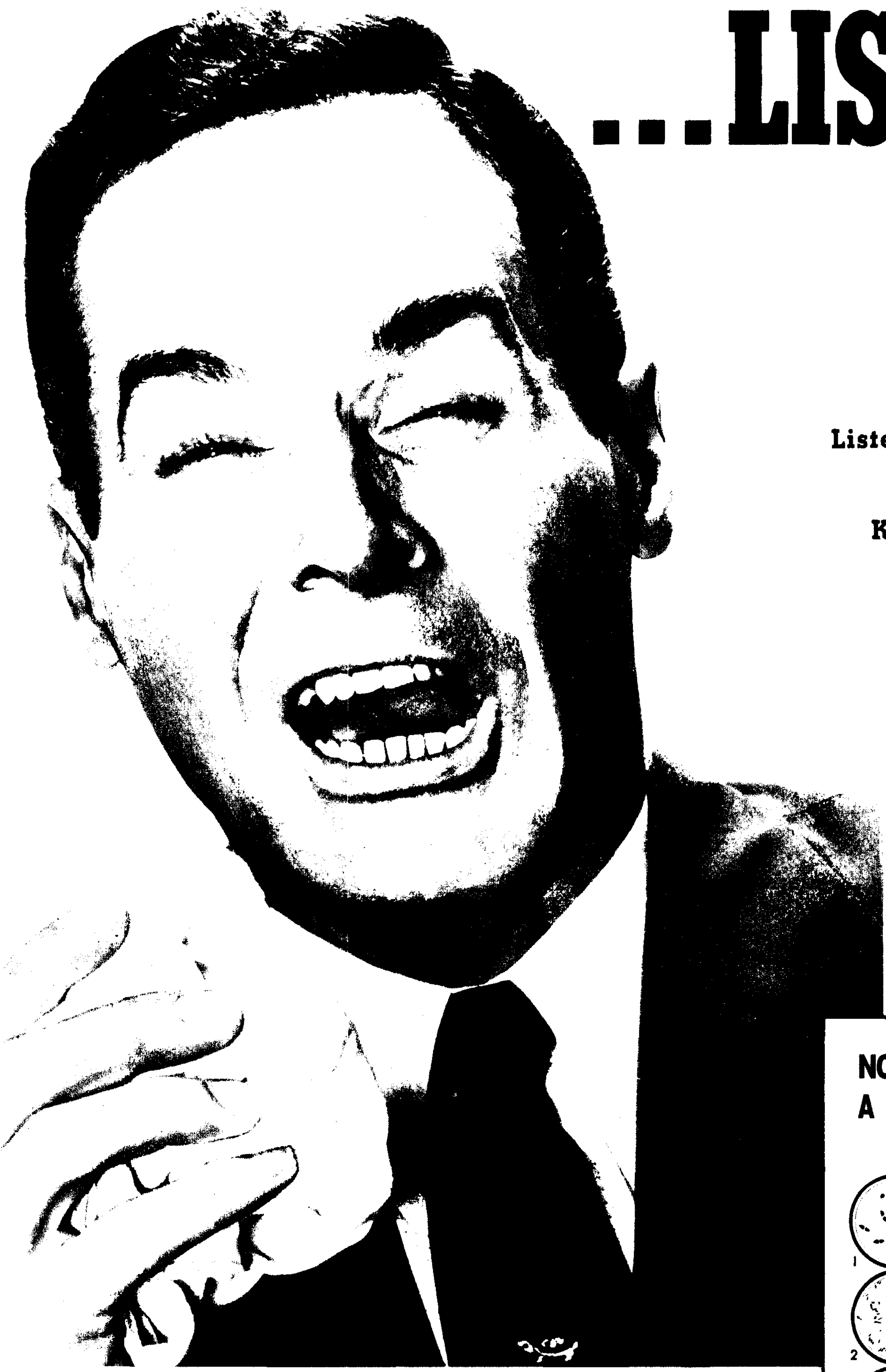

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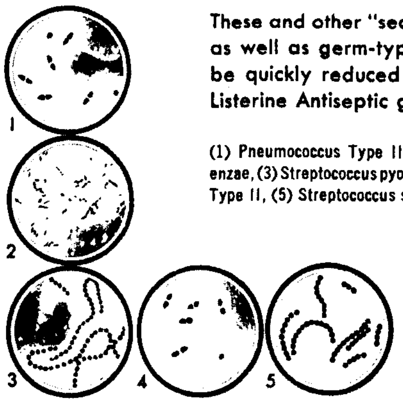

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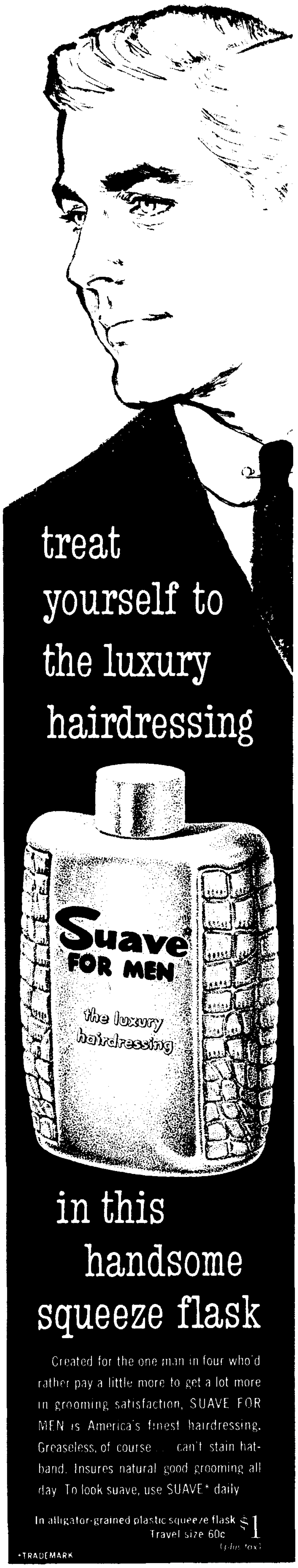
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*TRADEMARK

Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

I HAVE just bought a painting. It is called Steeplechasers, and it is the work of Lee Townsend. Now I am only too well aware that the circulation figures for the parties interested in my purchase of a picture would come to five (5). They would be Mr. Townsend, the artist; my daughter, to whom I gave the painting; myself, the purchaser; and Mr. and Mrs. Munson, who own the Little Gallery, Princeton, New Jersey. I now can call myself an art patron, just as I am formally a music lover by virtue of my being a member of the board of the Princeton Symphony Orchestra, which, by the way, is the best amateur-professional orchestra I've ever heard.

As an art patron and a formal music lover I have enhanced my value as an entertainment warden. I want my readers to feel they are getting their money's worth; that their boy O'Hara is in there with both brows, high and low.

In spite of my best efforts, I have more success, as you will see, when I am not being high-brow. When I attended Mr. Townsend's one-man show I was being fairly high-brow, since art exhibitions are not on my regular beat; but I was in a high-brow mood anyway, having spent the earlier part of the afternoon listening to the Philharmonic on the radio. (Which I do most Sundays.) The Beethoven Violin Concerto that I had been listening to is a chastening experience for a self-taught, three-finger fiddle player, and so in that mood of humility, but high-brow humility, I went to look at pictures in an exhibition—for which, of course, I should have prepared myself with a bit of Moussorgsky.

I went the complete rounds three times, for I was convinced after the first round that here was a man who knew what he was painting and whose way of painting it gave me pleasure. I knew I was going to buy one of five of his pictures, but I didn't say so when I met him. When I met him he immediately introduced me to another man, and that meeting, if I may be pardoned for saying so, had a certain historic significance.

I have written quite a bit, and lived quite a bit, of the Jazz Age. I was a latecomer, to be sure, but I grew up in the Jazz Age and I became a post-Jazz Age author. Now everyone knows that when you speak of Jazz Age authors you mention F. Scott Fitzgerald. But when you mention Jazz Age illustrators you also automatically mention John Held, Jr.

The man I was introduced to at Townsend's exhibition was John Held, Jr. It was a long-delayed pleasure to meet this outstanding artist of an exciting period, now a handsome, rugged gentleman in tweeds and flannel shirt, and sixty-six years old. Naturally you would expect us to talk about the young men and women, the *tempora et mores,* of 1920-1929. And if we'd been high-brows that's what we would have talked about. But what we did actually talk about was Guernseys and Jerseys, alfalfa and milk, and the decline of the horse. When two lawyers get together they talk about the rule in Shelley's case, and when Dr. Perry Stalsis meets Dr. Herman Zoster, they exchange notes on the technique of the trephine. But John Held and I talked about the problems of the small dairy, more like a couple of Aggies than two veterans of the speak-easy wars.

★ ★ ★

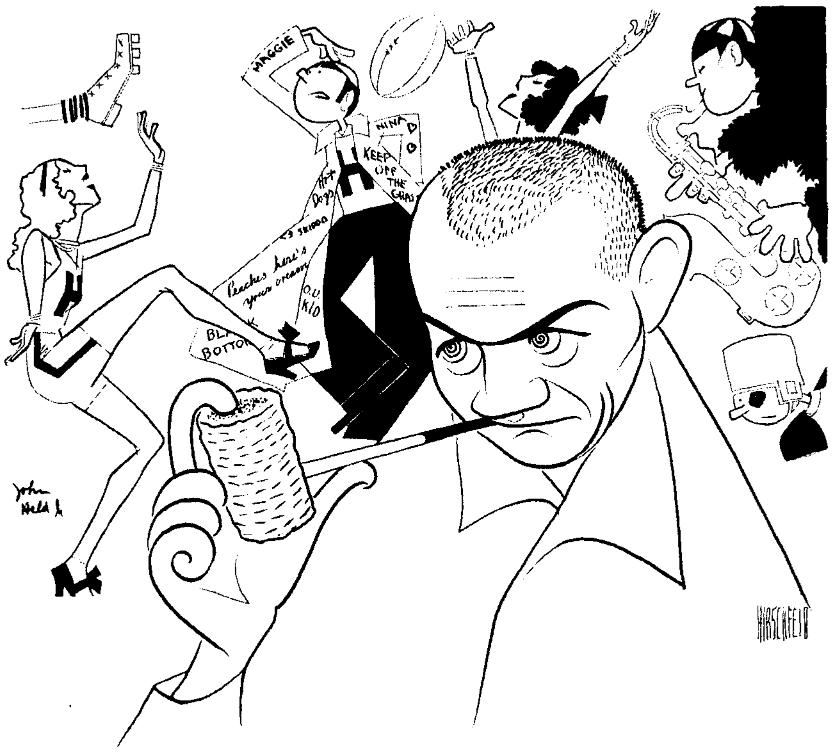
YOU KNOW those mind-probing games where your answers to certain apparently innocuous questions can make you reveal that you are a potential murderer, or worse. If you say you'd rather be a horse than a muskrat you are either oversexed or undersexed, and if you like chocolate better than vanilla, you ought not to be allowed to roam around loose. I don't mind playing the games because I have more than likely been studying the character who takes over such pastimes, and my secret analysis of him would, if spoken out, get me into a slander case. So I figure I'm so far ahead of these parlor psychiatrists that everything I tip about myself is comparatively mild.

So mild, in fact, that I offer an original question for the repertory of the drawing-room head-shrinkers. Question: If a friend of yours is reading a mystery story or going to see a mystery play, do you tell who did it?

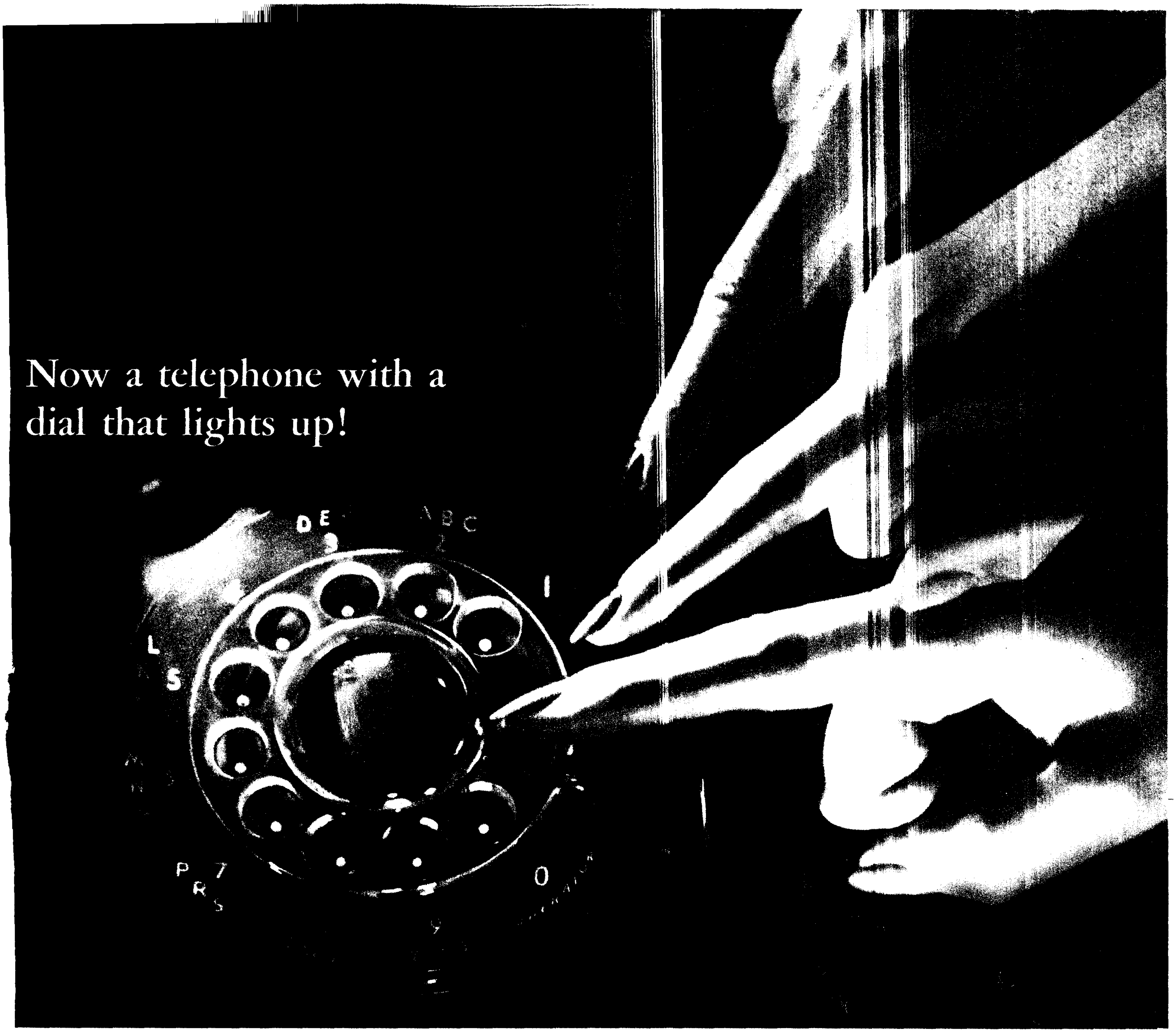
I imagine a serious, qualified psychiatrist could make something significant of the answer to that one. What I am going to make of the question is a small essay.

As is my varying custom, I bought a pair for the Agatha Christie play Witness for the Prosecution, which is a great success in London and is no flop here. It is a courtroom mystery drama and the program asks the spectators not to reveal the ending. Gilbert Miller, the producer, will be happy to know that I shall keep his secret, but Miss Christie may not be pleased to know that I *guessed* how it would come out, and have witnesses, not necessarily for the prosecution. I think almost any professional writer can figure it out before the end of the second act, but of course the play

AL HIRSCHFELD



It was a long-delayed pleasure to meet John Held, Jr., a handsome, rugged man in tweeds and flannel shirt, and now sixty-six years old



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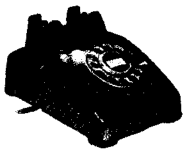

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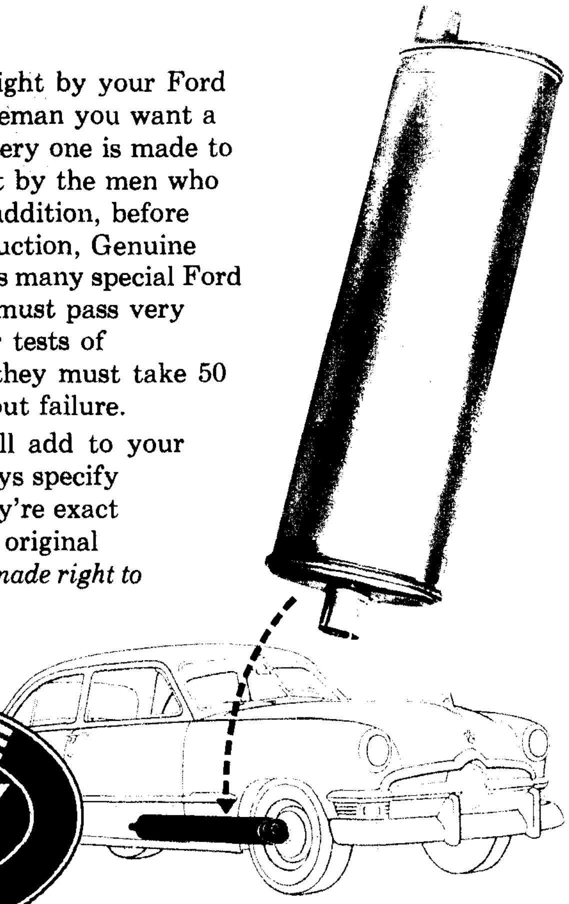

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APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

is not a hit by virtue of writers' patronage.

As a matter of fact, I haven't got the kind of brain that enjoys working on problems of logic and reasoning and ratiocination. If someone had told me beforehand how Witness for the Prosecution comes out, I'd have pegged my informant for a jerk, but only because he was doing it to spoil my good time and assert his little superiority. I would not have enjoyed the play the less. I reread the Sherlock Holmes stories of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle not because I enjoy the mathematics of his constructions, but because the writing is literature of a high order. The sights and sounds and smells, the social customs, the conversation, are all so right and good that you wouldn't have to read anyone else to get the feeling of the period. In our day Dashiell Hammett did it once, in The Maltese Falcon, for a small but entertaining phase of our life. The dingy office, the dirty shirts, the money-grubbing, the fresh characters. And I hope I may be permitted to put in a plug for a Collier's author, Charles B. Child, whose work I admire for much the same reason—and admired long before I signed on here.

Mystery-story writers have a habit of throwing away better characters than literary writers can invent. It seems to me that the mystery writers are in such a hurry to get the plot boiling that they don't give themselves time to develop the characters. Maybe the mystery writers don't realize what they've got when they've invented these characters, or maybe they aren't sufficiently skilled to work out the development.

Time and again I, as a straight, nonmystery author, have admired without envy the way the mystery men and women can create fictional figures which, if they had been employed otherwise than in plot tinkerings, could have become as memorable as the creations of—oh—Dickens, or Steinbeck.

I am not exactly a string saver, but I do hate waste, and I've often wanted to tell some mystery writer to stop squandering the people he has thought up.

I once knew slightly a man named Fred Faust, who wrote under the name of Max Brand, among others. He started as a poet and looked like a poet. He published 85 books of fiction, made a lot of money and was killed in Italy during War 2. He probably will be remembered only for creating Dr. Kildare. He was a story factory, and that's all, but he could have been better, and that's the kind of waste I hate. . . .

Now don't tell me you knew how this essay was going to come out. *I* didn't.

★ ★ ★

IT SEEMS rather strange for a Paris dressmaker to be putting the knock on the female knee. As a totally unrecognized authority on female anatomy, I am inclined to agree with the fellow that the knee is not the prettiest item *les girls* have to offer. But I cannot agree with his remark that "it should never be shown." Ideally, the form divine is best viewed when unencumbered with silks and satins, buttons and bows, and in those circumstances the knee is just as visible as, say, the shoulder. But no matter how much is exposed, the knee should be considered as part of the *tout ensemble,* not for itself alone, and a man who makes his living designing dresses should know that. Even when I was a dead-game sport, waiting for the late, late show at carnivals, I never would have shelled out a half a buck to see a knee. But after paying my fifty cents I did get a fast look at the knee and the shinbone connected to the anklebone, as well as the sternum, which does not mean what most people think it means.

The same Parisian character tried last year to make a box out of the female chest. Now, besides giving the knee to the knee, he announces that American women are too cold, too made-up and too sophisticated. If I were a Paris *boulevardier* I would want to suppress the fellow. Your true *boulevardier* does not acknowledge that any woman is too cold, or too sophisticated. As to make-up, I had better leave the answering of that to Mr. Hemingway, who at one time was connected with the family that owns Hudnut's.

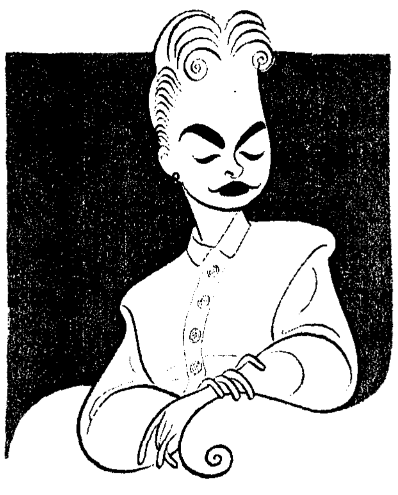
To return to the earlier topic, if I were more of a scholar I would find out the name of a Glasgow lady who designs kilts and cable her to learn what she thinks of the male knee. My final comment on the matter is to mention Eddie Fisher's basketball song: I Kneed You Now.

★ ★ ★

DO YOU KNOW who's a good actress? Georgiann Johnson, who plays the other wife in the Mr. Peepers TV show, and who appeared on Broadway this season in Reclining Figure, the comedy about art double-dealings. In the Mr. Peepers show she seldom gets the concentrated attention of the camera, but that's exactly what makes me say she is a good actress: her acting is part of the whole picture and not a star performance. She understands the part, and she obviously does not feel that she has to push her face or her hands or her pretty legs into every scene.

She's pretty all over, too, not just the legs. As of '55, I still consider prettiness no great handicap.

▲▲▲



Georgiann Johnson is pretty all over. And she's a good actress

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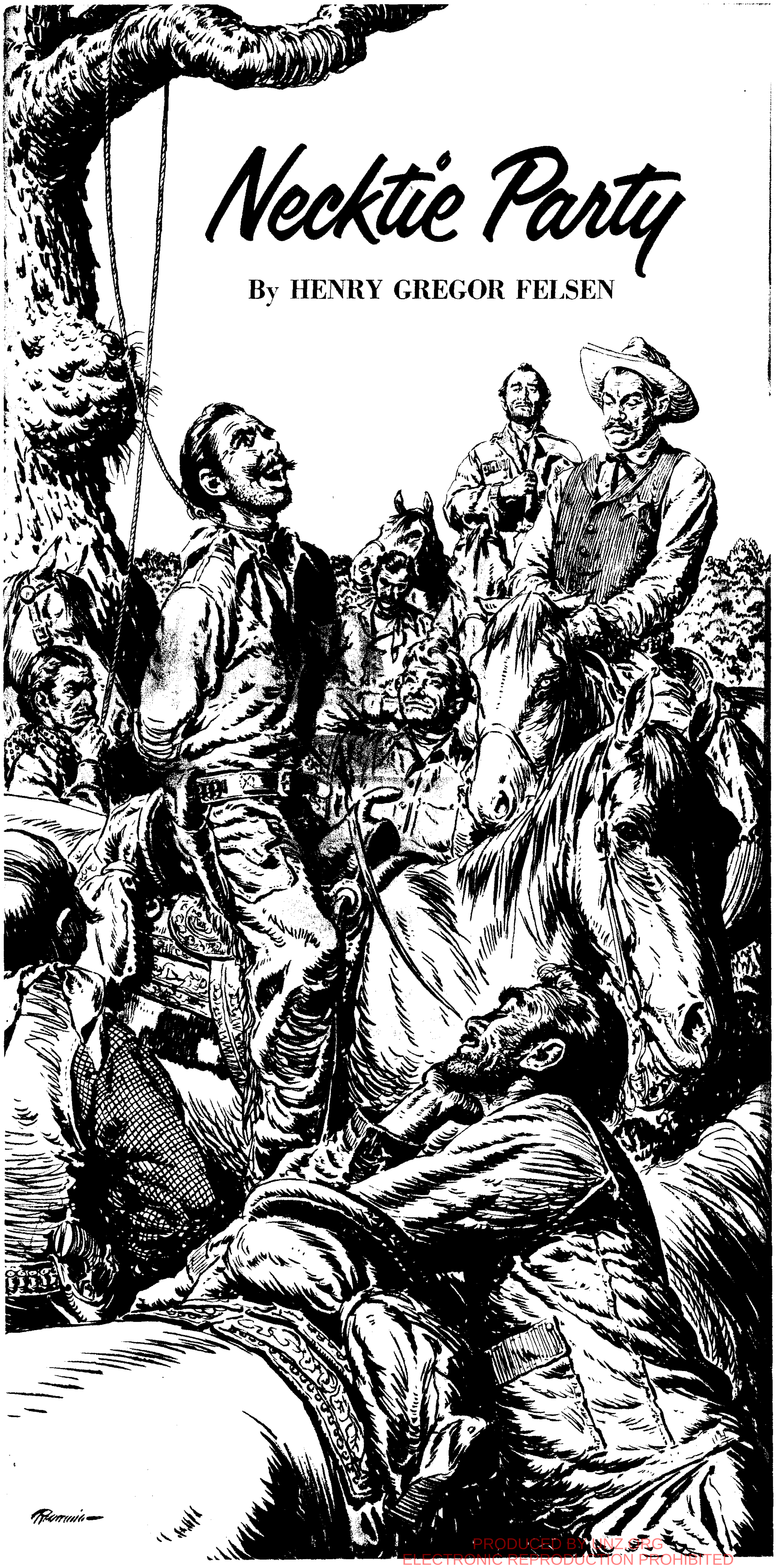

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

Necktie Party

By HENRY GREGOR FELSEN

DOWN here in Texas we've got a book that is supposed to show every world's record held by Texas, only it don't. There is one Texas record that ain't in the book and is unknown about even to Texas. As the last living survivor of the posse that helped set that record, I feel it's my duty to claim it for Texas—even if Texas won't want it.

The record I claim is for the longest informal hanging of a cattle rustler. It was set on a August night in 1886 near Spanish Fort, Texas, when we strung up the notorious rustler Shawnee Sam.

The funny part of it is, we didn't know until later it was him. At the time we thought he was just a rustler who needed hanging. He had a fast horse and a head start, and we never would have caught him except that his horse fell and throwed him.

There didn't seem to be anything special about the feller at the time. He dusted himself off and looked around at us and nodded, and said he sure was glad to see us, and it certainly was funny what had happened to him. What had happened, he said, was that he had been riding at night to escape the heat of the day, and he'd fallen asleep in the saddle until our shooting had woke him up.

To his great surprise, he said, he discovered that his horse had fallen in behind a herd of stray cattle, and was following them at a dead run toward the Oklahoma border. Then his horse stepped in a gopher hole and throwed him, and the fall had somehow pushed his bandanna up over his face.

When the stranger had said his piece, the sheriff said, "All right, boys. The trial is over."

A couple of us rode to a nearby cottonwood tree and throwed a rope over a limb. We got the stranger mounted, tied his hands behind his back, and positioned him under the limb where the noose was. The sheriff slipped the noose over the feller's head. Then he said to me, "Hank, you stand by. When I lift my hat, you lay a quirt to his horse."

"Sheriff," the stranger said in a mild voice, "I think you're forgetting some of my rights and privileges in this hanging. I'd hate for it to get around how slipshod the hangings are in East Texas."

"If you're so stuck on getting hung West Texas style," the sheriff said, "why didn't you stay to home and rustle West Texas cattle?"

"To tell you the truth, Sheriff," the stranger said, "there ain't better stealing beef in the whole world than in East Texas. But we ain't arguing cattle, we're arguing hangings, and when we have a hanging in West Texas, we extend the condemned man the common courtesies of the occasion."

Well, the sheriff just sat there for a minute scratching his chin and thinking. A quick hanging would have been like admitting that East Texas was satisfied with hangings that didn't come up to West Texas standards. On the other hand, it wouldn't look good if it got out that a West Texas outlaw had to instruct an East Texas sheriff on how to hang.

"Stranger," the sheriff said, "you made a kind remark about our East Texas cattle. I guess we can return the kindness. We'll be happy to hang you West Texas style." He thought a moment. "Who might we be having the pleasure to hang here?" he said grandly.

"The name is Tex," the stranger said. "Tex Tyler."

"Tex Tyler," the sheriff said in a loud official voice, "do you have any last words to say before you swing?"

The outlaw bowed his head. "I would like at this time," he said in a soft voice, "to say a few words about Texas." He cleared his throat, and all of us in the posse uncovered.

"Friends and captors," the outlaw said, lifting his face to the sky, "let us consider together how Texas was born. Two billion years ago a wandering star

The outlaw said: "Friends and captors, I would like at this time to say a few words about Texas." We decided the hanging could wait

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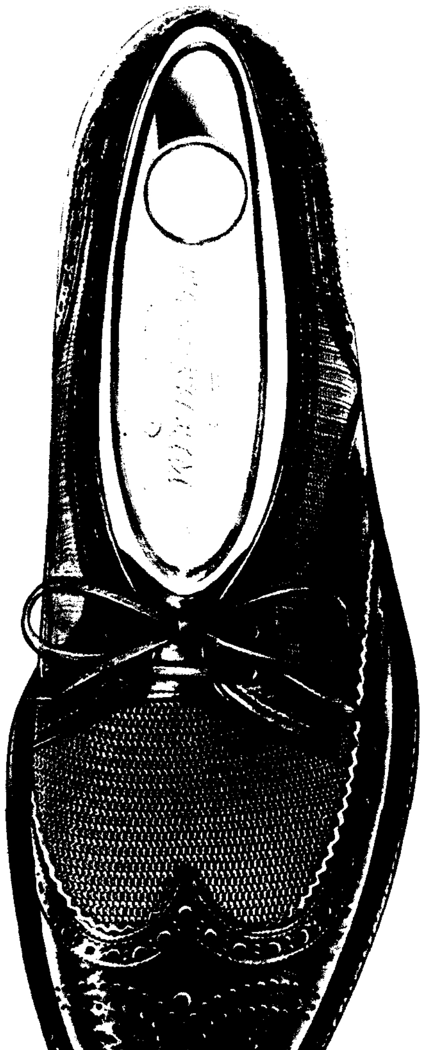

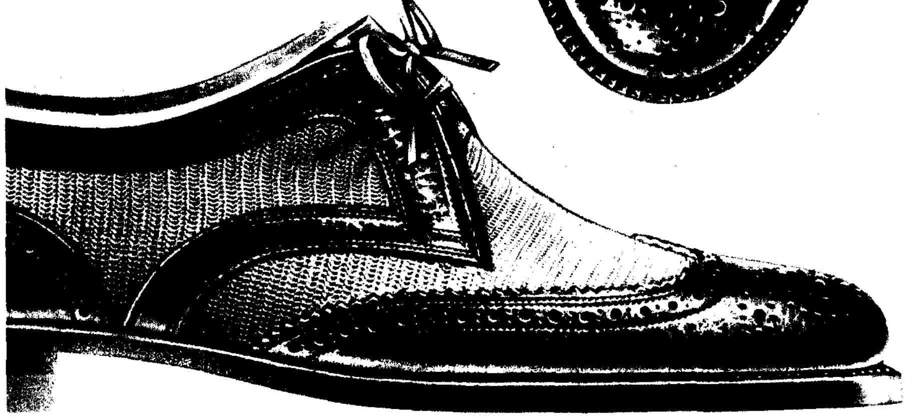

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passed too near the sun and tore off a giant chunk of flaming gas. Once it was off by itself in the sky, the gas cooled and got solid, and that bright fragment of the sun became Texas. . . ."

The stranger spoke on, and we sat on our horses and listened. It got late and cold, but the man was talking about Texas, and we listened.

He told how Texas got all covered over with water a thousand feet deep, and how there was fish swimming over Texas that was a hundred times bigger than the biggest whale. And he told how the water drained off Texas to make the oceans that we have now. He went on to tell how grass began to grow in Texas, and animals to appear—critters with tails as long as trees. If he hadn't been talking about Texas, we wouldn't have believed a word he said.

He talked about them things all night, and the sun was coming up before he took a deep breath and was quiet for a minute. The sheriff came awake with a start, but before he could order the hanging, the stranger said: "So much for the birth of Texas. I would now like to say a few words about Texas history." And he started in with the story of mankind in Texas, beginning about fifteen minutes this side of the ape.

ALONG about seven o'clock in the morning the horses was getting restless, and it was pretty hard for us to think of Texas instead of coffee.

"Tex," the sheriff said, "the boys and myself appreciate your feelings about Texas, but we've got business elsewhere. I know you don't want your hanging to stand in the way of Texas progress."

"Sheriff," Tex answered, "if this was an ordinary hanging, I'd be glad to oblige your request to speed things up. But this is a momentous occasion. How long have I been talking?"

"Nearly six hours, Tex," the sheriff told him.

The prisoner sighed. "Well, Sheriff, I'll never make it. I'm already getting hoarse."

"You'll never make what?" the sheriff asked.

"That was my little secret," Tex said. "I happen to know that the world's record for long hangings is held by Arizona. It was set about eight years ago. The feller talked for nine hours." Tex shook his head in a sad, tired way. "I ain't going to make it. I don't mind for myself so much, but I hate to see Texas in second place. Just tell the world I done my best. I'm ready, Sheriff."

He was, but we wasn't. The sheriff called us all aside. "It ain't that we're after any glory for ourselves," he said, "but we've got to think about Texas. I think our duty is clear."

Naturally we agreed with the sheriff, and we went back to the prisoner. "Tex," the sheriff said, "me and the boys has decided to help you try for that record. It's only three more hours. You've gotta try!"

And the stranger did. He talked for another hour, but we could tell his voice was getting weaker and weaker. Another half hour and he was barely able to whisper. And in two hours, an hour shy of the record, his voice was quite gone.

"There must be some kind of a noise he can make," Ted Brock said, and then he whispered something into the prisoner's ear. The prisoner straightened up with a look of new confidence, and two seconds later he was whistling Yellow Rose of Texas. We couldn't help but cheer.

He whistled for twenty minutes, and we began to hope. But at thirty minutes his whistle sounded thin, and at forty minutes we had to stand real close to hear.

At fifty minutes two of us was holding him up in the saddle. At fifty-nine minutes he fell back against me, but I put my ear to his lips and I could still hear that Texas song.

Then a gun went off. The sheriff stood before us with his watch in one hand and his pistol in the other. "Nine hours," he said. "We've tied the Arizona record!"

At those words the rustler pulled himself up straight. He took a big breath and found the strength to *sing* the Texas song and break the record!

Well, you never heard such whooping and hollering in your life. We took the rustler down from his horse and gave him water and shook his hand. It was Ted Brock who brung us back to reality.

"Now that we've got the record," Ted said, "we can finish the hanging and go home."

"Finish the hanging!" one of the boys shouted. "After what this feller done for Texas!"

"We have to," said Ted. "Otherwise it won't be no record. You can't claim a record for the longest hanging unless you hang somebody, can you?"

That sobered us up in a hurry. It was a problem, all right, and it took the sheriff to solve it.

"Men," the sheriff said, "we have to hang this man. But no court of law has passed sentence that he be hung by the neck until dead. This is an informal hanging, and as sheriff, I order that this man be hung until we *think* he's dead."

So we dropped the noose down under the rustler's arms. Then we eased his horse forward until the rustler was hanging from the tree. "All right, boys," the sheriff called. "I think this man has been hung until dead. Cut him down."

We helped the rustler down and let him go, and Texas held the record.

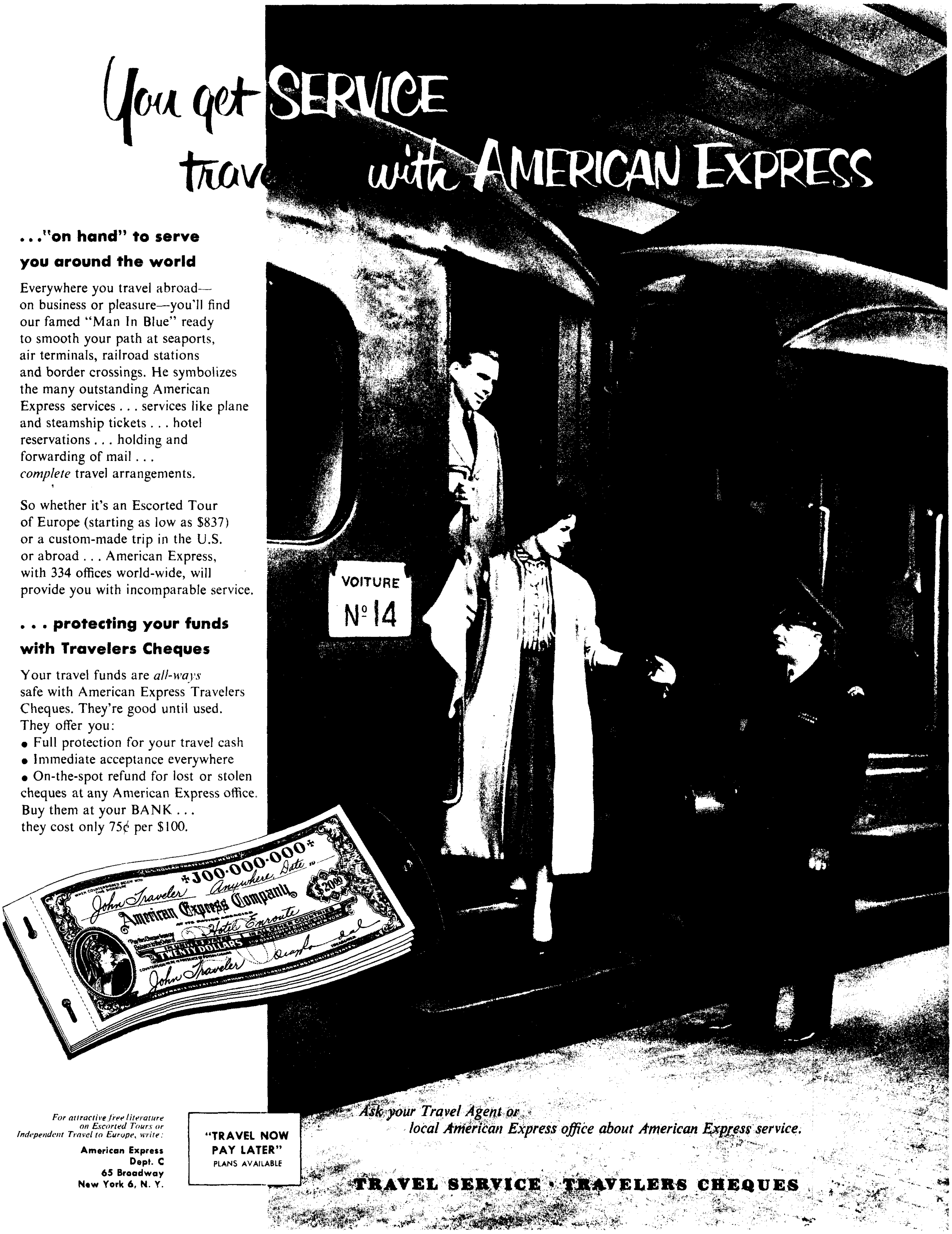
We rode back to town at top speed and trooped into the saloon to celebrate—all except the sheriff, who had to ride over to the jail first and make his report.

THERE was the biggest noise and jollity you ever heard in that saloon, until the sheriff come back. He laid a paper on the bar. "Look at this," he said in a shaking voice. "It just came to me by mail."

I looked with the others and saw a WANTED poster with a picture of Tex Tyler, our recent prisoner, on it. But according to this poster it wasn't Tex Tyler at all. It was Shawnee Sam!

"Men," the sheriff said when we had quieted down, "we can't report this record. We can't ever mention it to anybody. What if the world found out that a Texas posse sat around with its hat off while the world's record for talking Texas at a hanging was set by a Oklahoma boy?"

The bitter part of it was that Shawnee Sam was probably the only man in the history of Texas who deserved hanging more *after* he was hung than before. —HENRY GREGOR FELSEN



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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

JERRY FUND

Larry Reynolds thinks about Butch in North Pelham clink

YOU are now wiping tears of laughter from your cheeks, for you have just finished reading Necktie Party, an excruciatingly funny short short story starting four pages back. We asked the author, a droll fellow named Henry Gregor Felsen, to tell us some amusing items about himself. He writes:

"Born in Brooklyn (always good for a laugh), met my wife Penny at State University of Iowa when we were students. Was a drill sergeant (me, not Penny) in Marines and then roving editor for the Corps magazine, Leatherneck. We live in West Des Moines with Danny, eleven, and Holly, seven. I was represented in The Best American Short Stories of 1949, and Random House just published my nineteenth book, The Cup of Fury. As you read this letter we'll all be in the convertible, and the convertible will be somewhere in Mexico, we think."

Dear reader, Mr. Felsen seems to be pulling his funny punches above. In Necktie Party, though, he really lets 'em fly, doesn't he?

* * *

WHEN Cornelius Ryan and Jerry Yulsman returned from the most exciting trip of their lives, aboard the Albacore (page 25), they were so wrapped up in underwater lore that they just had to go see Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea. They sat through it twice.

"Captain Nemo had his pipe organ and squid," the fellows report, "but we had our whale."

It seems that off Key West one of those big seagoing mammals sniffed the Albacore curiously. Finally the crew figured it out. This submarine, sleekly designed to resemble nothing so much as a huge fish, looked pretty good to a lonely, nearsighted whale.

* * *

LARRY REYNOLDS sold his first cartoon, to Collier's, in 1932 when he was a youth holding down other jobs, such as hotel night clerk and restaurant cashier. He created Butch in 1941 and the lovable burglar has appeared in Collier's regularly ever since, except for a short hiatus during the war when Reynolds was in the Third Army. Butch appeared in Yank a few times and was swiped by the Nazis for German magazines. Now, of course, he's reprinted in many countries of the world (in France they call him Boutch).

The reprintings that please Reynolds most are those in the publication called Federal Probation, put out by the U.S. Division of Probation. "It offsets the feeling some people seem to have that I'm glamorizing the profession of burglary," Reynolds says.

Actually, Butch is an inept burglar and if anyone were to follow his methods he'd quickly be apprehended. Butch is really more interested in food than loot. And he's more afraid of people than people are of burglars. His accomplice, Slug, is the more businesslike member of the team.

Reynolds is not an ex-burglar, but a mild-mannered bachelor, born and brought up in Mount Vernon, New York. He has some close friends on the police force of North Pelham, New York, near his present home, and he sometimes calls on them for a thought.

"My closest contact with the underworld was in January when the Westchester County Criminal Court summoned me for jury duty. I sat on two trials, and—you've guessed it—they were both burglary cases. I felt like a traitor, but we had to bring in a guilty verdict each time. If Butch found out, it would break his heart."

* * *

WE GUARANTEE not tears of laughter but a lump in the throat with A Roof for San Patricio, by Tere Rios (page 62). Miss Rios' Puerto Rican father and Irish mother were great storytellers, she says. From them she heard two tales, supposedly true. One, there is a church called San Patricio in Loiza, Puerto Rico. Its roof was blown off in 1899 by a hurricane named San Ciriaco, and as of 1945 it had not been replaced. Two, Tere Rios' father was once seen walking down Wall Street in company with a machete-carrying, non-English-speaking Puerto Rican who was "looking for the Irish."

How Miss Rios put these two tales together is something that will delight you when you read her story.

* * *

FERDINAND KUHN, coauthor with his wife Delia of Who Can Save Asia?, is a seasoned correspondent who was stationed in London for twelve years for The New York Times, then seven years in Washington with the Washington Post. He has filed stories from all parts of the world, and in 1951 won a Sigma Delta Chi award for his articles from Greece, Turkey and Iran.

Delia Kuhn is a lecturer and writer —and mother of two grown boys—who joined the Point Four program in 1950 and has seen it in action in the Middle East and India. In 1953 she and her husband formed a team for the purpose of traveling, writing, lecturing and taking pictures. That's what they told the local newspapermen who interviewed them last fall when they arrived in Manila. "Last year we became partners," the Kuhns stated.

Next day the papers reported it: "The Kuhns Were Married Last Year." They mailed the clipping to their twenty-one-year-old son.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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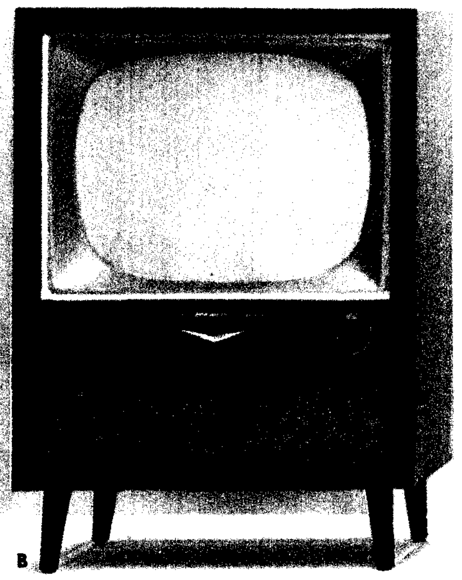

B

A 21-inch *Benson.* Model 21S522, $339.50 **B** 21-inch *Highlander.* Model 21S516, $259.95 **C** 21-inch *Pickford.* Model 21S523, $349.50 **D** 24-inch *Freemont Deluxe.* Model 24D543, $500

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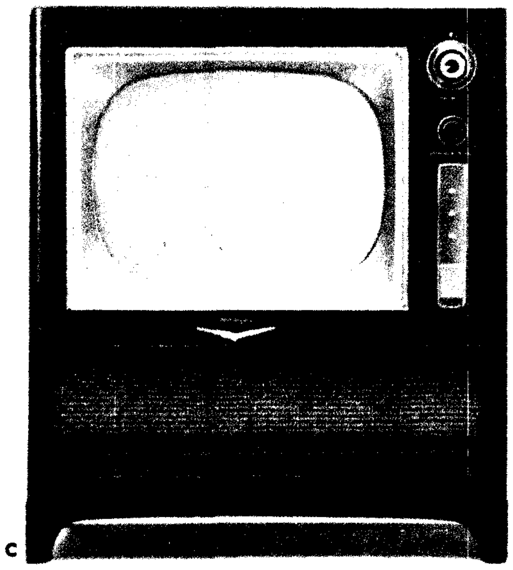

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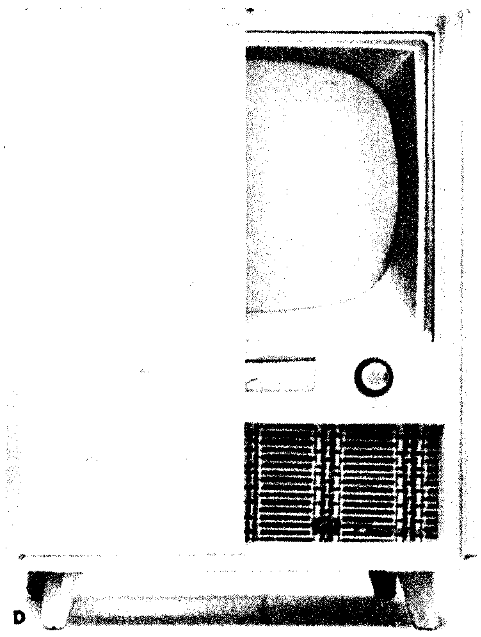

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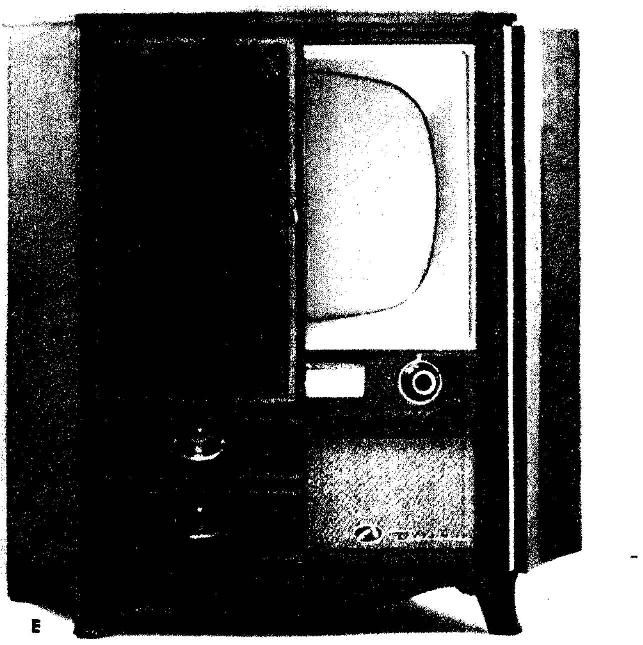

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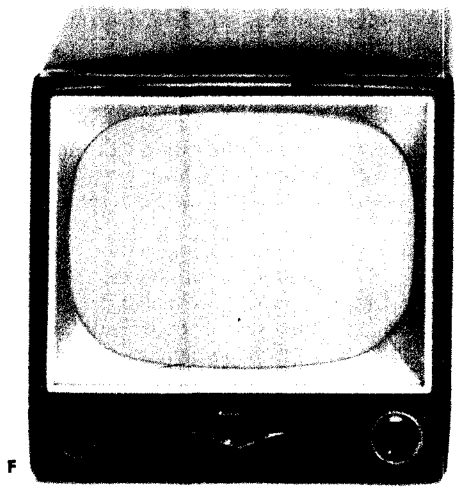

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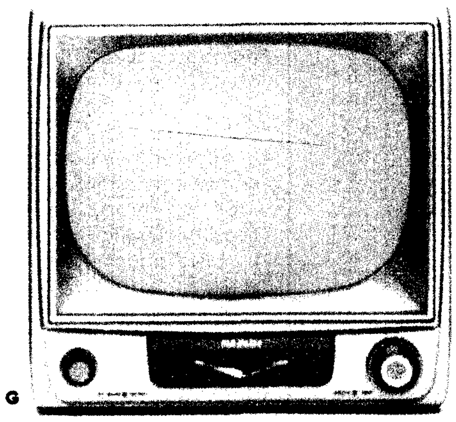

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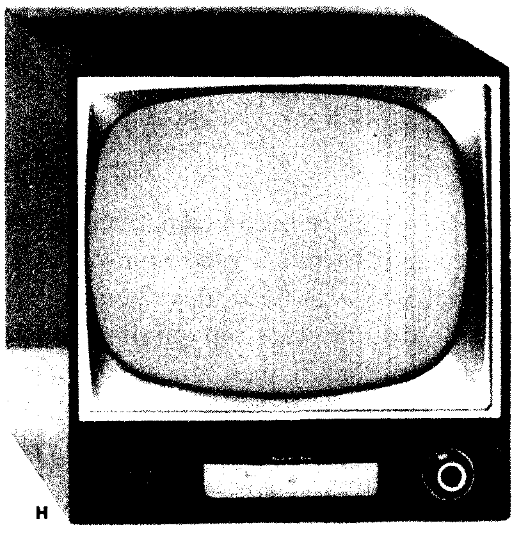

H

E 24-inch *Chesterton Deluxe*. Model 24D542, $500 **F** 21-inch *Dorrance*. Model 21S510, $199.95 **G** 21-inch *Ellis*. Model 21S505, $229.95 **H** 24-inch *Baylor*. Model 24S512, $299.95

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THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

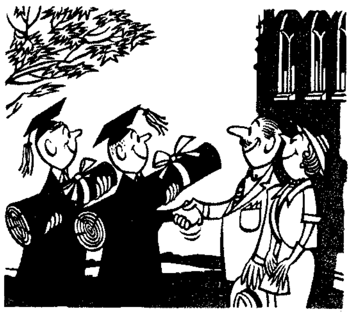
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

From Ames, Iowa, Mr. Martin Goley reports that a dormitory telephone was answered by a coed, who listened patiently for a couple of minutes, then said: "Okay. Okay. But tell me, who in the hall do you want?" The dean had a serious talk with her.

★ ★ ★

We pause to congratulate Mr. Paul Overton, of Paducah, Kentucky, a man of intelligence and foresight. In about 10 years his two sons will be entering college. Mr. Overton proposes to pay for their education with wooden money—so to speak. Looking forward to just such a situation, this prime citizen planted 21,000 trees on his farm a few years ago. To this day he hasn't touched a stick of it. But it's increasing in value by the hour. A few more Overtons wouldn't do the country any harm.


IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

If you're one of those persons who has trouble with which letters are vowels and which aren't, this is for you. Just remember the word "facetiously." That word contains all the vowels. Then all you'll have to do is remember which letters are vowels and which aren't. No charge.

★ ★ ★

Somebody evidently trying to amaze us has contributed a few words uttered long ago by that callithumpian orator, the late Daniel Webster, when chided by his dinner hostess for having "eaten scarcely a thing." Replied Mr. Webster: "Madam, permit me to assure you that I sometimes eat more than at other times, but never less." (What's obscure or enigmatical about that reply? He was a senator, wasn't he?)

★ ★ ★

We forgot to tell you that, just before January 1st, we received a calendar from Mr. Eby Stallcup, of Newark, New Jersey. Mr. Stallcup says it's good for the next 25 years. He is a prominent member of an association known as The Optimists.

★ ★ ★

Next time you're in Louisville, Kentucky, this gentleman warns, you'll probably get a nasty shock. Boldly stenciled on the city trash cans, he says, is "a glaring grammatical error." We have been calling Louisville to find out what this shameful thing is, but all they say is that it's deplorable and what is the price of our silence? We still don't know what the error is, but reassure you readers that we shall always speak up fearlessly about trash cans.

★ ★ ★

The upcoming of spring is not the only reason for the sweetness and light you have already discovered in this week's column. Credit, too, may be laid to our discovery—with an assist from Mr. Virgil Smith, of Portland, Oregon—of an American community that asks neither state nor nation for a handout. Just asks to be let alone. No local taxes, houses rent for an average of $14 a month, wages range from $1.82 an hour to $2.92, no juvenile delinquency, good hunting and fishing, free door-delivery by department stores and many other Edenic blessings. The name's Valsetz. In Oregon, also. And don't write to the chamber of commerce. There isn't any.

★ ★ ★

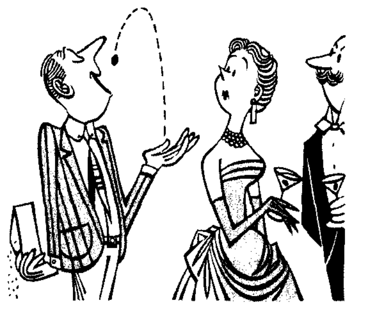
This vacationing gentleman who hails from Springfield, Massachusetts, asked his wife how he looked in his Bermuda shorts. She said: "Oh, well. Now everybody will be sure I married you for your money."

★ ★ ★

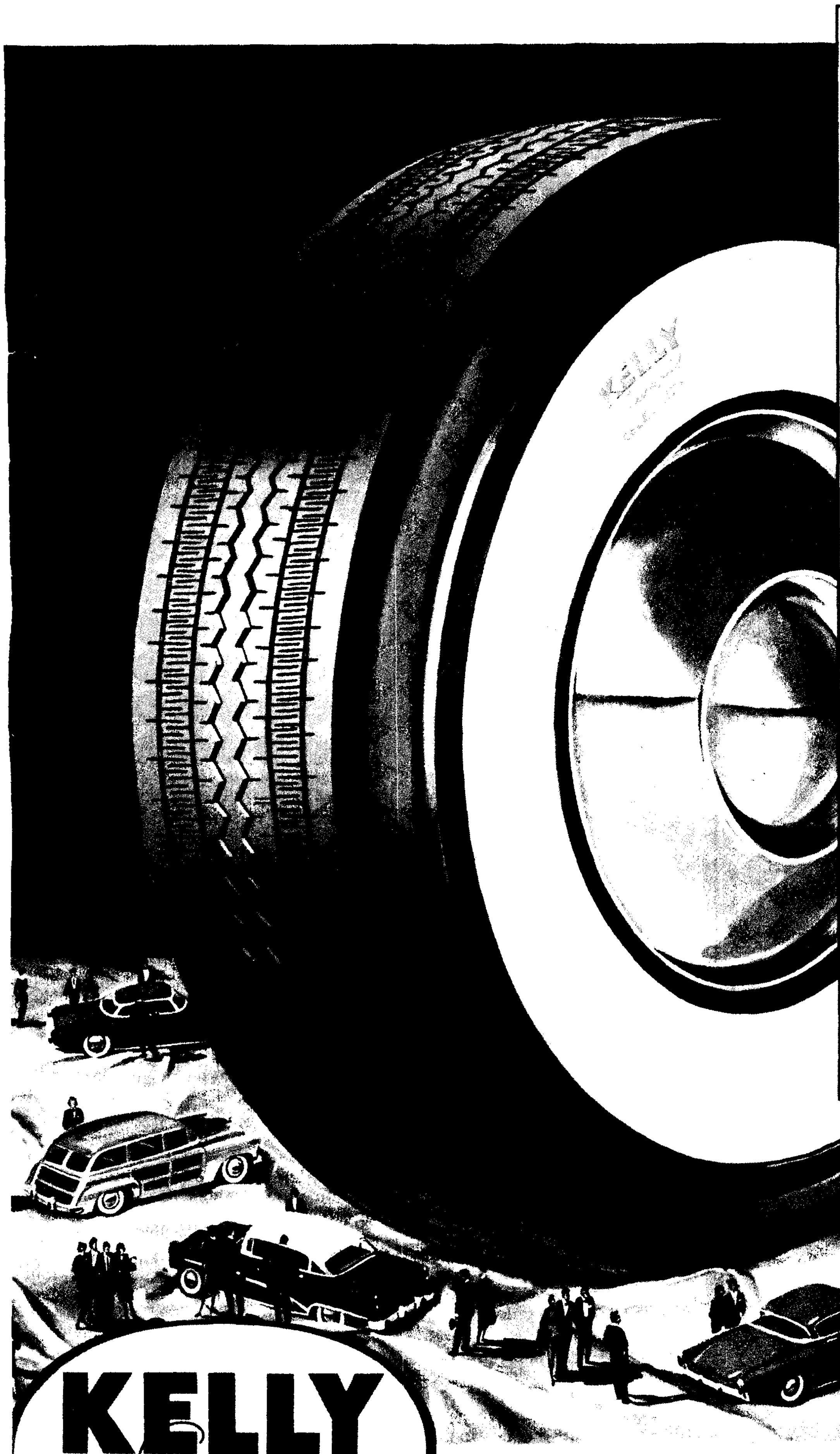
Understandably weary of prying into the mysteries of nuclear physics, a student in one of our state colleges has made an exhaustive study into whether shaving makes the beard grow faster. Research took two years. One year to shave daily and weigh the harvest after every shave. Another to let the whiskers grow and weigh them at the end of the year. We patiently await the unannounced results. (And what are you doing to make the world happier?)

★ ★ ★

Naturally we hesitate to speak lightly of brother columnists. However, when they threaten to become public scandals we can no longer contain ourself. There's Mr. Harry Lang of the Los Angeles Examiner, for example. Mr. Lang drinks dehydrated Martinis. They come in plastic envelopes, the powder in one compartment, the olive in the other. He also has a dog. Spells its name Phydeau.



Discover the true meaning of "worry-free" driving!



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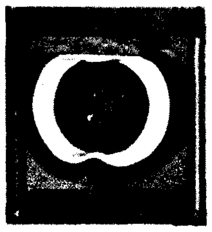
Celebrity

by KELLY

Gives you maximum blowout and puncture safety... surer, smoother control of your car!



Nylon Cord Blowout Safety!
Here in the Celebrity is the toughest known tire body material in its strongest possible form. Impact blowouts are virtually eliminated. Your tires run cooler, stay stronger far longer. You ride "worry-free" as never before!

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Forget the fear of flats and dangerous repairs on the highway. The Celebrity's advanced tubeless design stops air loss, *keeps you rolling safely* when ordinary tires would let you down.

Exclusive Power-Stop Tread!
This sample section of the Celebrity's "pleated" tread shows how it unfolds into thousands of hard-gripping edges the instant you touch the brakes. You *stop*! . . . with a new margin of safety.

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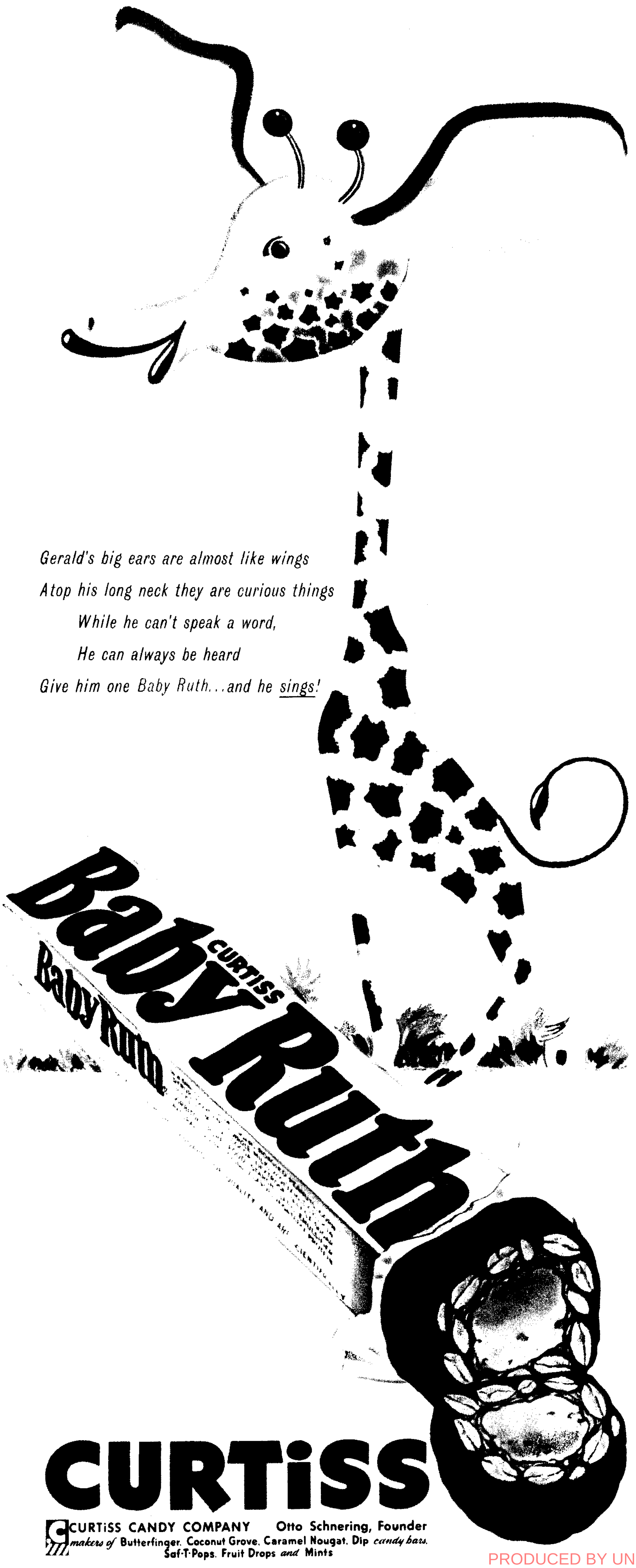
The Celebrity is the Leader of the Kelly Leadership Line!


Gerald's big ears are almost like wings
Atop his long neck they are curious things
While he can't speak a word,
He can always be heard
Give him one Baby Ruth...and he sings!
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Baby Ruth
Baby Ruth
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makers of Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip candy bars, Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops and Mints

LETTERS

Independence at Last

EDITOR: I enjoyed your story Truman in Retirement (Feb. 4th) very much. Mr. Truman was so nice and considerate to my seven-year-old daughter when she went to Missouri on a family trip. Since we were going to Independence, Anita wrote Mr. Truman and asked if she could see him. When we arrived, she called his office and was told she had an appointment the following day.

The entire family was greeted with much cordiality, and we were completely "taken" by Mr. Truman's charm and graciousness. It's wonderful to know that an ex-President of the United States would take time out of his busy schedule to make a small girl so happy. MRS. H. GLEN BOX, Corpus Christi, Tex.

. . . To present a subtly scurrilous article on ex-President Harry S. Truman, one of our great Americans, as a seemingly impartial report is contemptible!
JOHN M. MULLINS, Chicago, Ill.

. . . Missouri is the safest place Harry Truman has been in for years. The only people who deplore his retirement are those five percenters who gained financially through being in his favor. The picture you ran (below) proves Mr. Truman's oft-repeated claim that "Everybody is out of step but Harry."
A. M. KEASEY, Evanston, Ill.

Museum Marvels

EDITOR: I enjoyed greatly your second article in the series, The Marvels in Our Museums, on American Indians (Feb.4th). Maybe now more people will go to their museums to see the true story of the life of the American Indian.

However, I disagree with your conclusion that the destiny of the American Indian is slow total assimilation. On some reservations Indians are being gradually assimilated, true; however, on many Hopi and Navajo reservations, life goes on as it has for centuries. The dances, social life and religious practices remain; the elders have done a good job of passing down the ancient traditions.

I am an Indian, an Oglala. I am proud. I do not want my people to die out. I want them to keep the old ways and customs. I am sure many Indians feel as I do.
WANBLEE ISNOOLA (JOHN LONE EAGLE), Seneca Falls, N.Y.

. . . I am disappointed to see the flat statement that the red man first crossed Bering Strait into North America some 20,000 years ago. *Some* is right; why didn't the writer say a million years, it would have sounded better.

It's about time to scrap credence in a mysterious race of Little Evas crossing the ice to America. There is no proof that would pass scientific examination that America was peopled that way: it's just wishful guessing of the sort the Russians are constantly dreaming up re inventions and discoveries . . . BENJAMIN A. ROMERO, Camagüey, Cuba

The overwhelming opinion of authorities in the field holds that the American Indian, anthropologically an Asian mongoloid type, came here via the route described. And as for the date of 20,000 years: many scientists believe it may have been less.

Gunga's Din

EDITOR: Your article on Stephan Riess (Does He Get Water from Rock?, Feb. 4th) is more than just the story of a man whose beliefs about obtaining water are unorthodox. It illustrates a too-common position not only of some scientists, but of people in all walks of life: if you can't prove it, it is not so.
MRS. SHIRLEY BAUER, Pascagoula, Miss.

. . . After seeing Riess's tirades against geologists, I was somewhat confused to read in a professional journal that Dr. Ralph Arnold, an eminent geologist, recently returned from a 5,000-mile geological reconnaissance for—among others—Stephan Riess. I was wondering if this "secret water-finding method" is perhaps the retaining of competent geologists?
JOHN F. MANN, JR., University of Southern Cal., Los Angeles, Cal.

The Hunters' Hunter

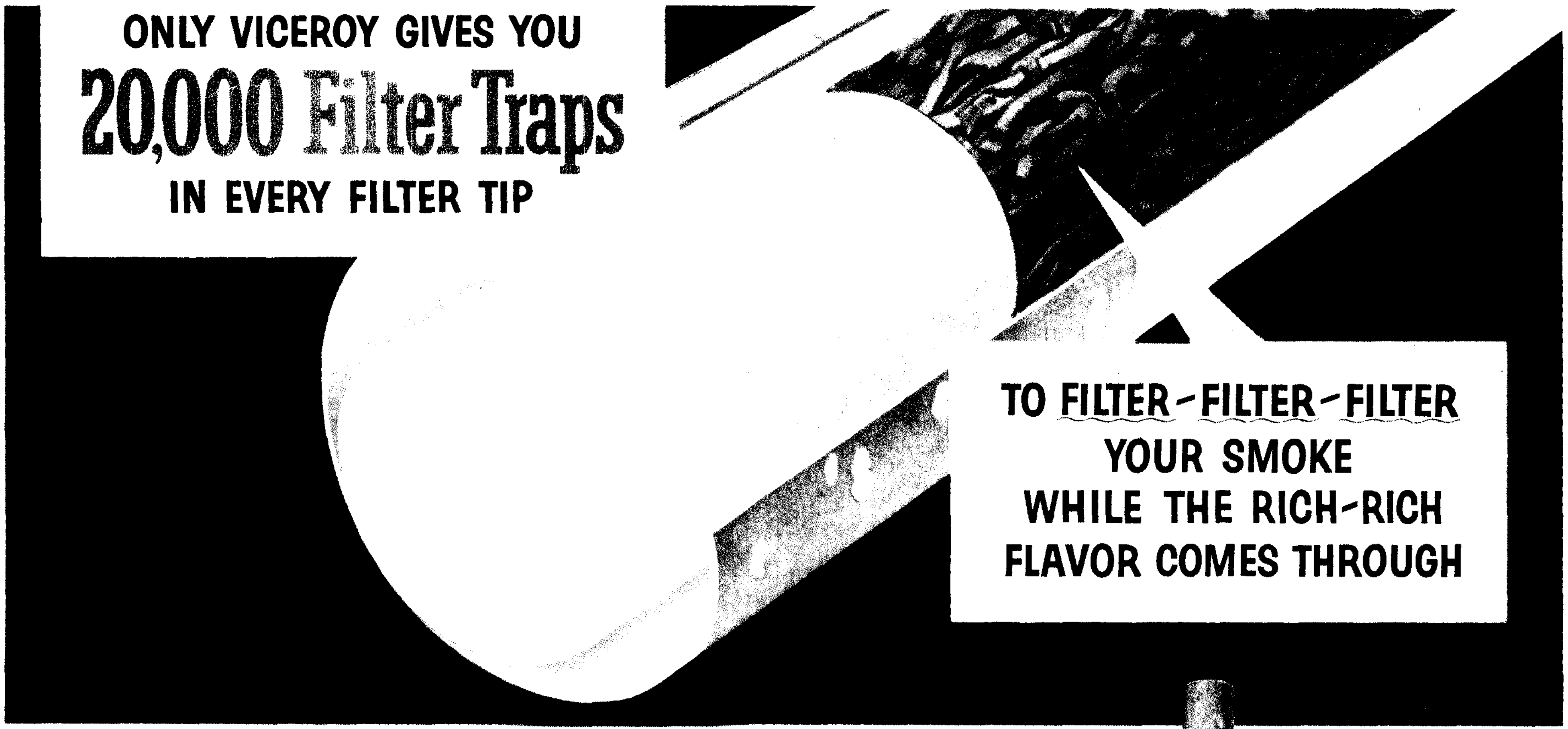
EDITOR: As one who has "collected" over 500 big-game animals in all parts of the world, I was especially interested in Art Buchwald's Coward in the Congo (Jan. 21st). I don't know whether it was satire or farce, not that it matters. It was terrific. I'm sure it was enjoyed most by professional writer-adventurers—at least, by those who can laugh at themselves. Here's why:

Art starts each incident—stalking buffalo *et al*—with an accurate description of a hunter's emotions, ranging from nervous tension to outright fear. We, who write seriously of such things, go on to tell how we swallowed our fear and fired a .470 slug into the brain of our inimical target. Buchwald, however, tells the outrageous truth—he stays scared. And misses. Maybe he intended to satirize hunting yarns. What he did was satirize hunters.
HAL HENNESEY, North Bellmore, N.Y.

Iwo Flag Raising

EDITOR: Joe Rosenthal's story of The Picture That Will Live Forever (Feb. 18th) is magnificent. It leaves one with a feeling of pride and also of pro-

What do Viceroys do for you that no other filter tip can do?



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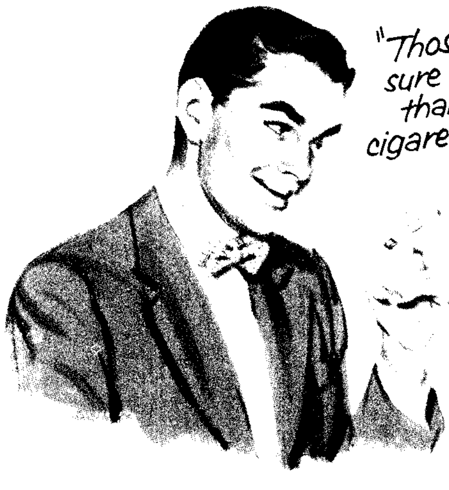
WHILE THE RICH-RICH
FLAVOR COMES THROUGH



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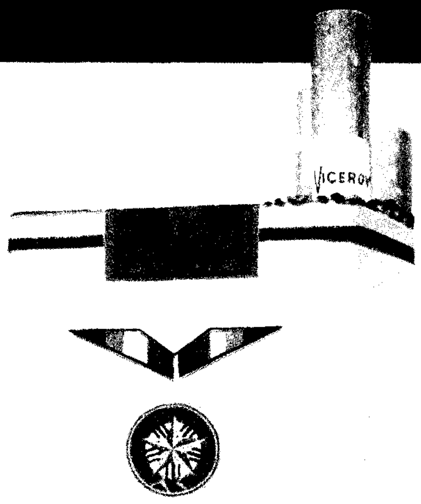
"Yes, Viceroy's filtered smoke is so much better... and I get no tobacco bits in my mouth."



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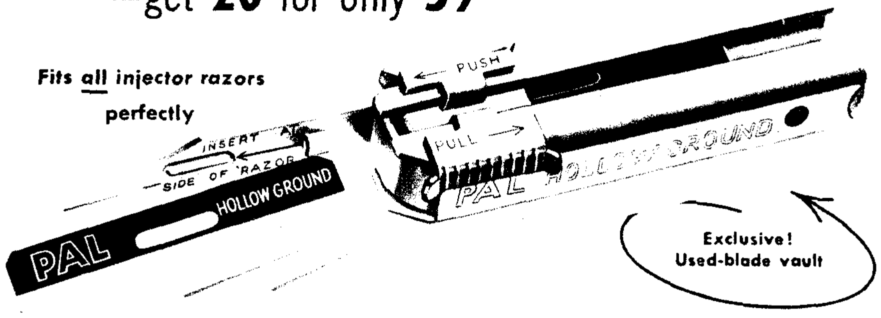
BEFORE YOU SAY INJECTOR BLADES SAY "PAL"! THEY COST LESS, TOO



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PAL
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found humility. Mr. Rosenthal has made his second great contribution to the stream of ennobling influences from which men obtain courage to give "the last full measure of devotion" to the cause of human freedom.

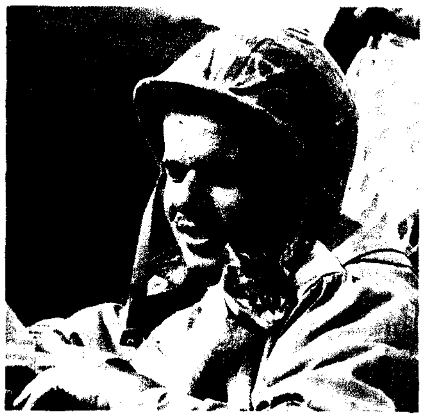
ARTHUR LOCKE KING,
Georgetown, S.C.

. . . I was a forward observer at Iwo, and that tiny speck waving from Mount Suribachi, plainly visible to us on the northern plateau, was perhaps the most inspirational and morale-boosting sight for all on the island. . . .

KENNETH H. JACKSON,
North Scituate, R.I.

. . . Rosenthal mentions snapping another picture that day—of a Marine with an abandoned kitten. I'd certainly like to see that photograph if it's still available.

CLIFF KNOWLES, Ashland, Ohio.



Rosenthal's Marine—with kitten

. . . Congratulations on your splendid factual account of the Iwo Jima flag raising. The Marine Corps Memorial Foundation erected the heroic-size 100-ton bronze statue of this famous photograph by Joe Rosenthal to serve as a memorial to the Marine dead of all wars, and those who fought with them.

This shrine was dedicated in Arlington, Virginia, on the 179th anniversary of the Corps, November 10, 1954. Funds for the erection of the memorial were contributed by Marines and their friends. Additional funds are required by the foundation to complete the landscaping. The Department of Interior will subsequently care for the memorial in the nation's capital as a permanent inspirational monument.

We are all proud of the grand Collier's article, pictures and powerful editorial. Your cover photograph is one of the best ever taken of the memorial. A copy of the February 18, 1955, issue of Collier's is to be made a part of the memorial's permanent records, soon to be placed in a sealed lead box inside the base of the monument.

J. W. MOREAU, President,
Marine Corps War Memorial
Foundation, Washington, D.C.

Contributions to the Iwo Jima statue project should be addressed to the Marine Corps War Memorial Foundation, Washington 25, D.C.

Out of the Night

EDITOR: I can't remember when I was more moved than by your article on the blind couple, Vonda and Tex Ragsdale, and their darling Marianne ("But I Know My Baby's Beautiful," Feb. 18th). Their courage could serve as an example to all of us, whose troubles can only seem minor by comparison.

MRS. JOHN H. FRIED,
White Plains, N.Y.

About Bingo

In the article Is Bingo Getting Too Big? (Dec. 10, 1954) it was stated that Lewistown, Pennsylvania, has a new hospital wing built with bingo funds.

There are two hospitals in Lewistown—Lewistown Hospital and F. W. Black Community Hospital. Each of these hospitals has enlarged its facilities and built additions in recent years.

Bingo funds, if any at all were included in the Lewistown United Hospital Fund, played a very small part in the hospital construction program in Lewistown. Two United Hospital Fund Campaigns were conducted in the area, and voluntary contributions exceeding $1,000,000 were made by individuals, corporations and clubs.

These funds were supplemented by a federal grant of approximately $700,000 under the Hill-Burton Act. In addition, the hospitals borrowed approximately one half million dollars, which loans are still unpaid.

For or Against?

EDITOR: Congratulations on your excellent presentation Are You For or Against the Echo Park Dam?, Feb. 18th. It was a fair representation of both sides.

STEPHEN WEISMAN, Geneva, N.Y.

. . . The pictures and the map show that the Echo Park Dam will not destroy the natural beauty of the area . . .

PAUL A. RECHARD, Chief of Water Development, State of Wyoming Natural
Resource Board, Cheyenne, Wyo.

. . . The most spectacular canyons in Dinosaur, if preserved, eventually will be about the only such left unspoiled in the entire Colorado drainage. . . .

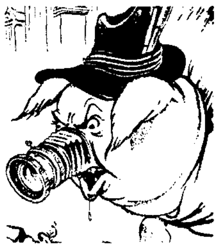
J. W. PENFOLD, Western Rep.,
Izaak Walton League of America,
Denver, Colo.

. . . The real-estate value of New York's Central Park must run into hundreds of millions of dollars. The people of New York City could sell their park and get badly needed revenue. But they want that land for purposes which have nothing to do with financial returns. Our national parks and monuments have been set aside for similar reasons . . . P. SCHUYLER MILLER,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

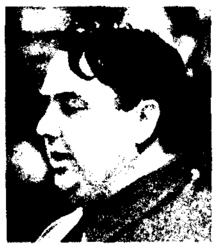
Last Walk: Last Laugh

EDITOR: Re Mrs. Sommerlatte's article My Last Walk in Moscow (Feb. 18th), perhaps the laugh is on the U.S.S.R. The cartoon the Soviet newspaper Trud ran caricaturing Mrs. Sommerlatte bears a striking resemblance to ex-Premier Georgi Malenkov.

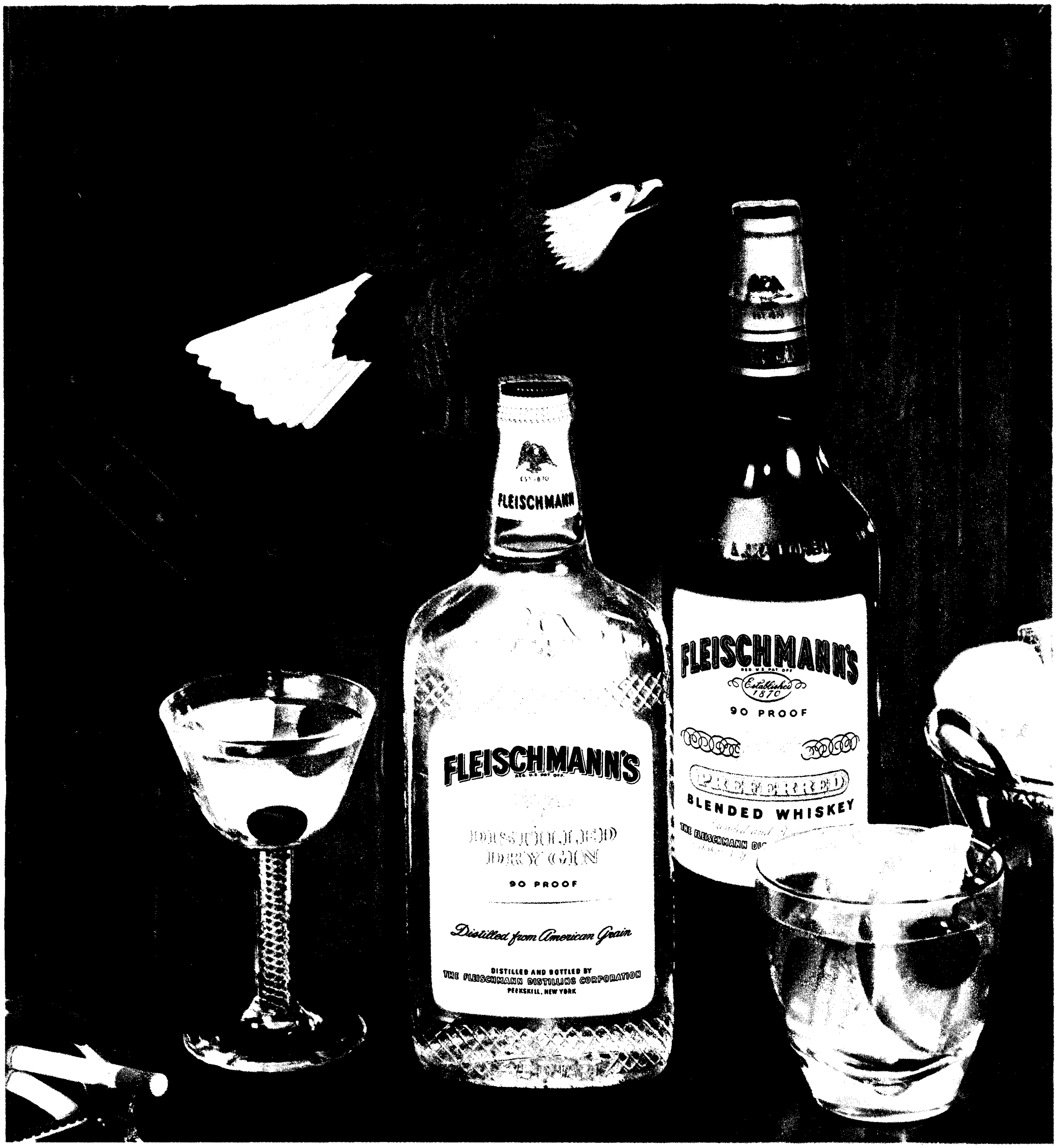
A. E. O'BRIEN, San Antonio, Texas



Cartoon



Malenkov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"I won the 1954 NASCAR Stock Car Racing Championship on the same 5-RIB CHAMPIONS we use in our family cars"

Mrs. Petty and their sons, Maurice (L.) and Richard, with two of the family cars. The Petty home is at Randleman, N. C.

—says Lee Petty

1954 CHAMPION—NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR STOCK CAR AUTO RACING.

"Stock car racing teaches a lot of things about automobile performance and about the spark plugs that make good performance possible. Here are a couple of tips on how to make your motoring more enjoyable.

"First of all, the best way to get the most power and economy out of any car is to see that the spark plugs are in good condition, are the right heat range and are installed properly. So, have your plugs checked regularly by your Champion dealer—it's a good habit that will make your engine run better, last longer.

"Another tip is to make sure your car is equipped with those good 5-Rib Champion Spark Plugs. We use them in our family cars the same as in the Chryslers and Dodges I drive at the tracks. I've given Champions the worst kind of punishment in a great many stock car races and they have never let me down. Better drive in where you see the Champion poster and get set for summer driving. You'll enjoy better car performance right quick with dependable Champions."

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WITH A NEW SET OF
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CHRYSLER-PLYMOUTH

JACK JESSEE—DAYTONA BEACH NEWS-JOURNAL

Collier's, April 1, 1955

I Rode The
WORLD'S FASTEST SUB

By CORNELIUS RYAN

On Submarine AGSS569, North Atlantic

AM aboard the world's fastest submarine. Beneath the uneasy surface of the Atlantic, the weird, whalelike hull of the Navy's experimental USS Albacore knifes cleanly through the silk-smooth depths. She's fast—faster than I'm allowed to tell—faster than the atomic-powered Nautilus.

A short while ago we submerged. There was noise, and—to me—pandemonium when we dived. A klaxon horn blared out into the smallness of the compartments, and crewmen rushed to diving stations. Before the roar died away, the intercom loud-speakers crackled with the diving officer's command: "Clear the bridge. Dive, dive, dive." Feet rasped down metal ladders, hatches clanged shut, sea water gurgled eagerly into the Albacore's tanks—and suddenly we were underwater.

The dive and the precise teamwork of the 49-man crew, executing a routine that they knew, was over in seconds. Now everything is quiet. I miss the comforting throb of the great diesel engines. They operate only on the surface; underwater we depend on softly running battery-powered electric motors, but now even these seem hushed and faraway.

There's tension, too. But it's not the usual tenseness you find on a submarine; this feeling is different. There's an atmosphere of eager expectancy and constant alertness, for the Albacore is no ordinary submarine. She's a $20,000,000 underwater laboratory paving the way in hull design and control systems for tomorrow's underseas Navy.

The Albacore is unlike any submarine in the world today. Her speed is so great underwater that it takes airplane-type controls to operate her. Even her control room resembles the cockpit of a jet bomber, and her diving and steering operators wear pilot safety belts, for the Albacore swerves and dives with the sureness of a fighter plane.

Exact performance details are still highly classified, but there's a clue to her underwater speed: she's faster than many of today's ocean liners.

The secret of the Albacore's great speed lies in a revolutionary new hull form which reduces water friction to a minimum. Her appearance startled me when I saw her for the first time at the Portsmouth (New Hampshire) Naval Shipyard. The Albacore has a fish-shaped body, blimplike tail and a single five-bladed propeller (conventional submarines are built with twin screws). The Albacore is so streamlined, so perfectly pared down that it takes only the minimum of power from her motors to propel her at top speed through the water.

Up to now conventional submarines have been designed to spend relatively little time submerged. As a result they have extremely low underwater speed. The Albacore is the first submarine with a truly submersible hull—short, round and smooth, and designed for underwater performance almost exclusively. Even the bulky conning tower so familiar on conventional submarines is radically changed on the Albacore. A slender, rakish tower like a dorsal fin juts out of her back; hidden in it is a small two-man bridge, retractable periscope, radar and radio antennas. Nothing else mars her streamlined exterior.

Submarine designers have always known, theoretically, what to expect from a submersible such as the Albacore. If they'd had the knowledge when the Nautilus was being designed that they now have, the atomic sub's hull would have resembled the Albacore's.

What are the possibilities of a marriage between the Nautilus' atomic power plant and the Albacore's hull? The experts say it's almost inevitable—and the prospect fills even seasoned naval officers with awe. They see submarines capable of 40 or 50 knots underwater—as compared with the nine knots or so produced below the surface by our best World War II subs.

But right now, even without an atomic power plant, the Albacore is the fastest submarine in the world. I know. For the last four days, with photographer Jerry Yulsman, I've been hanging on during a blistering series of speed, diving and maneuverability tests, not unlike the acceptance trials of a new plane—except that the Albacore is two thirds the length of a football field and weighs more than 1,200 tons. And the tests are not yet over. We're going deep now for another high-speed run.

Here in the fluorescent-lighted control room, space is at a premium, although the Albacore is much broader than the average submarine. As I watch, 10 submariners work quietly at their jobs in an area little more than the size of the average bedroom, surrounded on all sides by a jungle of pipes, instruments, wheels, levers and cranks.

Author Ryan, left, and photographer Yulsman in the cramped tower of submarine Albacore

On the "Bridge" With the Skipper

The Albacore's skipper, thirty-five-year-old Lieutenant Commander Ken C. Gummerson, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is on his "bridge," a slightly raised platform that divides the compartment in the center. The gleaming barrel of the periscope—the scope itself is retracted into a well at the skipper's feet, for we're much too deep to use it—is directly before him. From his vantage point, Gummerson can see everything at a glance. To his left are the diving and steering stations and the massive instrument panel with its circular, square and oblong dials, like so many geometric molds; on the right the navigation desk, compasses and electrical switchboard crowd one another for space.

Out of the maze of instruments, one now demands particular attention. We're settling lower by the minute and the needle of the depth indicator is swinging slowly over. It registers 150 feet . . . 175 . . . 200.

"Two hundred twenty-five, Captain," says Lieutenant James Ferrero, of Rock Springs, Wyoming, the diving officer. "Two hundred fifty . . . two seventy-five, sir."

Gummerson looks up. "Level off," he says.

The Albacore rides easily in her deep cocoon of sea water. She's air-conditioned, but suddenly it feels very close in here. You just can't get out of a submarine 275 feet below the sea and walk home.

Over on the captain's left, the three diving and steering operators sit facing forward, casually relaxed in bucket seats; the canvas straps of their unbuckled safety belts dangling by their sides. They won't need the belts until the Albacore goes into a high-speed turn, and when she does, the rest of us will become straphangers. We'll use leather loops, similar to those on subways, which hang above us.

I've never seen similar safety devices or controls on any other submarine, but on the Albacore they're essential. Old-fashioned, slow-moving con-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY YULSMAN

trols were all right for submarines with a top speed underwater of little more than nine knots, but in the Albacore such controls would be as out of place as a huge ship's wheel in a Sabre jet fighter plane. The Albacore is so fast underwater that she can outmaneuver destroyers. She must have sensitive, triggerlike controls . . . and she does have them, as I discovered when I tried them myself—not on board, but earlier in a simulator at the Navy's David Taylor Model Basin, just outside Washington, D.C., where the Albacore's streamlined shape was scientifically designed.

The instructor at the model basin set the controls to simulate a conventional fleet-type submarine. Then he asked me to dive to 300 feet. I pushed the stick forward and my "submarine" slowly slid down. When I tried to level her out the control stick felt sluggish and tired.

Then he set the controls to simulate the speedy Albacore. Again I pushed the controls forward to reach 300 feet. I went down so fast that when I did pull out I was several hundred feet below the ordered depth. Trying to correct, I shot up to 100 feet in seconds, at which point the instructor shut off the simulator. "You would have either hit the bottom, or popped out through the surface," he told me.

Bow and Stern Planesmen at Work

Now as I watch the steering and diving operators I can appreciate their problem. It takes only a touch of the helmsman's wheel to turn the Albacore right or left and she'll rise or dive with porpoiselike swiftness, guided by a combination wheel-and-stick instrument in front of the crew member known as the bow planesman. The stern planesman, the anchor man of the team, holds the submarine at correct depth in the water with a lever similar to the joy stick in an airplane. The control setup is different from that on conventional submarines, which are guided by large, slow-moving wheels.

Just now, as the Albacore glides silently at 275 feet, the controls are steady. Over by the captain's bridge, crouched down and nursing a cold cigar, the telephone talker, complete with headset and power phone, speaks laconically into the instrument. He listens and talks, relaying the captain's orders throughout the submarine, and in turn receives the flow of incoming reports from all departments. Now, as he pauses, a new order comes.

"All compartments, check for leaks and report to the control room," Gummerson tells the diving officer.

The talker, acting as a human switchboard, echoes the command into his phone without looking up.

Leaks? I look up, and around the control room. Commander Gummerson is lighting a cigarette. The executive officer, Lieutenant Ted Davis, of Hornell, New York, is making calculations at the navigation desk. Back of the stern planesman, the diving officer and the Chief of the Boat, Chief Petty Officer Charles Simpson, of Monroe, North Carolina, study the instrument panel. Nobody shows any concern.

But I watch with interest a drop of water which zigzags slowly down the barrel of the periscope. To me, that single drop signifies a particularly virulent microbe, the forerunner of a plague.

As I watch it carefully, the telephone talker reports. "All compartments report no leaks, sir."

Quartermaster Lawrence Wagner, of Rockford, Illinois, assistant to the navigator, sees my eyes on the periscope. He grins and says just one word, "Condensation." I manage to grin back. I feel better.

"All right, Jim," Gummerson nods to the diving officer, "take her down to 350."

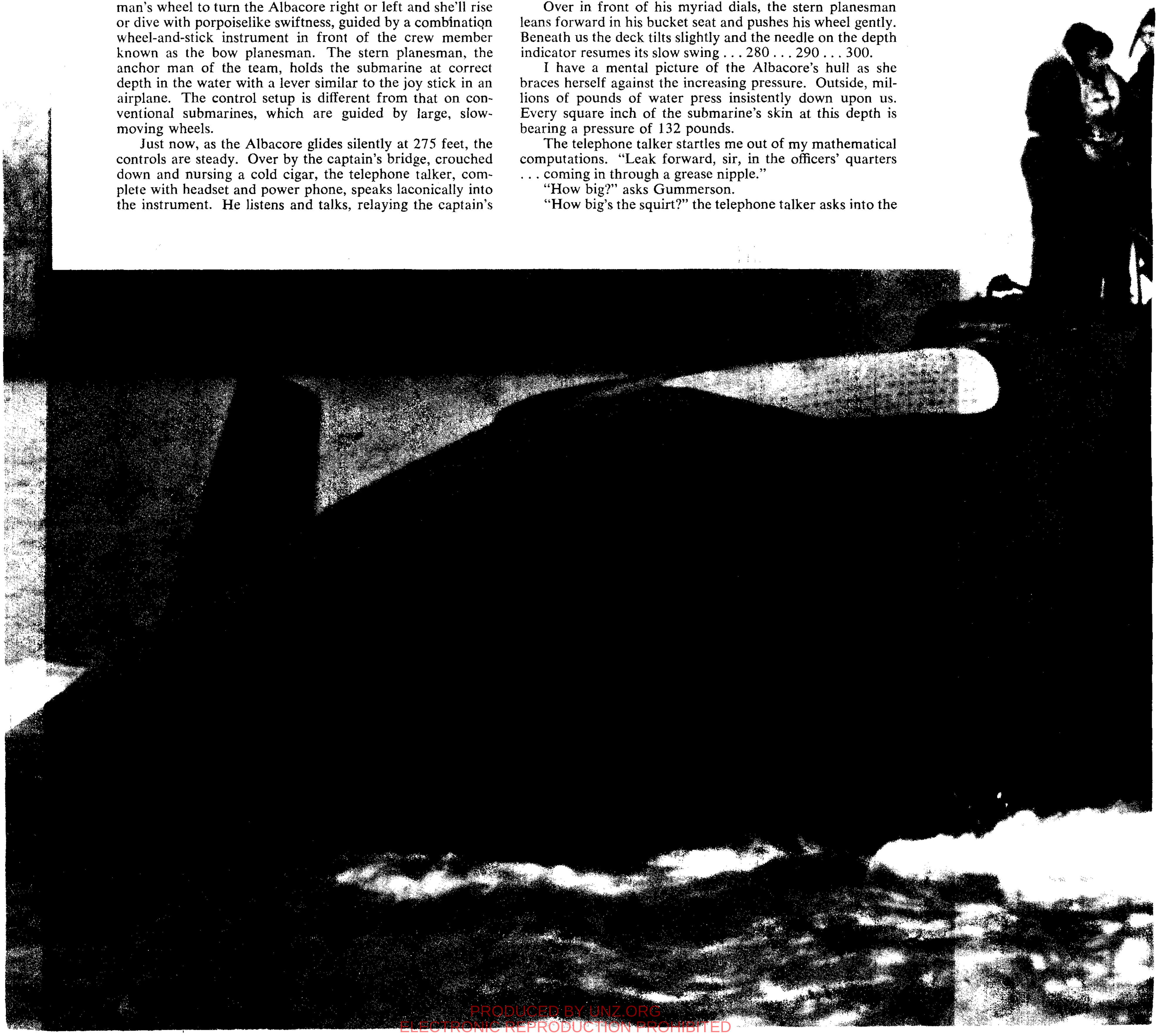
Over in front of his myriad dials, the stern planesman leans forward in his bucket seat and pushes his wheel gently. Beneath us the deck tilts slightly and the needle on the depth indicator resumes its slow swing . . . 280 . . . 290 . . . 300.

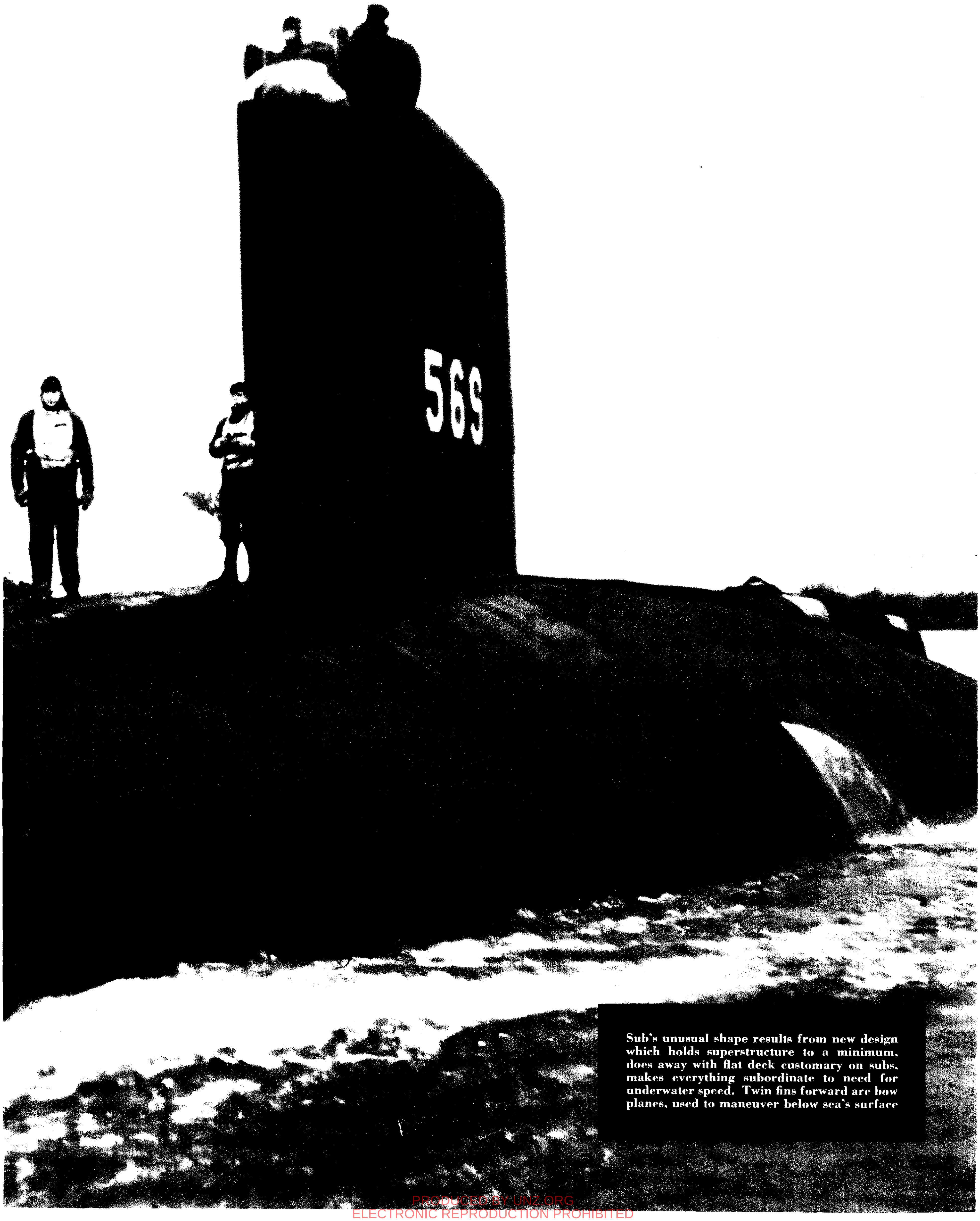
I have a mental picture of the Albacore's hull as she braces herself against the increasing pressure. Outside, millions of pounds of water press insistently down upon us. Every square inch of the submarine's skin at this depth is bearing a pressure of 132 pounds.

The telephone talker startles me out of my mathematical computations. "Leak forward, sir, in the officers' quarters . . . coming in through a grease nipple."

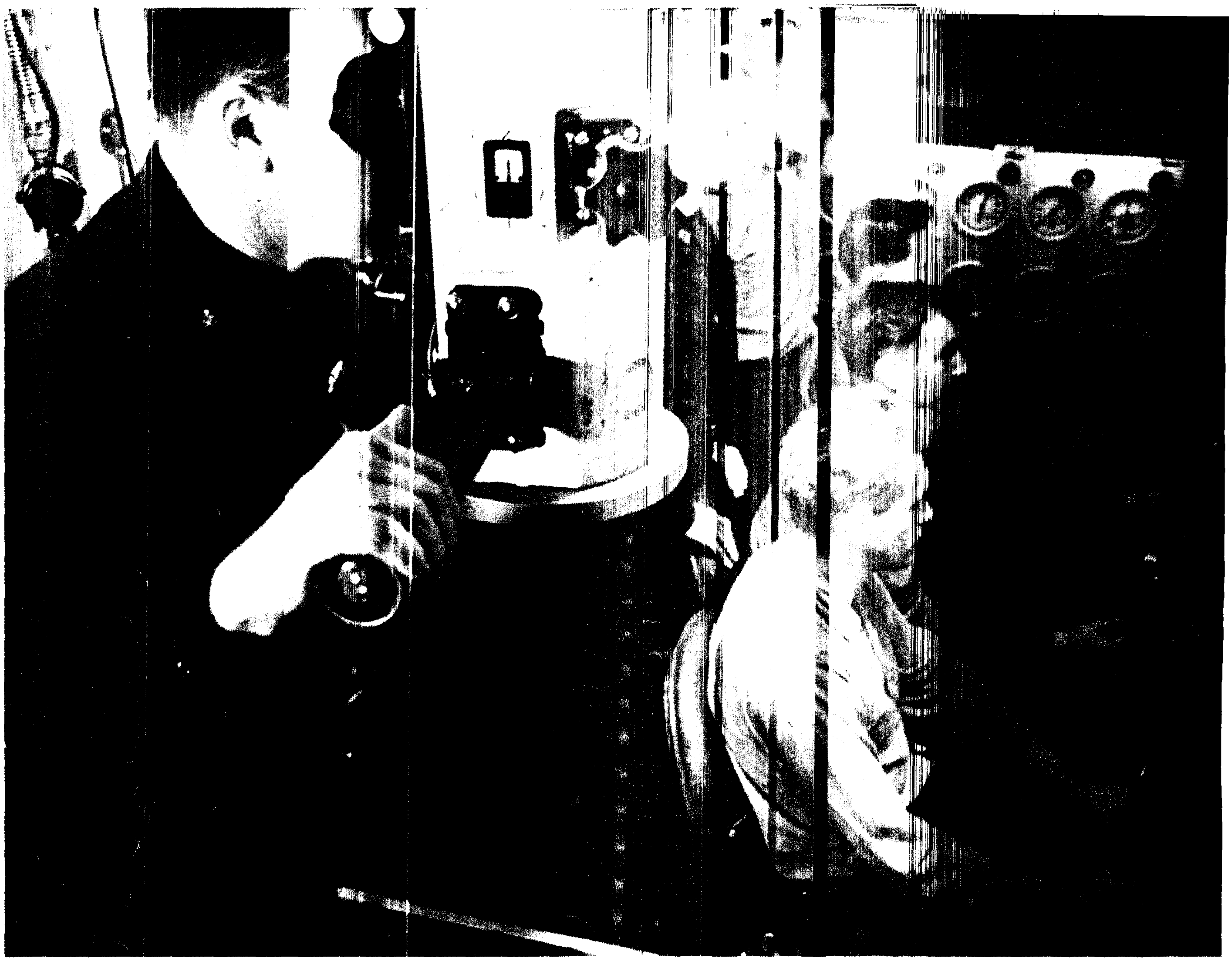
"How big?" asks Gummerson.

"How big's the squirt?" the telephone talker asks into the





Sub's unusual shape results from new design which holds superstructure to a minimum, does away with flat deck customary on subs, makes everything subordinate to need for underwater speed. Twin fins forward are bow planes, used to maneuver below sea's surface



Crewmen guide sub with airplane controls, wear safety belts to keep seats. Lt. Comdr. K. C. Gummerson is at periscope, Lt. J. Ferrero and CPO Charles Simpson watch dials. Seated, from top: stern planesman Robert Abbott, bow planesman Pat McGroarty, helmsman Calvin Greene

phone. He listens briefly, then reports. "About half the thickness of a pencil, sir."

This time Wagner doesn't even bother to reassure me. He goes steadily on with his calculations at the navigation desk. I glance at the depth indicator. The needle trembles just over the 325-foot mark.

The telephone talker reports another leak through a grease nipple; this one is in the compartment beneath us.

"Auxiliary man on watch," the captain orders.

The telephone talker translates: "Get that leak fixer up here."

I wait impatiently for the arrival of the "leak fixer," and in a few minutes a slim seaman, armed with a wrench, enters the control room and walks unhurriedly across it and out toward the officers' quarters, humming as he goes. I follow him. Inside the compartment he finds the leak easily enough. A thin, silvery stream of water has already soaked an upper bunk with the force and thoroughness of a fireman's hose. Another seaman has a can under the leak, and now the auxiliary man gets to work. He fixes the wrench on the nipple and starts to tighten it. "Sh-Boom," he hums. In seconds he has the leak stopped. Then he turns and goes out. I linger a moment, and touch the upper bunk. The sea water has made it icy cold.

Back in the control room, the leak fixer clambers down through a hatch in front of the navigation desk in search of leak number two. A few minutes later he reappears. "That's it," he reports to no one in particular, and disappears aft.

I go over and stand by Wagner at the navigation desk. "What about those leaks?" I ask him.

"They were just dribbles," he tells me. "Every submarine leaks, but this is the most watertight sub I've ever been on."

Wagner should know. He's been a submariner for 15 years and during the war he served aboard the submarine Haddock. Once, under depth-charge attack, the Haddock was forced to dive so deeply that her conning tower buckled.

I see by the depth indicator that we are maintaining depth at 350 feet. For the time being everything is quiet.

Commander Gummerson steps down from his bridge and tells the diving officer: "Station a section watch and maintain present course at one-third speed. I'll inform the escort vessel."

He looks over at me. "Did you ever see an underwater telephone?" he asks. "No? Well, let's go into the sonar room."

Finding the Sub's Underwater "Eyes"

I follow the captain into the next compartment. For the first time since we submerged, that strange incessant high-pitched noise which has been assailing my ears finally registers; the sharp *beek . . . aah . . . bak . . . beek . . . aah . . . bak* is the sonar or sound-ranging set—the sub's underwater "eyes."

Banks of gray cases containing electronic gear line the bulkheads; there are radar sets and several types of sonar equipment, most of it still on the secret list. The echoing sound is coming from a loudspeaker near a circular radar-type screen which is illumined with a greenish glow. As each sound wave sighs out from the transmitter, a tiny explosion is painted in the center of the screen; a thin white line races out from the explosion and stops at a white speck off to the right of the screen's center.

Gummerson points to this white speck. "That's our escort on the surface," he explains. He turns to Sonar Operator Harold Scott, of Sherman, Texas. "How far is she from us now, Scotty?"

"About one thousand yards off our starboard bow, sir."

Scott flicks a switch and hands Gummerson a phone. "Speedy calling Slowpoke," the captain says. Suddenly I hear a sound like gravel scraping along the hull.

"That's the low-frequency sound waves traveling through the water," Scott says. "We can't use radio underwater, so this comes in handy."

The underwater telephone loud-speaker suddenly comes to life.

"This is Slowpoke," a voice from the escort says. "You are coming in loud and clear . . . over."

The loud-speaker's background noise sounds like the comforting hiss of a steam radiator, but the voice from the escort vessel is perfectly clear.

Gummerson answers: "This is Speedy. We're level at 350 feet. We'll begin speed run shortly. Over."

"Roger. Out," comes the reply.

Gummerson hands the phone back to Scott and stands for a minute watching the sound explosions on the sonar set. The captain is a trim, compact man with crisp black hair. He wears command well. Before he came on the Albacore, he commanded the submarine Cobia, and during World War II served aboard destroyers in the Pacific. Commander Gummerson was hand-picked for this job and he has an immense pride in the Albacore.

That pride is well founded. Before I came aboard I spent several weeks learning all I could about this strange new submarine. Her story began in 1948 when Rear Admiral C. B. Momsen, then Assistant Chief of Naval Operations for Undersea Warfare, conceived of a submarine that would operate 99 per cent of the time underwater. Momsen's plan was to subordinate surface performance. He asked for a perfectly designed hull form, which would permit the utmost in submerged speed but require a minimum of power.

"I felt," said Admiral Momsen, "that we had in the past been so restricted in design studies . . . that it was almost impossible to produce the best submarine. It was like stuffing a turkey. First a hull was designed and then everybody in the Navy Department began to stuff it from both ends."

In 1949, a special committee on naval development, under the chairmanship of Dr. K. S. M. Davidson, director of the Experimental Towing Tank at Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken, New Jersey, approved the plan and, working with the Navy's Bureau of Ships scientists, began experimental studies.

An investigation was made into all experiments the Navy had ever made with airships and blimps, to see if they offered any clues to streamlining. From this data a series of models varying in size from seven to 25 feet were built. These were tested in wind tunnels and towed underwater in experimental tanks. In all, some 25 models were produced before the Albacore emerged.

Admiral Momsen, now commander of Joint Task Force Seven in the Pacific, sees the Albacore as a forerunner of the submarine of the future. He says: "Driven by nuclear power plants and properly designed like the Albacore, tomorrow's submarine can be faster than any surface ships. A school of these deadly killers could drive all surface ships to cover—either to port or to the bottom of the sea."

With all the past preparation that's gone into the making of the Albacore and with so much depending on future trials such as these, it's not hard to see why Gummerson takes such pride in the submarine, but I ask him anyway.

"Well, I guess we're making a little history," he tells me. "We're doing things that have never been done in a sub before."

We walk back into the control room. I notice three new faces. Lieutenant Tom Cuddy, of North Brookfield, Massachusetts, the Albacore's engineering officer, has taken over from the diving officer. With him is Warrant Officer Howard Hawkins, of Eliot, Maine, the shipyard superintendent for the Albacore. He has come to "see" the high-speed run through the eyes of the control room's dials.

Gummerson steps up onto the bridge, smiles at me and says, "Hang on."

It is very still.

Cuddy looks back to the talker. "Pass the word."

The telephone talker bends over his phone. "All hands . . ." he intones, "secure all movable objects."

The diving and steering operators pull their safety straps tight, settle back in their bucket seats. Behind them, Cuddy makes a final check, then confers briefly with Chief Simpson.

The Lieutenant Who Watches the Dials

At the navigation desk, Lieutenant Ferrero fastens a pad of graph paper to a clip board, ready to jot down the mathematical story of the test from the Albacore's dials. All over the control room men reach automatically for straps or brace themselves against heavy equipment.

"All gear secured, sir," says the telephone talker.

Gummerson nods. "Increase speed to fifteen knots," he says.

There's no vibration, no pulsating beat from the motors, but the needle on the speed indicator begins to move . . . 10 . . . 12 . . . 15.

"Increase speed to twenty knots," Gummerson orders. He keeps his eyes on the dials.

A stop watch suspended from a stand over the navigation desk hangs still, like the pendulum of a stopped clock. There's still no vibration, but the electric motors are getting loud.

The needle on the indicator slides over . . . 17 . . . 18 . . . 19. The motors are humming louder. Irrelevantly, I remember a beautifully engraved placard which hangs in the engine room over the controls. It reads: *"Sit back and relax.* (signed) *Your safe, careful operator—R. C. Seeley, Electrician's Mate."*

Gummerson increases the speed again, and again. The motors turn faster, in a steadily increasing tempo. On the dial of the speed indicator, the needle eats up the knots . . . hits 20 . . . passes 20 . . . and finally reaches a speed which, for reasons of security, cannot be revealed.

We're shooting through the water, faster now than any submarine has ever gone before. Nobody speaks. There is tension. Figures are jotted down, charts are filled in.

Under the speed, the Albacore trembles. The steering and diving operators, strapped in their seats, hold their controls and watch the dials before them fixedly. They look frozen in a tableau of intense concentration. At this speed a wrong move of the diving controls might shoot the Albacore up and down like some enormous game fish.

"Left full rudder," snaps Gummerson. As he speaks, he steps down from his bridge and wedges himself in a corner. Caught away from a leather strap, I brace myself between the navigator's desk and the electrical switchboard. We bank almost before Gummerson finishes speaking. There's a sharp jar as the Albacore heels over. Everybody rolls and sways with the sudden violence of the turn. I bend almost double over the navigation desk. There's a clatter as loose objects begin to slide in their racks. On the navigation desk a pencil rolls; before it stops we level out again. The pencil hesitates, wobbles, and comes to rest.

Steward James Washington holds can under leak which developed during sub's test dive

"Right full rudder!" orders Gummerson.

We grab for support again. Those on the leather straps hang on even more tightly, but again in the turn everybody swings out. I'm pressed back against the switchboard. There's no time to talk; no time to do anything but hang on. Again everything slides crazily. A heavy naval manual falls and careers madly across the deck. An ash tray joins the pencil in muddled flight, then tilts and clatters to rest as the Albacore straightens again.

Down here, no whizzing glimpses of landscape help to gauge our speed, yet I am conscious of the thrusting power of the submarine. There's a feeling of exhilaration, like flying underwater.

But the flight is over. Gummerson issues orders, the needles on the dials lag slowly back, the noise of the engines recedes.

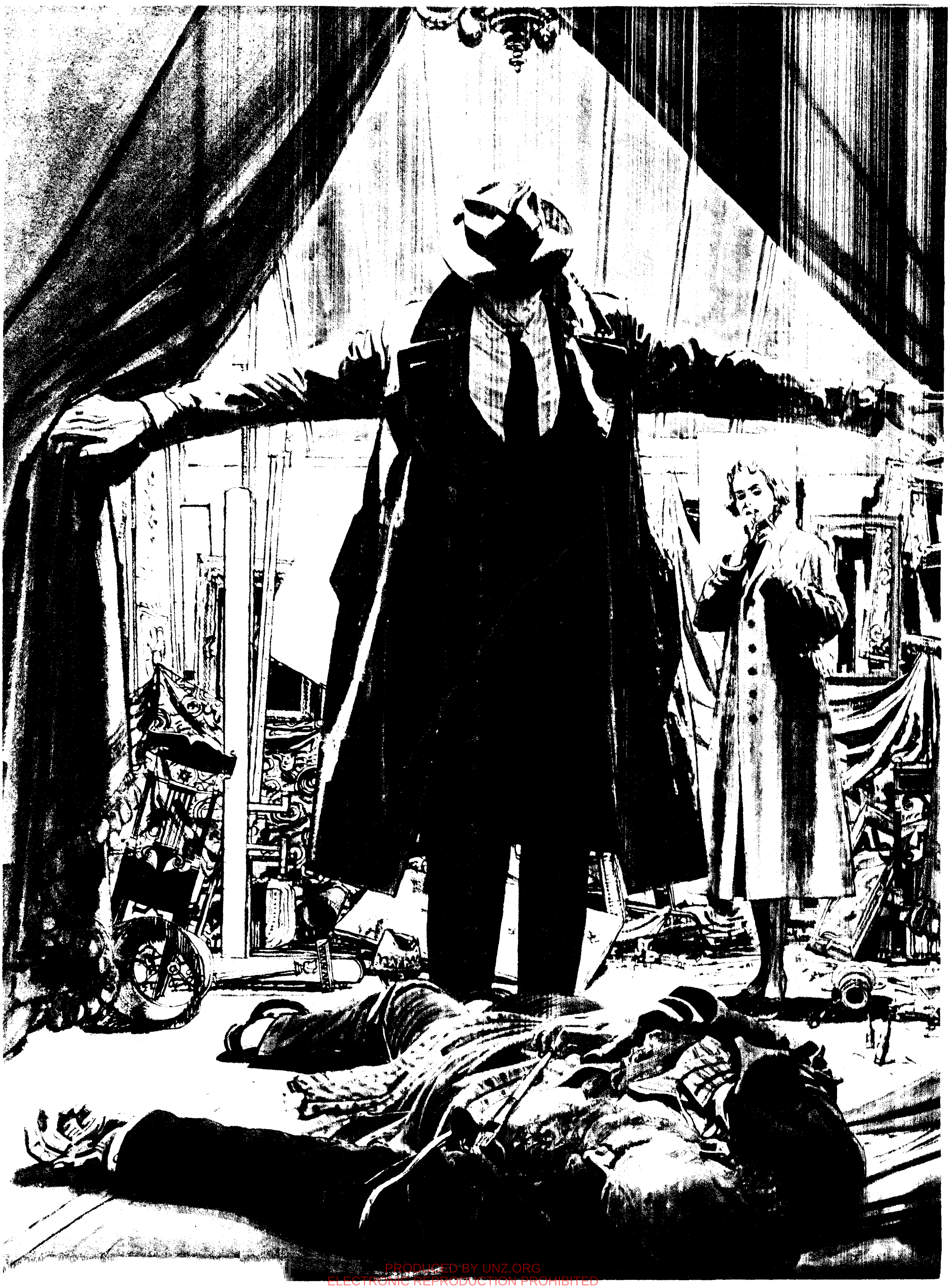
A short time later, we surface and head for home. We sight Portsmouth just after dark. A pilot comes aboard to guide us in. Down in the control room, the charts are filled with final computations. They'll be needed for the interrogations that will take place when we berth, for from the Albacore's trials Navy experts learn more each day. What they learn will lay the groundwork for tomorrow's high-speed submersibles.

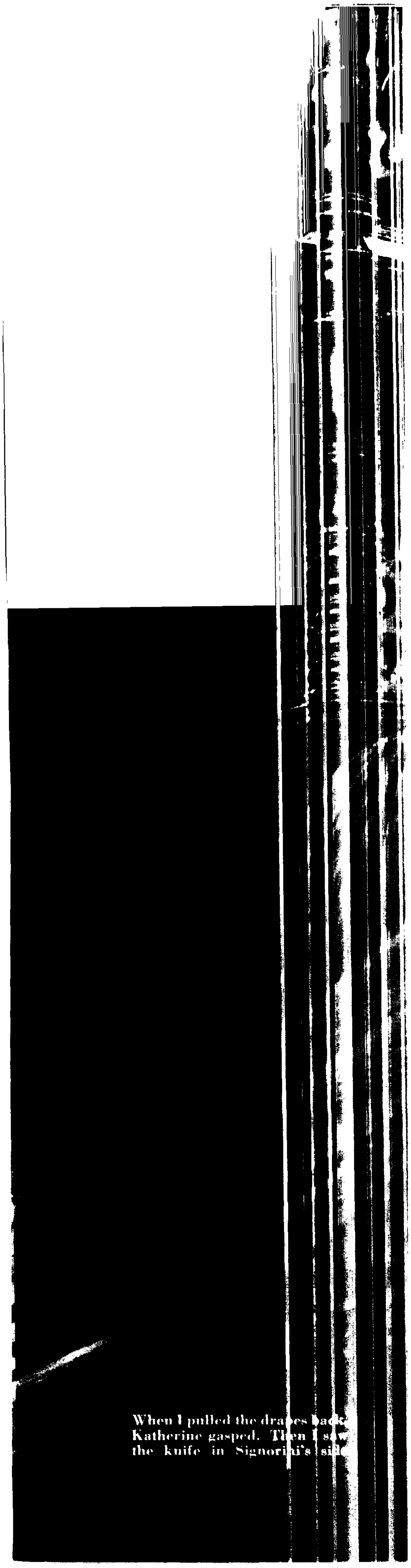
I gather my notes and equipment and say good-by to Commander Gummerson, glad to be back. As I walk down the gangplank, one of the officers stops me.

"It's late," he says, "why don't you stay aboard until morning?"

I wave good-by. My trials are over. ▲▲▲

est tension **builds up as Albacore makes speed run submerged. From l. to r., Cmdr. Gummerson, engineman Donald L. Gasmire, quartermaster Lawrence Wagner (asst. navigator), steward Daniel Russell (checking leaks, with phone to control room), helmsman Richard Meagher, telephone talker Robert Marschall**





When I pulled the drapes back Katherine gasped. Then I saw the knife in Signorini's side

Design for TERROR

At first I could not understand why Signorini had given me his secret. Now I knew—and it could cost me my life

By ARTHUR GORDON

BEGINNING A NEW TWO-PART SERIAL

IF THERE is anything more nerve-racking than sudden affability from a mortal enemy, I don't know what it is. I was in the city of Markheim in Russian-occupied Austria, more than a hundred miles inside the iron curtain, and no one was following me, no one had molested me. I was being treated like an honored guest.

Yet fear was all around me, vibrating soundlessly like high-tension wires in the wind. It was invisible, but as real as the great thirteenth-century cathedral across the street from where I stood.

I still had half an hour before my appointment with Signorini, and so I strolled across the *Platz* toward the Hotel Imperial, where I was staying.

I knew Markheim pretty well. One summer, just before the war, I had spent a couple of pleasant months here, drinking beer and polishing up my German.

It was obvious why the Russians had chosen Markheim for their International Congress of Fine Arts. It was the only town of any size in their zone of Austria that hadn't been heavily bombed. It looked pretty and peaceful and prosperous. If you weren't very bright, you might assume that *all* the towns in the Russian-occupied zone were like this.

I wondered why I felt so glum. I was on just about the best assignment a color photographer ever had. My reproductions of great European art masterpieces had jumped the weekly circulation of Independence—so Masterson had cabled me—by a hundred and fifty thousand copies.

The color reproductions had been my own idea: I would go abroad to take new color photographs of great paintings, send back negatives and color guides the like of which America had never seen, and Independence would run two or three each week for its readers to frame.

The business and editorial departments liked the idea, and so I sailed for England. I had worked my way down to Italy when the cablegram came from Masterson: UNDERSTAND SIGNORINI HAS APPEARED INTERNATIONAL ARTS CONGRESS AT MARKHEIM. TRY GET INTERVIEW.

I left most of my equipment in Florence and set out immediately to join the group of Western art lovers and critics who had flocked to Markheim.

It really was quite a show. The Russians had assembled just about all the great paintings in Eastern Europe, including most of the magnificent collection from the Hermitage at Leningrad. But their prize exhibit, without much doubt, was Vittorio Signorini himself.

If anyone had ever taken a poll to determine the greatest living painter in the world, I'm sure Signorini would have won hands down. Everyone knows his story: how he got increasingly fed up with Mussolini, how he left his beloved Genoa early in the war, fled to Moscow and remained there, finally marrying the daughter of Marshal Kutsov, the great Red military genius. His shift of allegiance, hailed at the time as an act of extraordinary courage, was no longer popular in democratic countries—nor was his reported intimacy with various top men in the Soviet hierarchy. But even those who despised his politics conceded his genius as an artist.

I was naturally excited at the prospect of interviewing this legendary character and, looking at my watch, I saw I'd have to hurry to be on time. . . .

It was a few minutes before four o'clock when I climbed the dark stairs to Signorini's second-story workshop on the *(Continued on page* 55)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

Cary Latimer (second from l.) at Debutante Cotillion, New York début

The Year's

Cary Latimer is this season's sweetheart of Café Society and the gossip columns. She got there by

Her lustrous long bob tied back primly, the season's leading debutante lounges in her mother's Park Avenue apartment during an afternoon free—as rarely happens—of teas and shopping. "I'm always trying to look sexy," says Cary, "but never quite make it"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HALLEY ERSKINE AND CARROLL SEGHERS

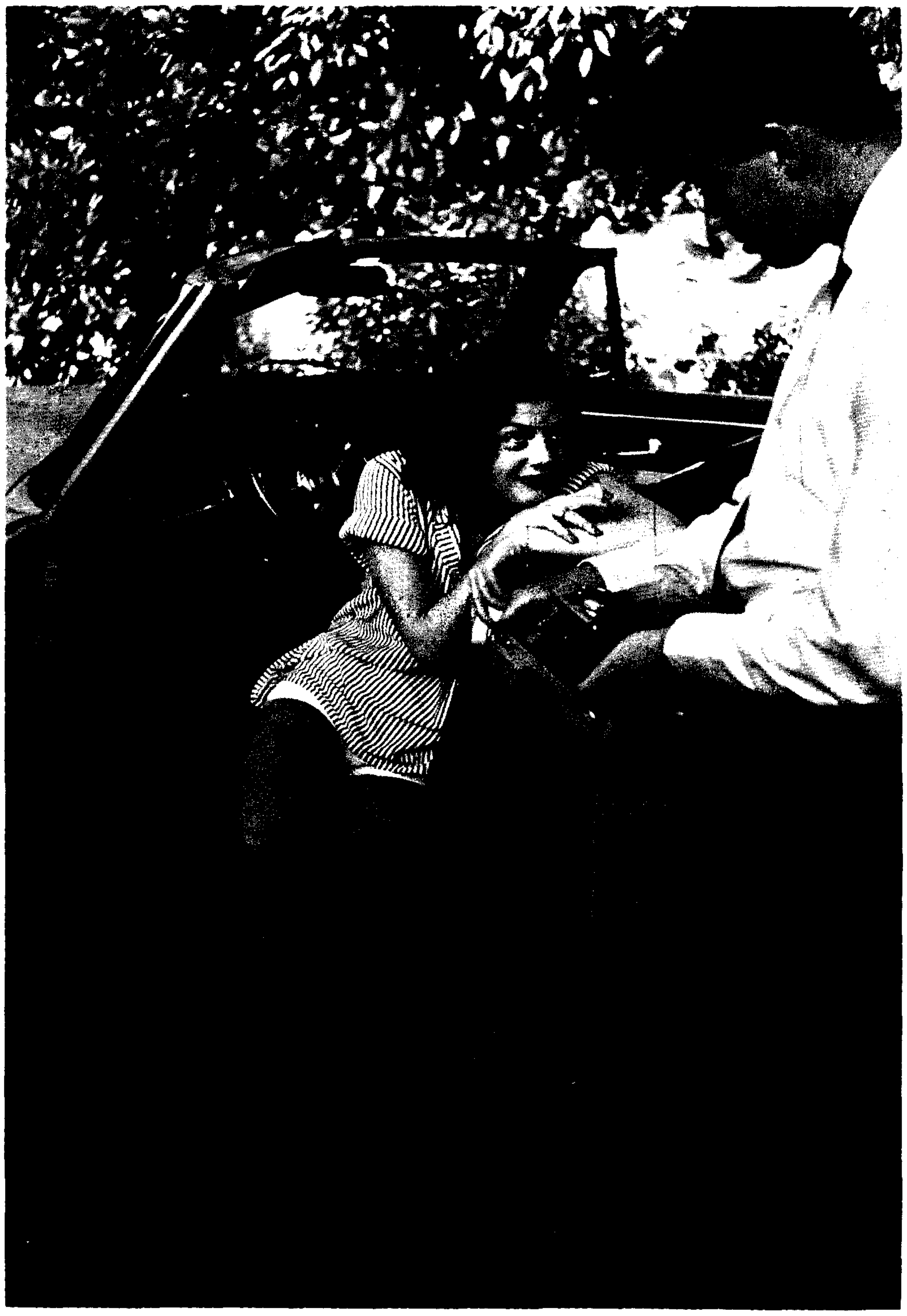
Top Deb

being her own—and her best—press agent

EACH winter in New York, as in many other cities throughout the country, the daughters of high society meet the world in an elegant ritual of parties and dances known as the coming-out season. Thereafter, the most ambitious of the lot concentrate their brightest dreams and keenest rivalries upon a single goal: the coveted title of No. 1 Debutante of the Year. But since 1938, when a combination of looks, background, money and good management boosted debutante Brenda Frazier into the top spot, no single claimant has been outstanding enough to win the title—until this season. Now, after 16 lean years, Miss Frazier has a successor. She is eighteen-year-old Caroline Weinman Latimer, a transplanted Southern belle with an irremediable drawl, and her triumph is distinguished by its implausibility.

Atlanta-born Cary Latimer—ripe-featured, blue-eyed and crowned with a long, luxurious mass of brown hair—is pretty, but not beautiful. Bright, but not brilliant. Society, but not Social Register (her thrice-married mother is prominent in Café Society, her father is an airlines pilot, her present stepfather an Argentine horse trainer). Her money (furnished largely by her maternal grandfather, a Southern manufacturer) is considerable, but not overwhelming. However, Cary has the one quality which makes all others superfluous: showmanship. She has a knack for being seen in the right places with the right people at the right time. She does and says the unexpected with a colorful air. She is, in short, good newspaper copy. Columnists create and confer such titles as Debutante of the Year with an eye to good copy. So is a No. 1 Debutante born—and the title, as Cary now knows, creates its own sweet rewards.

—CONTINUED



Visiting her grandparents in Miami during a recent vacation, Cary chats with beau Bill Roosevelt, 22, F.D.R.'s grandson, who had come to escort her to a debutante ball. Car is gift from her grandfather

Reclining on her own portable massage table, Cary luxuriates in treatment by a masseuse, who comes to her mother's home once a week

In P.J. Clarke's, a N.Y. bar and hangout for young set, Cary attracts servicemen who recognized her from press pictures

At the Stork, evening is on the house for Cary, date Howard Johnson, Jr., a courtesy often extended in clubs to Cary and dates

At her Miami Beach debut, expert dancer Cary jitterbugs on Surf Club floor

Cary's life centers about Miami vacations, college-campus weekends and New York night clubs

Among fame's bounties for Cary Latimer is an inexhaustible supply of eligible young men who help her lead the glamorous life expected of a No. 1 Debutante (in the current crop: Lance Reventlow, the son of Barbara Hutton; Bill Roosevelt, F.D.R.'s grandson, and Howard Johnson, Jr., son of the famed restaurateur). "Of course," she says, with the colorful candor which is her most winning attribute, "I always like the ones who don't like me. Last summer in France a baron asked me to marry him every day for a week. Then, when I finally said yes, he laughed in my face and ran off to the Riviera with a belly-dancer."

With her less mercurial swains, Cary spends some weekends on the Ivy League campuses ("I like college boys; they don't care who you are"), others lolling about the swank beach clubs of Miami Beach, where she occasionally visits her grandparents. Her evenings in New York are occupied making the night-club rounds, during which the business of being a top deb reaches the peak of fanfare. At El Morocco, the management plies her with gifts. At the Stork Club, host Sherman Billingsley occasionally puts his car and chauffeur at her disposal. The evenings often wind up over scrambled eggs in the Park Avenue apartment of her mother, Mrs. Horatio Luro.

Cary's weekly daytime hours are not so thickly star-dusted, but supremely and unavoidably social. Each morning she pursues freshman studies (her favorite subjects: history and interior decorating) at Finch College in Manhattan. Her afternoons are filled with shopping, charity functions—and an everlasting round of teas and lunches, where her formula for dealing with Social Register matriarchs is simple and direct: "Smile."

Juggling a packed social calendar, Cary is awed neither by herself ("I wish I had less chin and more bosom") nor her position ("Anyone can be a deb; all it takes is enough money and a lot of hard work"). Her future is open; she takes singing lessons in semiserious pursuit of a musical-comedy career, but is discouraged by a slightly nasal voice. "What I *really* want to do," she says, "is marry a good man with money, settle down in Boston and have six children." But then she may add, with that flair for showmanship which makes her world go round: "Are there any night clubs in Boston?"

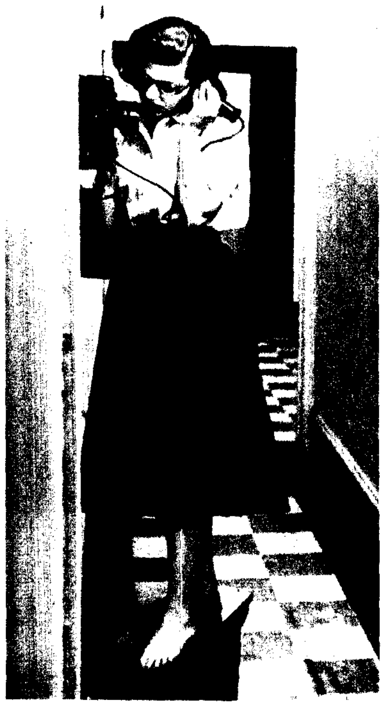
—LEE CAMPBELL AND MARTHA WEINMAN

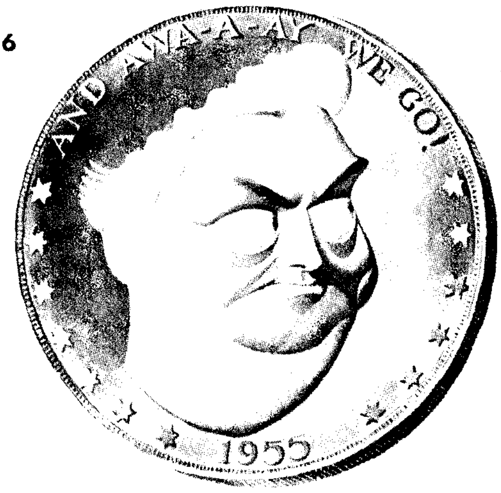
In Park Avenue apartment of Cary's mother, Mrs. Horatio Luro, they dress for Cary's New York debut at Debutante Cotillion. Cary wore same gown for her Miami coming out. It is her favorite, cost $335

On school project, Cary visits settlement house to tell children stories. Like most debs, she serves on many benefit committees, does volunteer work for such charities as Free Milk Fund for Babies, March of Dimes

Cary finds telephones indispensable. Above, she talks to a beau while sick in bed: to another (below, r.) from school, where she stays week nights

Wearing mouton, Cary inspects a mink stole (she didn't buy it). She has 30 dresses—not many for a deb—ranging from $8.98 to over $300, and she owns a mink coat, for which she sold a horse to grandfather ("He's bought that horse three times," she says)

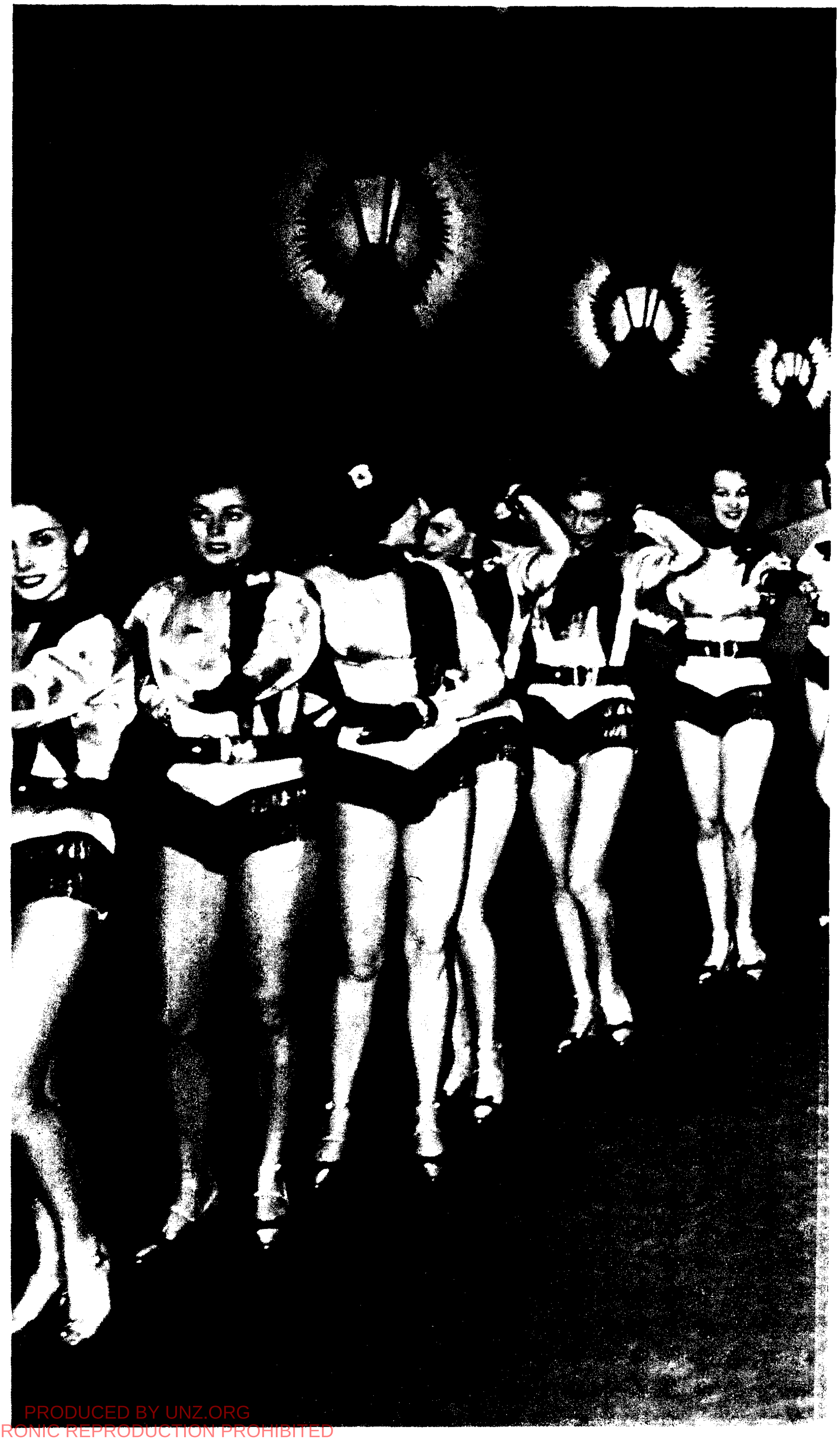




E PLURIBUS GLEASON

JACKIE IN

That's TV, where typical problems range from fallin



By MICHAEL DRURY

IN THE never-never land of television where personalities are created with unprecedented speed, the newest and gaudiest star is Jackie Gleason, a thirty-nine-year-old supercharged comedian. A big, dazzling man, Gleason dominates every group he enters, on or off camera. Once after Gleason strode from a rehearsal hall, an actor who had never met him before turned to a producer and said, "Suddenly the place seems awfully empty."

There is a strange, sweeping splendor about him; *his whole life is custom-built to his specifications.* The carpet in his apartment was specially designed; so was the stage curtain that opens and closes his TV show; so are the tops on his convertible cars. Not content with turning out an hour-long razzle-dazzle TV program every week, Gleason has a finger in more pies than he has fingers. If he needs new clothes, he designs them; if the office needs new memo pads, he draws a sketch for them; if a script seems to be sagging (no laughs for 30 seconds), he invents new lines on stage.

During one broadcast there was a scene where Art Carney, who plays Gleason's dull-witted friend, broke some balloons at a crucial moment. Gleason was supposed to say, "I knew it! I knew somehow you'd ruin everything." Instead he thundered at his cowering pal, "You and your hangnails!", convulsing the audience and nearly breaking up his own production crew.

Gleason is surrounded by managers and handlers like a boxer or a candidate for President. He isn't just a television star, he's a way of life. There are 22 people on his immediate staff whose vocation is the management, promotion, direction and substantiation of jackie gleason enterprises, inc., the company which houses Gleason's numerous interests.

The first order of business, of course, is his TV show. All comedians keep up a running feud with their writers, mainly because they are greatly dependent on them and know it, which results in mingled gratitude and resentment. Gleason is no exception. Last May, he imported by air four writers from Hollywood whose task was to turn out a backlog of sketches for The Honeymooners, the situation comedy Gleason uses on most programs (and which Buick will film for the new fall show under the company's recent three-year, multi-million-dollar contract with the star). It was hoped the backlog would put the program ahead of itself and avoid the frightening prospect of having to create a show from scratch every week. Gleason kept the Hollywood writers four weeks and returned them to the Coast by plane, at a total cost reported to be $22,000, and so far as anyone knows he has never even read the scripts they produced. He hates to read scripts and does it as if it were a terrible duty.

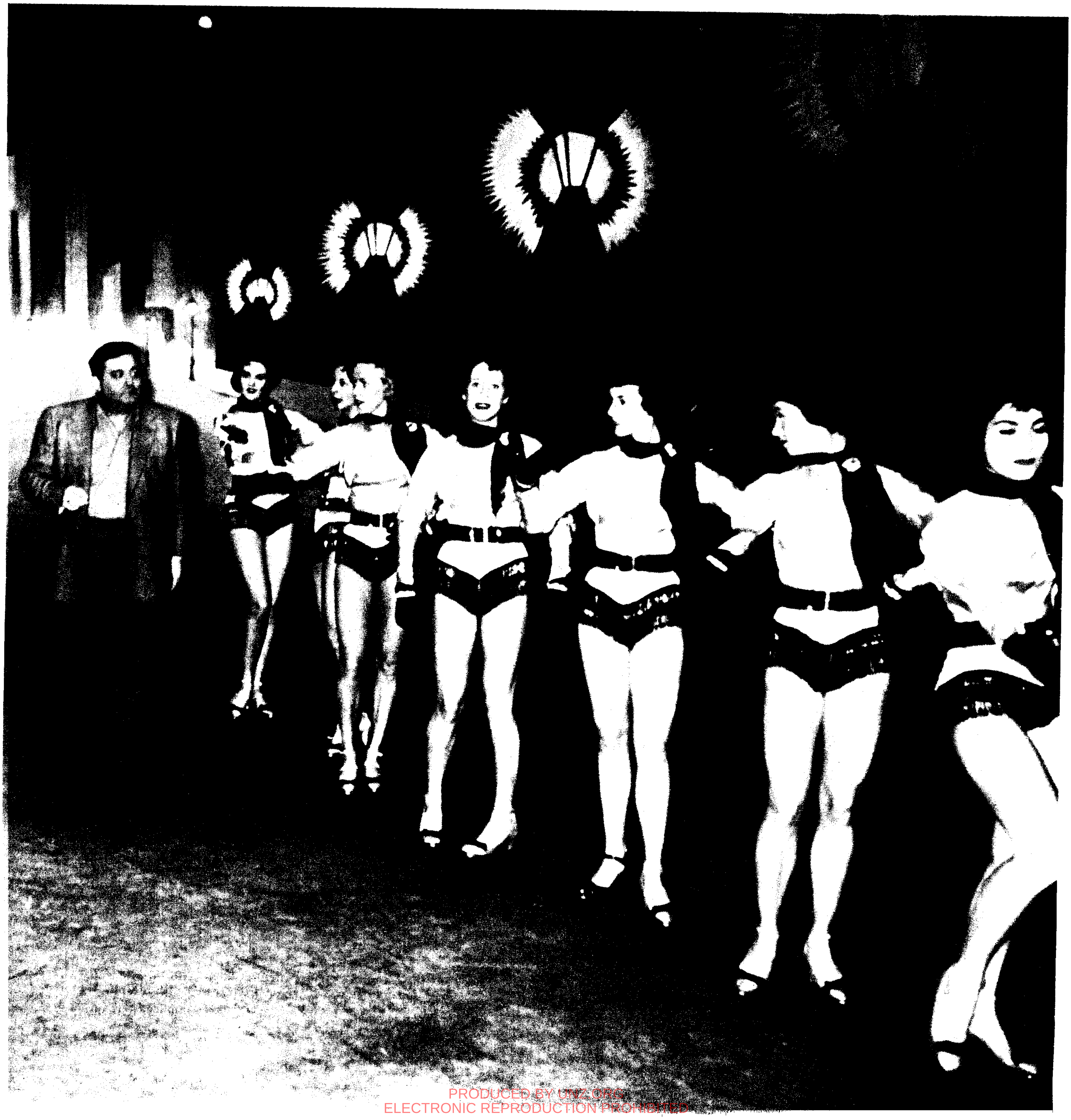
He grieves his writers constantly by doing some-

The star rehearses his entrance, flanked by the June Taylor dancers, regulars on the show

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GARRY WINOGRAND

NEVER-NEVER LAND

[illegible] pastel land. Here's [illegible] on stage and backstage



thing he calls "getting the essence" of a script but refusing to learn lines. He won't learn anything that takes him more than a few hours to master. He is a quick study and can memorize almost anything with surprising speed; if he can't, he feels the script is at fault, not Gleason.

At a prebroadcast briefing of the cast in his dressing room one night, the script was followed line by line until the climax of the last scene. "From here on we'll ad-lib it," Gleason directed. "It'll be funnier that way."

Marvin Marx, a writer who was present, turned faintly green and moaned.

"But, Marv," said Gleason reasonably, "we *said* all the lines up to there."

Despite his hatchet technique with their painstakingly worked-out material, his writers forgive him repeatedly. If a show gets laughs, afterward in his dressing room Gleason will hang his head like a small boy and spend 15 minutes trying out variations on, "It was a great script, boys, a really great script. It was a beautiful script." That's as near as he'll come to apologizing for bulldozing their lines, but it's as near as he needs to come. The next day the writers will swear he's the greatest actor in television, a really great actor who can make even mediocre lines sound good; mere rehearsal and memorizing of lines might spoil his gusto, his bombast, his style.

At present Gleason has eight writers, six of whom work in teams of two each. Another is a newcomer from Hollywood, Herbert Finn, whose job is to stimulate the other writers. The eighth is a lone wolf named A. J. Russell who works at home and is referred to with some puzzlement by his coworkers as "a serious writer." When he can find time, Russell writes scripts for such lofty dramatic programs as Studio One and Philco Television Playhouse. He met Gleason three years ago when he created a Studio One script especially for him called The Laughmaker.

Of Gleason's performance, Russell, a dark, owlish, native New Yorker who looks as if he hadn't eaten for a week, says in his whispery voice, "I'd only seen him do comedy before, but all the dramatic nuances, the gestures and timing, came to him as naturally as they would have to Alfred Lunt. He's a great actor."

The delight was mutual, and Gleason, who has a habit of annexing people he likes and can fit onto his band wagon, promptly hired Russell as a premise man, a TV term for a writer who thinks up plots.

Meet the Two "Senior" Script Writers

Gleason's ranking writers, from the standpoint of seniority, are a pair of New Jerseyites named Marvin Marx and Walter Stone. Both are in their early thirties and at one time worked as radio writers. They were hired for the Gleason show about four years ago and are still going strong.

Marx is a stubby, friendly fellow with wiry dark hair and the general outlines of a nail keg. He's married and has one son. Stone is a bachelor, tall and solid, more self-contained and less collegiate. They work from about 10:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. and produce a script every other week. Usually they peddle the basic idea to Gleason or Jack Philbin, the executive producer, before they actually go to work on it, but occasionally they write the whole script first. "It's a form of living dangerously," Stone explained.

"You can work night and day seven days a week in this business," Marx said, "and there is no guarantee you'll even have an idea. It helps a little bit if you've been in the business a long time. But not much. I've got a nervous stomach."

"Oh, well," Stone shrugged, "everybody on the show's got a nervous stomach."

Marx grinned cheerfully. "Yeah, everybody in the whole world has a nervous stomach. I'm not really sick. I can't afford to be sick."

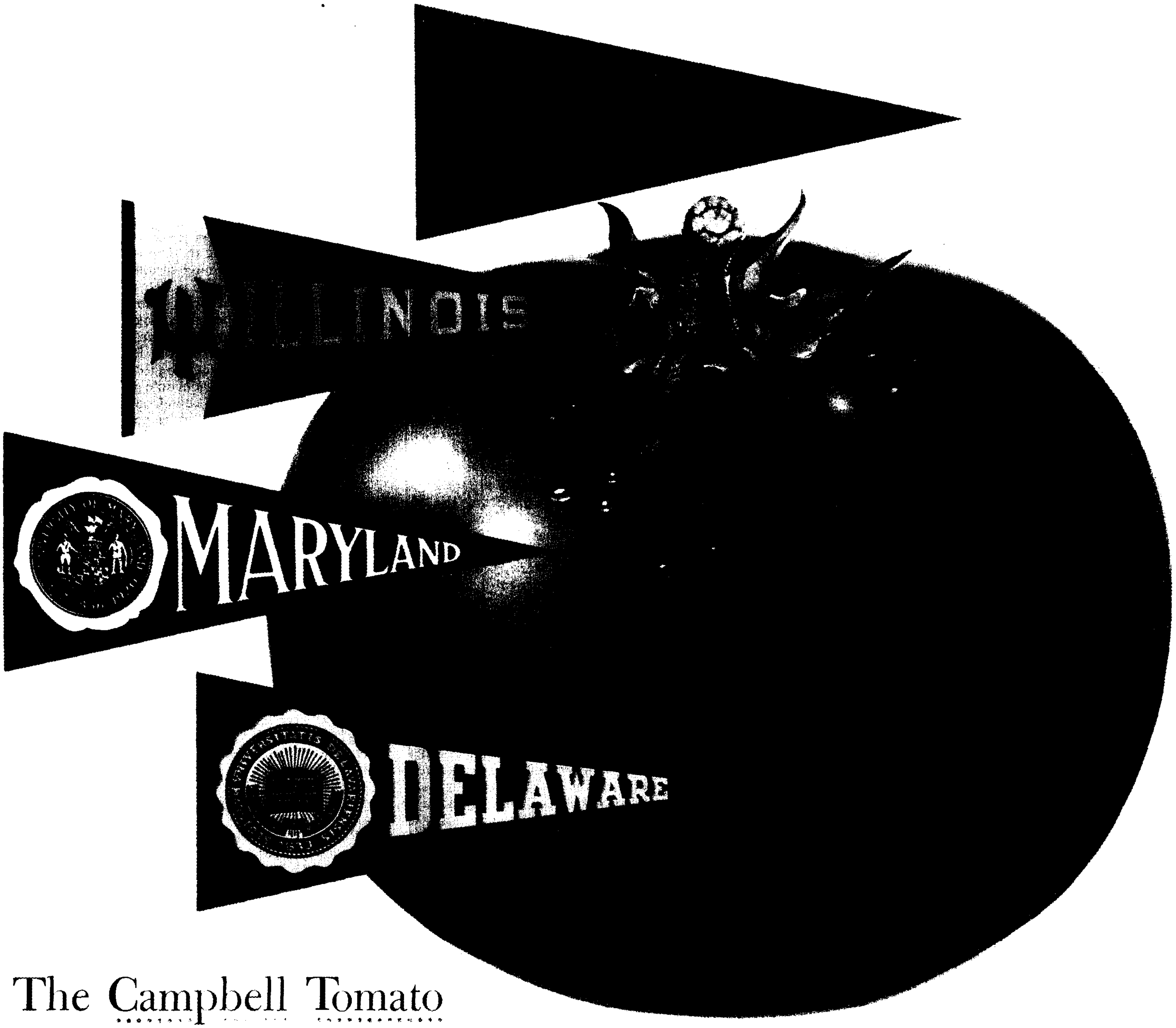
"In this business you have your appendix out on your lunch hour," Stone laughed. "That's a saying. *Actors* can afford to be sick. The only time they have to be healthy is zero hour on Saturday night and that's the only hour in the week *we* can be sick."

"Jackie is the greatest actor in the business," Marx observed.

"He's the greatest actor in the world and the greatest guy in the world," Stone said sweepingly. "With some comedians, if you don't throw a pie in their face there's no life. With Jackie you can do subtle innuendoes. He's a great performer. I'd say that even if I didn't work for him."

The working procedure of all three writing teams consists of one man sitting at a typewriter, usually placed on a coffee table between his knees (none of them has a desk), while the other sprawls or paces, plays solitaire or bounces a ball, as the mood strikes him. They take turns typing. One afternoon Marx and Stone were at work on a Honeymooners script. (There are four characters: Ralph and Alice Kramden, played by Gleason and Audrey

Running over the script in Gleason's dressing room a couple of hours before the program starts. From left to right, Stanley Poss (with his back to the camera), Jack Hurdle, Jack Philbin, Gleason, Audrey Meadows, her manager Val Irving (rear), Joyce Randolph, Art Carney



The Campbell Tomato

The Tomato that went to college

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It's been a big job, probably as big as any improvement program ever put behind any vegetable or fruit. And it has never ended.

New, healthier varieties of tomatoes with better flavor and color have been developed.

Nutrients for tomato plants have been studied and tests devised to measure their amounts in soil. Rotation with other crops and planting procedures have been developed for our growers. Weed, wilt, blight, and other control measures have been improved.

Because of this program, farmers are growing more tomatoes and better tomatoes in every tomato-growing area. Yet with all the improvements that have been made, we expect to make many more.

And when you taste what skilled Campbell chefs can do with these college-educated tomatoes, we think you'll say "Amen" when we say: *"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."*

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."

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PORK & BEANS
WITH TOMATO SAUCE

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Soups · Tomato Juice · Tomato Ketchup
Pork & Beans · V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
Franco-American Products

Meadows, and Ed and Trixie Norton, played by Art Carney and Joyce Randolph.)

Marx was typing, and chattering as he typed. "He says, 'I'm the king of this castle and you're nobody.' She says, 'What?' He says, 'This is my castle and I'm the king and you're nobody.' She says—y'know, Walt?—she says, 'That's the second time tonight I heard that.' Y'know?"

Stone, who had been staring out the window at the darkness falling over Central Park, turned and whispered, "Yeah . . ."

Marx went on, "He says, 'Trixie's getting outta there.' She says, 'You wouldn't dare.' He says, 'I wouldn't dare? I wouldn't *dare?* I'm the king of this castle and'—uh—puts out arms and pushes Alice aside, hunh?"

Stone walked out the door and down the hall, his hands in his pockets. He came back and spoke in a falsetto voice. " 'Ralph, you can't go in there. Trixie's a guest.' "

In Ralph Kramden's voice, Marx retorted, " 'If she's a guest, she's sleeping out here. I just made this a guest room.' That's a funny line," he added in his own voice, sounding surprised and pleased.

Stone flopped into a chair and began fiddling with a nail clipper. "Maybe that needs a 'well' in front of it. . . ."

"Yeah, it could use a 'well.' 'Well, if she's a guest—' "

STONE got up and prowled around the room. "No, I was wrong. 'Well' is a windup word and this should be a punch line."

"Make it loud," Marx said. "It's gotta be loud. 'I just made *this* the guest room.' " Suddenly he cried in Kramden's voice, " 'Close your eyes, Trixie. I'm coming in!' "

They both laughed.

"It's going great," Marx crowed.

Later there was a long discussion about the expression "steamed up," meaning angry.

"Don't say 'steamed up,' " Stone said, "because 'steamed up' comes later and you gotta build to it."

"How about 'terrible mood'? 'Norton's in a terrible mood.' "

Stone shook his head. "Terrible's terrible. It's namby-pamby."

"How about 'bad mood'?"

"No, no. Bad's worse than terrible. Bad mood is easy. People can be in a bad mood all the time. That can be their normal temperament, just ordinarily."

Silence.

Marx said, " 'Norton's in a crazy mood.' Is that anything?"

Stone tried it on his tongue. " 'Norton's in some kind of a crazy mood.' Okay," he said, "crazy mood. She says, 'Leave him alone. You'll just make trouble.' He says, 'Oh, sure. *I'll* make trouble . . .' "

"That's the way!" Marx cried, typing rapidly. "Reiterate. Build it up. Like maybe, 'The icebox and the stove might start to fight.' We could add a few more lines, really build it up."

Stone grinned, swatting a fly with a rolled-up magazine.

"You're very clever, Marv. You're cleverer than I am."

Marx laughed softly. "I'm the king of this castle and you're nobody," he said.

The second team of writers is Sydney Zelinka and Leonard Stern, who work in Stern's apartment on Central Park South. Both are former screen writers, both native New Yorkers. Zelinka is married and has a twelve-year-old daughter; Stern is divorced. Stern is six feet two and looks distressingly as if he carried a gun. Unlike Marx and Stone, who dress in loafers, loud socks and sport shirts, as does Gleason much of the time, Stern wears good suits and white shirts on the principle that "if you never look as if you need dough, they never fire you." It is believed in some circles that Stern hauls down close to $1,000 a week for his work on the Gleason show.

Zelinka, too, is alleged to get that kind of money. He thinks Stern's prosperous-looking theory is false. *He* wears good clothes "because in New York it's expected of you." Zelinka smokes a professorial pipe and for a man in his income bracket wears a strangely wistful expression. "It comes," he says gently, "of long experience. I have written comedy material for Groucho Marx, Jimmy Durante and Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom."

Before his debut as a TV star, Gleason spent three or four years doing small parts in movies and it was on the West Coast that Zelinka and Stern first met him.

"We met as friends," Stern cracked, "and this"—he waved his hand at an unfinished script—"is liable to end the friendship."

"Jackie," Zelinka said, "is a great performer. He can do anything and stay in character."

"Oh, yeah," Stern agreed. "Jackie's got great legitimacy, great validity. He never makes a false move on stage, never. It's instinct."

Gleason has hired writers from almost every phase of the writing business and more often than not among them are Coleman Jacoby and Arnie Rosen. While most people who create material for comedians are known as comedy writers or gag writers, Rosen and Jacoby are referred to by Variety, the show-business trade paper, and elsewhere in the television industry, as "humorists." This label puts them in a kind of celebrity status of their own, which doesn't always gladden Gleason's heart.

Jacoby and Rosen were his original writers, hired by the producer of Cavalcade of Stars, the Du Mont program Gleason emceed in 1951. Before the year was out they had quit, or threatened to quit, four or five times, and that has been the pattern of their relationship ever since, but they keep returning to Gleason and he to them in mutual if reluctant admiration for each other's talents.

Rosen and Jacoby are usually credited with inventing many of the characters Gleason regularly portrays on the show: Reggie Van Gleason III, who buys a new car because the old one points in the wrong direction; Joe the Bartender, the neighborhood psychiatrist; Fenwick Babbitt, a plain man caught in the meshes of the machine age; the Poor Soul, a well-meaning, pure-hearted mouse-brain; and others, though not The Honeymooners. Gleason likes to claim he originated these characters based on real people he has encountered, but that's something only Gleason believes, although nobody will come out flatly and say so. His very ability to believe it and to act out that belief is part of what makes his portrayal of the characters so convincing. Audiences have been known to weep during his Poor Soul routines and it is unquestionable that Gleason brings to each sketch his own observations of human frailties.

ROSEN and Jacoby work in Jacoby's apartment on the top floor of an ancient house that was once the proud mansion of an old New York family. The top floor is reached by a narrow, creaking elevator, shaped, as Jacoby aptly says, like a coffin. Gleason once hired a writer whom Rosen and Jacoby didn't like and who had some sort of phobia about elevators. The two humorists used to trap the unfortunate man between floors in "Jacoby's coffin" with the lights out. He departed shortly for the West Coast.

Rosen likes to rush into the elevator ahead of visitors so that when they open the door they find him staring out through the metal grillwork.

Shaking it dangerously, he pleads, "Rush to the queen at once and tell her I have been falsely imprisoned!"

Both men are in their mid-thirties, but Jacoby's hair is salted with gray, giving him a deceptive diplomatic-corps appearance. Rosen is a native New Yorker who went into the Marines after graduating from City College. He's married. Jacoby is divorced; as for his history, "I came in from Pittsburgh, fast," he says. "That's my life story."

"Gleason," said Rosen, "is a fabulous man, something out of F. Scott Fitzgerald, a product of an era gone by. He fascinates us. He's the greatest actor doing comedy today."

Jacoby agreed. "He's an inspired comic; he belongs to that golden era of theatrical flamboyance. He does a shoe-store sketch where he drinks out of a shoe—and fifty years ago he would have been one of those crazy characters who did such things, only not for laughs, but in dead earnest as a tribute to some dame."

Gleason's senior writers in point of service, Marx and Stone, are dedicated to the word "style," meaning "in a certain fashion or manner." Directions in their scripts are full of the word: Ralph stamps his feet baby-style; Norton looks at Ralph scared-style; Trixie comes in wearing hat and coat having-been-downtown-style and carrying many packages not-grocery-style.

Marx is an amiable fellow with a blissful choirboy expression. More gregarious than the other writers, he likes to putter around among the production staff, tantalizing them with scraps of jokes and scenes from upcoming scripts.

ONE Thursday afternoon a few weeks ago he wandered into the office looking for an audience. Jack Hurdle, the producer, and both secretaries were out to lunch. Stanley Poss, the assistant producer, was there alone, doggedly trying to map out a Saturday rehearsal schedule and stay ahead of several phones that rang ceaselessly.

"Stanley," Marx said, "we've got a veree funnee bit in this script. Listen to this."

Without looking up, Poss replied, "I'm *trying* to get a schedule made out, Marv."

Marx plucked his sleeve. "Stanley," he insisted, "the whole thing rises or falls on the script. The schedule isn't that important. Now listen to this."

Poss kept writing but did not protest.

"We got this scene where Ralph says, 'I'd like to belt you one, Alice.' " Marx doubled up his fist and waved it at Poss's head. "She says, 'Oh, you would, would you? Well, go ahead and belt me.' She puts her chin out and just stands there." Marx put his chin out and just stood there. Then he drew back. "He says, 'No. I'm not gonna belt you. You know why I'm not gonna belt you, Alice? Because you're just the kind who would holler cop.' "

Scribbling steadily, Poss said absently, "Ha."

Marx stepped backward as if he'd been hit. "Ha?" he echoed. *"Ha?* What do you mean, ha?" He walked to the door wounded-style. "The next time there's a fight backstage," he announced loftily, "I'm on Hurdle's side. I'm gonna say, 'Yes, Hurdle, that's exactly what Poss said.' " He paused significantly. *"Whether* you said it or not."

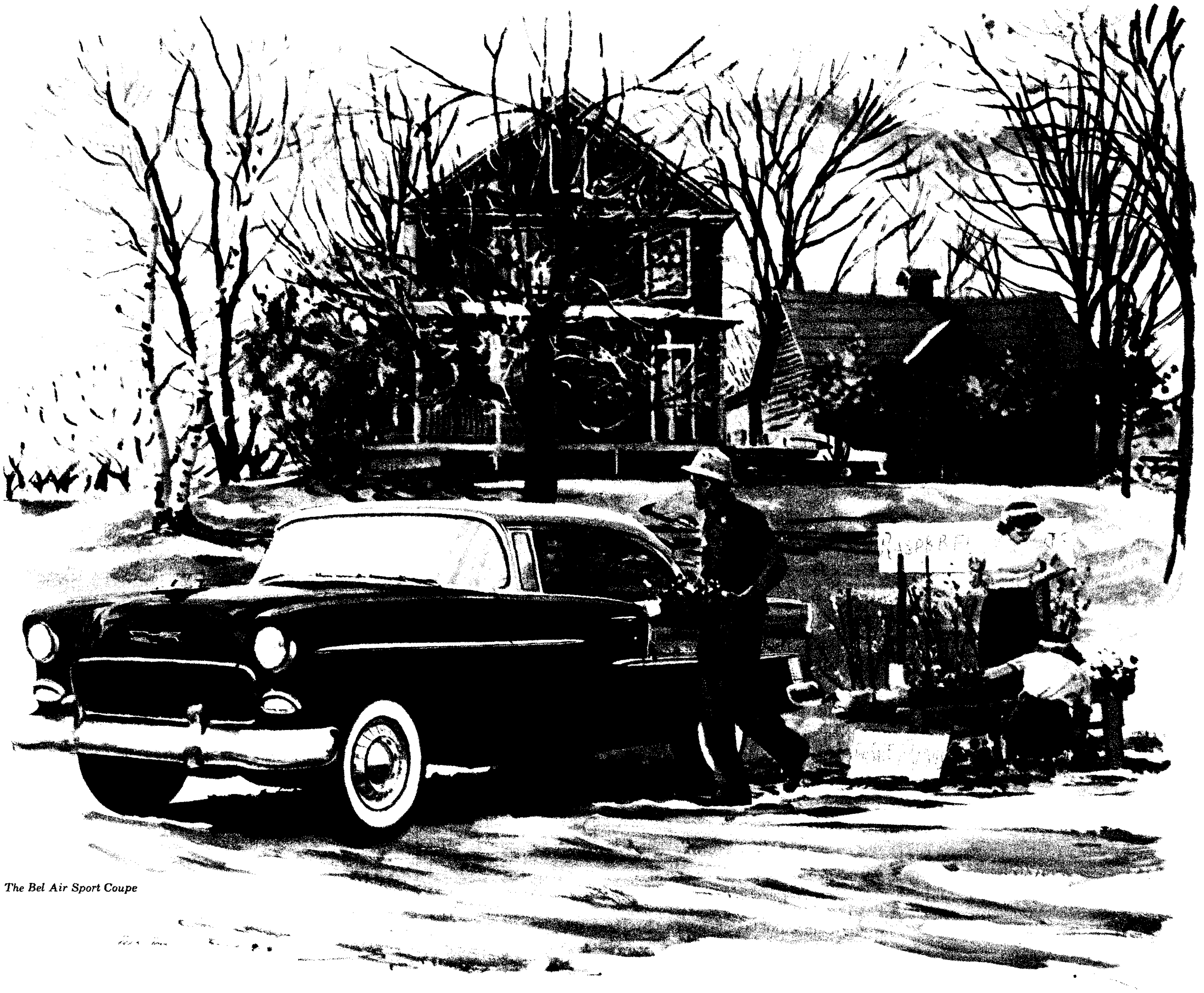
Poss still didn't look up, but he laughed hard. Marx didn't hear him. He had gone.

Studio 50, from which the show is broadcast, is a theater on Broadway at 53d Street with an old and savory history. In the twenties it was owned by producer Arthur Hammerstein, uncle of the present Broadway librettist, Oscar Hammerstein II, and housed among others the musical hit Sweet Adeline. Some years later it was a theater-restaurant known as the Billy Rose Music Hall, and in the war years it was a radio studio rocking with the screams of Frank Sinatra fans. Today it encompasses not only Gleason on Saturday night but Ed Sullivan's Toast of the Town on Sunday and two Arthur Godfrey shows on Monday and Wednesday.

Gleason regards the old brick structure as his. When he first heard about "rising mikes"—microphones that can be raised or lowered from the floor—he rapturously set about getting one. This project presented a problem because the portion of the stage where he wanted it installed is covered with a steel plate, to support the extra weight of TV cameras. But it would take considerably more than a steel plate to stop Gleason. Workmen with an acetylene torch and $1,000 of Gleason's money hacked a two-foot-square hole in the plate and rigged up an arrangement whereby this hole can be uncovered from underneath. The microphone comes up like a cobra out of a basket, controlled electrically by a man in the audio booth.

Gleason's childlike enjoyment of gadgets and the palpable pleasures of life—plus a conviction amounting to a Santa Claus faith that he'll get what he wants—is one explanation of his magic. It's something most adults lose and there's pleasure in watching someone who has kept it.

He's at his best with youngsters. One Saturday he had a musical act on his program with two brothers about seven and nine years old. Their mother was somewhere in the studio during re-



The Bel Air Sport Coupe

Fresher than springtime!

Gayer than the first bright flowers!

With a new V8 and two new 6's to choose from!

What could turn a young man's fancy
to thoughts of love
quicker than the new Chevrolet!

A realist might say that a young lady is more likely to arouse thoughts of love than an automobile. But it would be obvious to the informed that a realist with such a literal outlook had never commanded a new Motoramic Chevrolet with a "Turbo-Fire V8" (or with one of the new 6's) under its bonnet!

There are many new features about the new Chevrolet that the cold-minded will embrace with all the logic and reason at their command . . . just as Chevrolet's fresh styling and gay colors and great power will send the fanciful soaring! Won't *you* take the time to see and drive the new Chevrolet? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

Motoramic **CHEVROLET** *Stealing the thunder from the high-priced cars!*

Fascinated by a special mike, he had one put in. It cost him $1,000

Poss, Carney, Gleason (l. to r.) watch Kinescope of program in Park Sheraton office suite

hearsal and when Gleason asked the younger boy, who played a banjo, to use a plastic pick, the child replied, "My mother's got it."

Gleason walked to the edge of the stage, shielding his eyes against the glaring lights, peered into the darkened theater and yelled, "Mom!" She came. The delighted boys thereafter told everyone who would listen, "He called our mother Mom."

Improving a Child Pianist's Left Hand

On another occasion a boy of seven played the piano. Gleason didn't like the child's use of his left hand and he protested to Jack Philbin, the executive producer. "There's a reason for that, Jackie," Philbin said. "The kid's hands are too small to reach all the way."

"There are no excuses, pal," Gleason replied. "You just don't make 'em." He went up on the stage and without a trace of condescension told the child where he thought the playing was slurred. "After you play a chorus and a half, where it goes da-de-la-da," he began.

"You mean the bridge?" the little boy asked.

Gleason grinned. "Yeah," he said gently, "the bridge. Right there slow it down a little and let me hear all the notes in your left hand. Okay?"

"Okay," agreed the child. He played it again, perfectly, and Gleason threw Philbin a triumphant look.

The same bottomless faith he puts in children he also puts in everyone else on the show. This faith, according to his cast, is one of the things that makes working for him exciting and gratifying. Once during a broadcast a piece of scenery fell down backstage, and in sign language Gleason told announcer Jack Lescoulie, who was on camera at the time, to stretch out what he was saying while they got it set up again. Lescoulie made up talk for three full minutes, which is akin to the minutes before you jump from a plane in a parachute: they're nothing unless you have to live them and then they're a century.

Afterward someone asked Gleason if he'd worried. He looked puzzled. "Heck, no. I knew Lescoulie could do it."

Asked the same question Lescoulie said, "Oh, no. I knew Jackie knew I would do it."

Although improvisation of this kind seems a particular hallmark of the Gleason show, a great deal of work actually goes into getting the program ready for the air, starting on the Monday before each Saturday show.

One Monday of a typical week there was a regular eleven-o'clock production meeting in the living room of the Park Sheraton Hotel duplex that Gleason uses as a workplace. It was attended by all major departments of the show—except Gleason and his personal manager, Bullets Durgom, who stayed in Gleason's office nearby. Philbin wandered between the two rooms as a kind of liaison man.

There was a good deal of opening chitchat, much asking, "How was the show Saturday?" (everyone had seen it; most of them had been there) and the stock reply, "Beautiful, just beautiful."

Sitting about in gray wrought-iron furniture that looks as if it had come from the garden of a Southern mansion, the staff discussed the week's work; the script idea was outlined by assistant producer Stan Poss (the writers were still working on it), dances, properties, scenery and costumes were planned, music selected. Over the heads of the staff fluttered Charlie, a bird alluded to as "the canary" but really a female talking parakeet that has yet to utter a word. It is Philbin's opinion that Charlie is holding out for a writer but Gleason says, "We bought him—her—as a talking parakeet; the bird can take it from there." Permeating the atmosphere was a homey cabbagelike aroma from something Gleason's valet, Tony Amico, was cooking in the kitchen (Gleason doesn't live in the duplex but he eats lunch at his desk every day).

"What're you cooking, Tone?" someone asked when the white-coated man went through the room.

"Cooking up a storm," he replied.

Where It's Best Not to Ask Questions

There isn't, as Jack Hurdle, the producer, once remarked, a straight man in the place. If you ask a question of the people in the Gleason office, you will get an answer but you won't be sure whether it's a gag or not. Usually it is. At one point in the meeting, Philbin sauntered into the room and said firmly, "Whatever you've settled, cancel it." Nobody paid the slightest attention to him.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, Poss assembled material. Hurdle assembled people—actors and any extras who might be needed ("Do you know of a tall, reasonably sexy blonde?" he queried on the phone). Joan Reichman, the production assistant, began typing the script on stencils to be mimeographed; between 35 and 40 copies go out every week, to all staff members, the sponsors, CBS, Gleason's secretary, the writers and so on. The costumer, Peggy Morrison, kept phoning or coming into the office to find out the head sizes, sleeve lengths and various heights of the extra actors.

On Thursday afternoon in the living room there was a read-through—the assembled cast, less Gleason, reading their parts aloud—followed on Friday by a walk-through in the Chinese Room, a private banquet room the Park Sheraton permits them to use. Using tables and chairs for exits and entrances, the cast, still without Gleason, walked through the entire show, with director Frank Satenstein keeping an eye on camera angles, Hurdle reading Gleason's part and emceeing the rest of the actors, and Joan Reichman keeping a stop watch on the entire proceedings.

Saturday to the Gleason crew is the apex of the week. "Like D day," says Stan Poss. "What you've been heading for all along—only in this business it keeps happening." By ten o'clock Saturday morning, Poss was in the studio as usual, with a stop watch tied around his neck on a heavy black string, along with the stagehands, camera and sound men and light crew, and followed shortly by Satenstein. Hurdle appeared on schedule about noon. The dancers, under the direction of June Taylor, rehearsed without cameras and then with cameras. The advertising people who do the commercials rehearsed their parts the same way.

Hurdle looked at Jimmy Blaine, an impeccably dressed commercial announcer, and said mildly, "I don't like that tie."

"What sort of tie would you like, Mr. H.?"

"Plain."

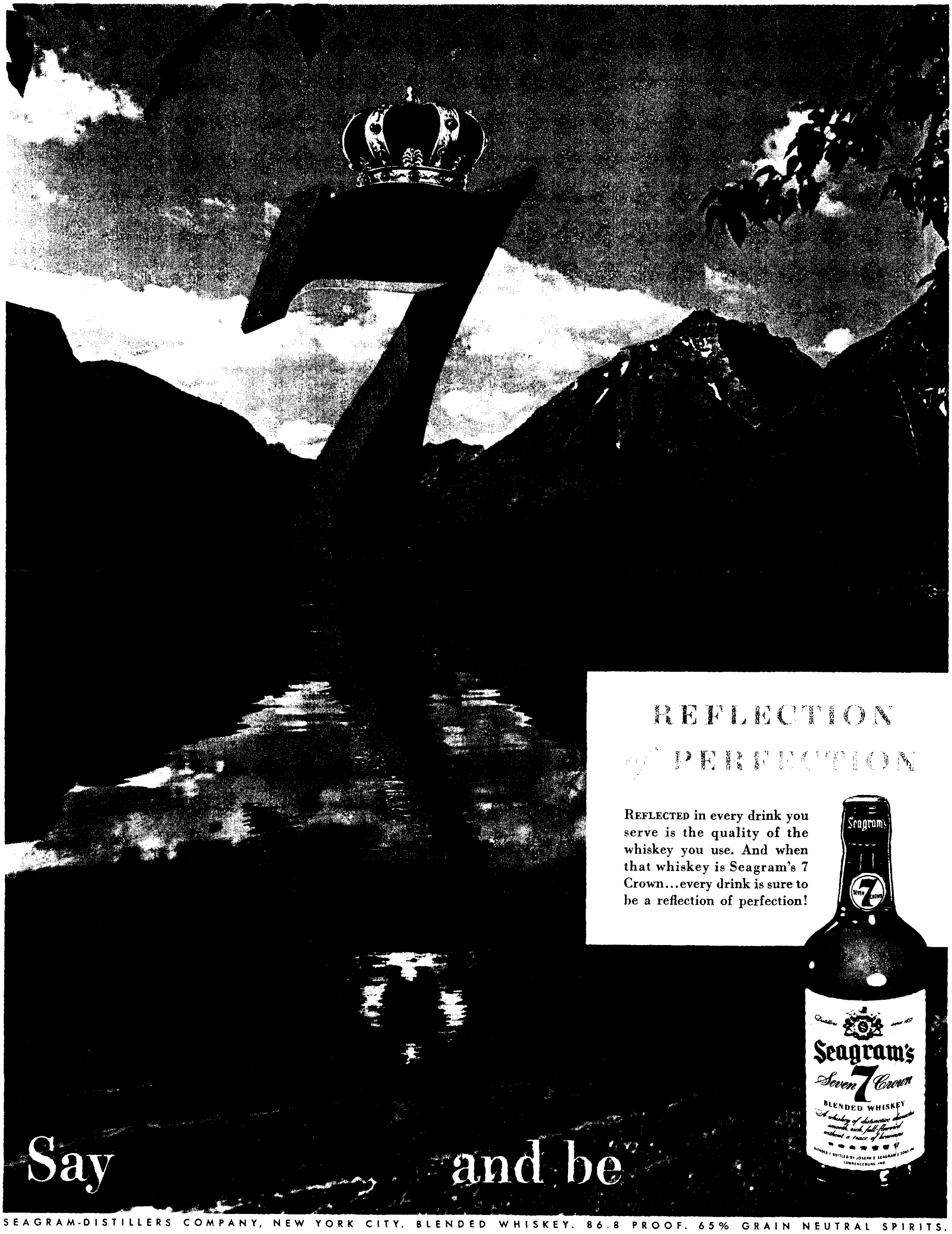
Blaine, mimicking a line Art Carney often does on the show, said, "Eeeeeeeeeee!"

"Oh, well," Hurdle conceded. "You guys are always competing for the title of the world's worst dresser."

"Let's forge ahead," said Satenstein on a mike from his control booth.

Hurdle leaned down and replied into a mike on the edge of the stage, "We will forge when the star gets here and not before."

"Oh, I thought he was here," said Satenstein. He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7
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BLENDED WHISKEY
A whiskey of distinctive character smooth, rich, full-flavored without a trace of heaviness
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REFLECTED in every drink you serve is the quality of the whiskey you use. And when that whiskey is Seagram's 7 Crown...every drink is sure to be a reflection of perfection!

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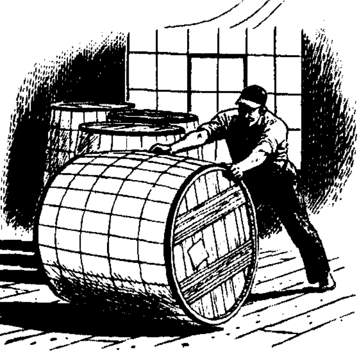
When the show's running too long, Jackie cuts it as he

THE FIRST SCHEDULED JET AIRLINER FLEW 42 PASSENGERS FROM LONDON TO JOHANNESBURG—


...AND 3 YEARS AGO, TODAY'S OLD BRIAR TOBACCOS WERE LAID AWAY TO MELLOW!

Three years and more were spent in cask-aging the tobaccos you get in today's Old Briar mixture.

Time worked its slow miracle on Burley, Southern Maryland, Flue-Cured and Latakia alike. It mellowed and enriched flavor, softened all harsh tobacco traits, melted away all tongue-bite.

With the gentle richness that resulted, Old Briar mixture holds the secret of true pipe pleasure. Its aroma is tantalizing; its taste supremely enjoyable. You're sure to like it!

United States Tobacco Company's
Old Briar
Pipe Mixture
Mild and Aromatic
Thoroughly tested and approved by pipe smokers
Old Briar
Old Briar

THE MASTER MIXTURE OF RARE FLAVOR AND AROMA

had reason to think so: executive producer Philbin and Bullets Durgom, Gleason's personal manager, had just come in, trailed by Tony the valet and Eddie DeVierno, Gleason's dresser. Almost on their heels, Gleason strode on stage, in gray flannel slacks and a sport jacket. It was two o'clock.

"There he is," exclaimed Hurdle, "that dashing, debonair raconteur, that man about town. How're you, Mr. G.?"

"Beautiful," said Gleason. "Just beautiful. Let's go."

"I'm miserable," Bullets Durgom announced. "When I got up this morning I looked out the window and saw it was a miserable day and I said, 'It's miserable so I'm gonna be miserable,' and I am." All day, New York had been drilled by an icy rain.

Philbin had breakfasted at Gleason's apartment on corned-beef sandwiches and coffee—Gleason eats whatever appeals to him regardless of the meal it is supposed to represent—and they had put in their usual three hours of rehearsal before coming down to the studio. It is in those three hours that Gleason does most of his memorizing of the script, which runs to perhaps 65 pages and 140 speeches for Gleason. Some of these speeches are one line long; others ten or twelve.

After Gleason came into the studio, the rehearsal became a kind of show in itself. He had a good-sized audience to play to: there are roughly 130 people in the studio all the time who never appear on camera, plus the cast and a number of hand-picked visitors—sometimes Gleason's personal friends, sometimes the mother-in-law of an ad agency vice-president.

The Star Waits for His Cue

Standing on the studio floor in front of the stage and leaning against the stage apron as he might lean on a mantel, Gleason checked the lighting, camera procedure and dances that open the show, watching them all on a monitor —an ordinary TV set, of which there are several spotted around the studio.

"Eddie!" he yelled, searching his immediate neighborhood for DeVierno.

He popped up about ten rows back. "Yeah, Jackie?"

"Coffee with cream and two sugars."

DeVierno fetched coffee from a portable lunch counter in the rear of the theater which also sells cold fried chicken, a variety of sandwiches, deviled eggs, stuffed celery, Danish pastry, fruit juice, fresh fruit, and the man will send out for hot tea. People ate all day long, some hungrily, some nervously.

When Gleason's cue was given, he hurried up a short flight of open wooden stairs onto the stage and walked into the set, talking as he went. "Let's see. I say—uh—'Hiya, Alice, what d'ya think happened to me today?'" From that moment on he spun between Ralph Kramden the bus driver and Jackie Gleason at high speed.

Whenever a staging problem arose, Gleason frowned, stared at the palm of one hand, then stood still, head bowed, thinking hard. If the chatter rose, he'd look up and say, "Sh-h-h-h!" in a loud hiss, echoed by Stan Poss who yelled, "Quiet, please!" and Hurdle's roar, "May we have it quiet in the theater, *please!*" In a few seconds Gleason would say, "This is how we'll do it," and then he'd rearrange the grouping of actors.

The stage curtains parted on one scene where Audrey Meadows, who plays Gleason's wife, was alone on stage humming a dance melody to herself. Gleason immediately demanded, "What's with the mambo?"

"I'll fix it," Hurdle said, and when the scene was played during the broadcast, Miss Meadows hummed not a mambo but The Poor Soul, a Jackie Gleason song. Free plugs are not tossed around lightly. Gleason plugs Gleason; that's cold, hard business. He watches it like a cat.

About halfway through the rehearsal, Gleason's friend, comedian Jack E. Leonard, came in through the stage door buttoned up to his ears in an overcoat. Sticking out between the second and third buttons was the head of a tiny fawn-colored Chihuahua dog named Mike. Leonard, a man of even greater bulk than Gleason, momentarily claimed all eyes and attention, and Gleason, in mock anger, started to chase him. For a few seconds they clowned around like a couple of frisky elephants, then Leonard sat down dutifully. For the next hour he laughed uproariously at all gags, slapping his knee and crying, "Haw heeee! Haw *heeee!* Boy, that's funny. Gee, that's good," in a generous *sotto voce* that no one in the studio could help hearing.

Fourteen uniformed Boy Scouts, Gleason's guests, marched to the back of the theater in close formation. Photographers came in to make pictures for a television program guide.

Somewhere between three thirty and four o'clock, when the entire program had been rehearsed once, Gleason melted off the stage like a wraith and without any formalities the company began to break up. The orchestra disappeared; technicians shrugged into coats and went down Broadway in search of dinner; Poss and Hurdle sat down with sheets of yellow paper on which they had noted the time everything was supposed to require; guests and visitors went away a little puzzled; Philbin, Tony and DeVierno joined Gleason in his dressing room at the head of the first flight of iron stairs. Bullets Durgom stopped long enough to answer a phone and say, "Hon, there just *aren't* any tickets. I couldn't get my own grandmother in tonight," and then followed them. Audrey Meadows and Joyce Randolph rode an elevator to the fourth floor, where they put their hair up and studied their parts.

Time for Another Rehearsal

Gleason rested, ate a cottage-cheese sandwich, went over his lines, encouraged himself, got into a bathrobe and at six o'clock opened his door to admit the actors who sat down at a long table like an undressed board of directors and rehearsed the whole show again.

By seven o'clock the long, merciless, minute-by-minute pressure began to build up. On the seventh floor a make-up man, who says he studied to be a mortician but couldn't make a living, painted shorter noses, thinner faces, bigger eyes, grayer hair, as the case might require. His victims sang in close harmony—The Prisoner's Song and Someone to Watch over Me.

The flowers which Gleason sends every week to each girl on the show were delivered. Durgom stood at the phone with a finger in one ear, trying to converse. Technicians gathered in knots backstage. Dancers began to filter through the milling mob to their places. A harried man in an overcoat begged Philbin wildly for eight seats.

"I couldn't get eight seats if I hung 'em from the ceiling," Philbin said. "Why the hell didn't you tell me sooner?"

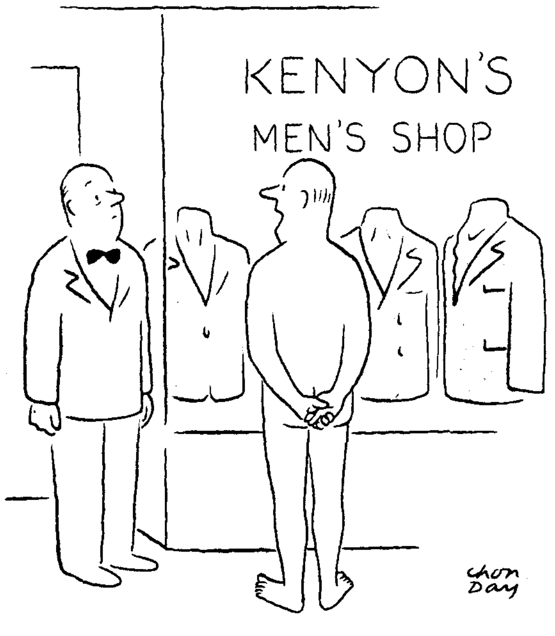
"They just got in," the harried man replied. "I tell you they're personal friends of the governor."

"I don't care if they've got a Presidential order. Wait a minute, I'll see if Hurdle's got anything." Philbin went off on his crepe soles and came back with his shoulders hunched. "I'm dead—dead. I couldn't get my own mother in."

The harried man bit his thumb and went out.

The audience flowed in through the front doors and took seats. Tony arrived carrying a topcoat on a hanger for Gleason to wear later. Half the people backstage took pills to quiet their fluttering stomachs. Stan Poss, a rock in a rising tide, checked last-minute items with stagehands, answered everybody's questions and said soothingly to an actress, "Jackie'll take care of it. Just don't worry."

Jack Lescoulie went out on the stage at three minutes to eight and warmed up the audience with a joke about a sailor kissing a girl; the musicians took their seats and warmed up their instruments with a lot of bloops and bleeps. The decibels rose rapidly. Orchestra leader Ray Bloch adjusted his headphones. Suddenly the CBS



"No, thanks. I'm just looking"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

goes, so neatly that nobody notices

station announcement appeared simultaneously on all monitors and an explosive silence filled the studio. In the darkened video booth on the left of the stage, director Satenstein watched the sweep second hand of a big clock, and the clock watched back unblinkingly. As the second hand touched twelve a small red light appeared below it and Satenstein snapped into a mike. "Hit it, Ray!" Ray Bloch brought his baton down and The Jackie Gleason Show was on the air.

Everyone breathed.

For the next hour the production staff communicated by phone and microphone. In the video booth, which its occupants refer to as The Submarine because there are 14 people crowded into it, Satenstein decided which of five camera views would go out on the air. Mary Dean Pulver, his young and beautiful associate director, sat at his elbow with a shot list and readied each camera crew via mike and headphones as their turn came up.

On the stage, Gleason was hard at work, making problems for his staff. His addiction to spontaneity makes him wander all over the place and Satenstein frequently has to adapt his careful planning to Gleason's freehand acting, virtually editing the show as it goes out over the air.

Once when a dark scene appeared to be merely murky, Satenstein cried to Hank Alexander, the lighting boss, "Hank, where are your lights?"

"That's the way we rehearsed it, Frank," Alexander said, squatting on his heels near him.

"No we didn't."

"I know I'm right. I've got it written down."

"Then you wrote it down wrong. All the money you've got says it's wrong."

"All the money *you've* got," Alexander retorted.

"Quiet," said executive producer Philbin, who was standing behind them. "Get Hurdle on the phone."

Getting the Show Off the Air

Hurdle's job, once the show is on the air, is to get it off again on time. In the audio booth directly across the stage, he sits in relatively wide-open spaces with only the sound engineer and Bullets Durgom. A 15-inch speaker mounted in a baffle three feet over their heads goes full blast but Hurdle manages to converse by phone with Philbin in the video booth and Stan Poss backstage.

Comparing the implacable clock with his yellow time sheet, he called Poss and said, "We're losin' ground fast, fast." Poss relayed this information to Gleason as he came off stage, puffing and blowing like a bull, and Gleason by some alchemy of his own cut eight speeches out of the last scene without missing a beat or causing anyone else to.

Philbin called Hurdle to see if there was time for the crawl—the wheel on which are printed the credits for the show: who wrote it, who costumed it, who produced it, who was in it, and so on. It's called the crawl because of its slow motion.

"If Jackie doesn't chatter, we'll have time," Hurdle said. He hung up and called Poss. "Tell Jackie bye-bye."

When Gleason stepped out to say good night to his audience, Poss ran alongside, crouching out of camera range, and waved good-by to Gleason. Translation: never mind the amenities, say good-by, that's all there's time for. When it is the other way around and they want Gleason to stall a little, Poss makes a motion like a man pulling taffy, meaning stretch it out.

The music and applause flooded up and over Jack Lescoulie's final words and Satenstein said to everyone with headphones, "That's it." People began tumbling out of the video booth.

"Good show."

"Great show."

Satenstein's brief feud with Alexander was instantly forgotten. The theater emptied in minutes. Scenery came down quickly and the stage crew began setting up backdrops for the following night's program, Toast of the Town. Camera and sound men unplugged their electronic leviathans and rolled them out onto the center ramp where they stood waiting like a moth-ball fleet.

A Moment of Relaxation at Last

Upstairs, the star's dressing-room doors stood open. Gleason, in a blue-and-white striped bathrobe with a linen towel around his neck, sat at the head of the long table, now littered with empty pop bottles, crumpled cigarette wrappers, a partially eaten ice-cream soda in a paper carton, ash trays full of cigarette stubs. Tony hovered behind his boss. Eddie DeVierno was hanging costumes away in a wooden wardrobe. Hurdle, Durgom, Philbin, two press agents, and numerous other people milled around aimlessly. A raw-boned young man in a dress suit and a soft tan polo coat sat at a spinet piano playing inexpertly. His name was Johnnie Ray.

Suddenly he got up, closed the piano carefully, gave Gleason a shy smile and said, "I'll see you. Thanks a lot. Thanks for everything." He went out on the bias like a kitten shying from a broom. Philbin walked down the stairs with him and came back.

"You were great, Jackie," said one writer.

"Terrific," agreed another.

"It was a beautiful script," Gleason assured them. "Just beautiful."

"Oh, it was a great show," said Bullets Durgom.

Philbin nodded. "Yeah," he said, "a fine show."

"Sensational," Gleason said. "Boy, I hope I get some sleep tonight." Some of the actors went past his door on their way out and stuck their heads in to tell him he'd been great—just great. Gleason nodded and told them good night.

After 20 minutes, he dressed and went off with Durgom, Philbin, Hurdle and Tony.

The six writers (Rosen and Jacoby watch the show at home to get an audience-eye view) went out into the cold rain with their coat collars turned up and stood under the hard glare of the unshaded bulb over the stage entrance.

"He's a great actor."

"You can say that again."

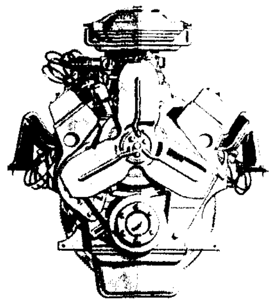
"He never makes a false move, never."

"It's genius."

"Instinct. It's born in him."

"He's the greatest."

They bade each other good night and parted, leaving 53d Street to the rain and taxis.



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WHO CAN SAVE

With the Reds on Southeast Asia's doorstep, the question can be crucial for t

By DELIA an

On a cool evening not long ago the "Burma Surgeon," Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave, was showing us his hospital on the Burma-China border. We stopped at an open window as the sun was setting. Before us the blue ribbon of the Shweli River wound through golden rice fields ready for harvesting. The middle of the river was the beginning of Communist China. Beyond it stretched more paddy fields, and beyond them rose the folded blue hills of Yunnan.

The old doctor talked to us about the people of Burma, among whom he had worked as a medical missionary for most of his life. He felt they were warm and generous people who had hardly begun to tap the riches in their country.

"These Burmese," he said, "would be the luckiest people in the world—if it weren't for *that.*"

And he pointed across the river at China.

The doctor had summed up the tragedy of Southeast Asia. Wherever you go, from the Gulf of Tonkin to the foothills of The Himalayas, there is always *"that"* hanging over you. The twisting 2,000-mile frontier is the dividing line between two worlds.

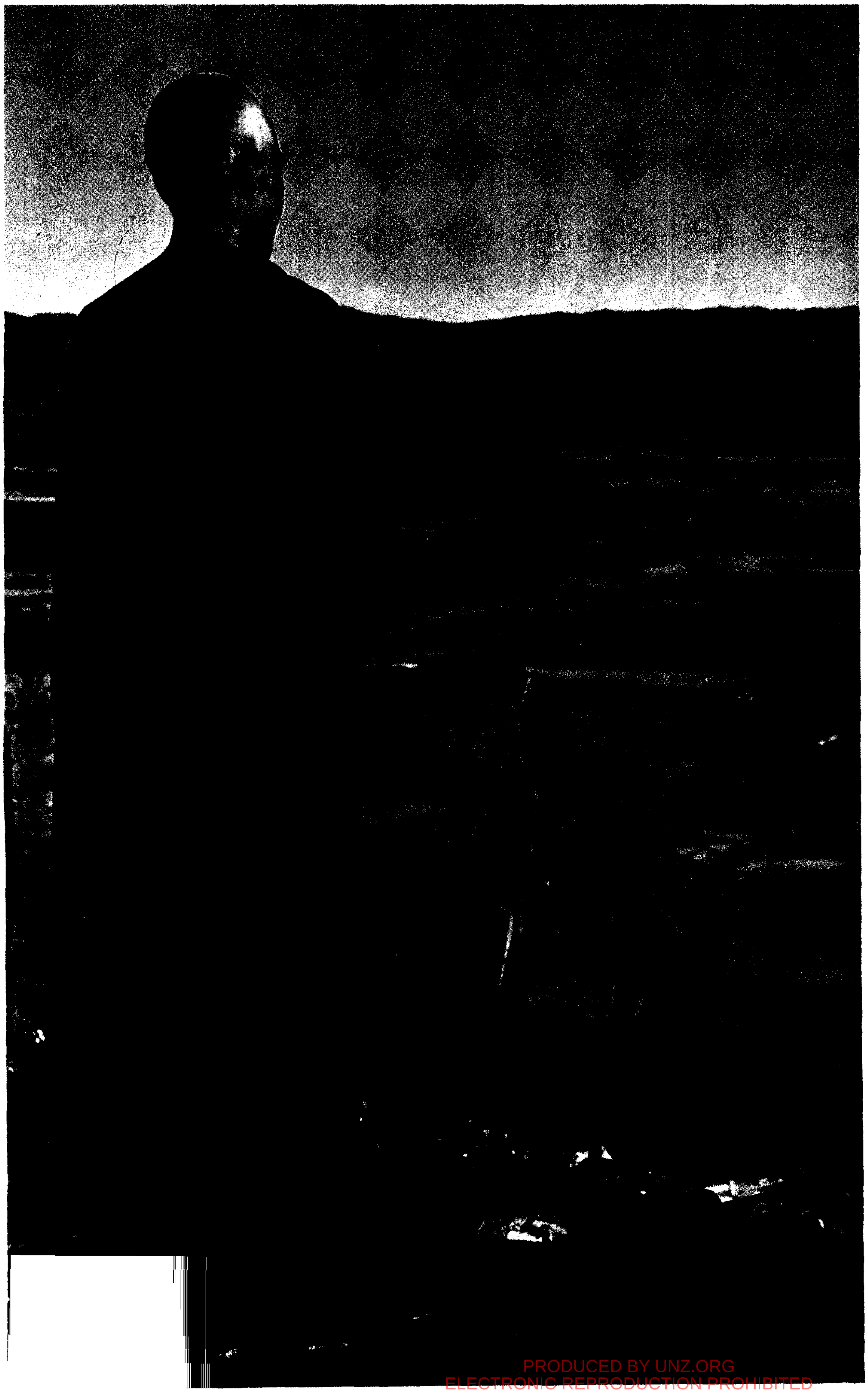
North of the border, in a land mass bigger than the United States and Alaska combined, more than half a billion Chinese are being organized and disciplined by Communist masters. And these half billion are among the most hard-working, frugal and talented people on earth.

South of the border, on the Asian mainland, spread six weak and disjointed countries, with 75,000,000 gifted but happy-go-lucky people. They do not want to be organized or disciplined, or to follow any way of life but their own. Their governments, for the most part, are about as firm on their feet as newborn colts.

Only one of the six countries, Thailand, has a long history of independence. Four others—Burma, Cambodia, Laos and Viet-Nam—have won their freedom from colonial masters since V-J Day, and the sixth, British Malaya, is on the way to self-government.

The border between the two worlds is virtually undefended. There is no natural obstacle like The Himalayas, which protect India, or the 100-mile stretch of water that separates Formosa from the Chinese mainland. There is no human obstacle, no armed power in the area strong enough to stop the Chinese Communists if they should send their armies rolling southward.

A Chinese conquest of Southeast Asia would give the Communists the rice bowl of the continent. They would control the world's largest source of natural rubber, as well as rich deposits of oil, tin and other minerals, and they would deny these assets to the free world. Strategically, Communist control of the area would block the passage between the Indian and Pacific Oceans and would threaten Indonesia and the Philippines. More important, a Chinese conquest would be a moral disaster to every independent people. The loss of even one free country to Communism, against its peo-



A Buddhist monk, standing on hill in native Burma, looks across Shweli River into China —whose Communist masters now threaten not only his homeland but all of Southeast Asia

ASIA?

J.S.—and the answer is challenging

ERDINAND KUHN

Writers Delia and Ferdinand Kuhn with Philippines President Magsaysay

ple's will, would set the bell tolling for all countries that are trying to live free lives on the edge of the Communist empire.

But in three months of traveling around the rim of China, from Japan to India, we did not meet a single person—official, soldier or private citizen—who thought the Chinese Communists would invade Southeast Asia, now or soon. Why should they invade if they can gain control of the area, in time, by cheaper methods?

Infiltration—the Real Communist Menace

If this "no-invasion" theory is a correct reading of Peiping's mind, the defense of Southeast Asia is not a military problem. The threat is more subtle. What China's neighbors to the south expect and fear is that the Communists will try to extend their power by infiltrating agents, by undermining free governments and by softening up the Southeast Asian peoples.

Actually, an attack along these lines has already begun. Peiping is applying pressure in a variety of ingenious ways.

Sometimes the Communists make use of rebel bands that still infest the territory of China's neighbors. The rebels are a motley crowd: a few Communists, some separatists, some remnants of the former anti-Japanese underground—and lots of plain bandits with no political motivation whatever. In Malaya almost 250,000 British-led troops, police and home guards are trying to root 5,000 Communist guerrillas out of the jungles. Thailand is troubled by some of these rebels filtering north across the border. South Viet-Nam is riddled with Communist-controlled pockets, where agents of Ho Chi Minh's Communist North Viet-Nam government rule through village headmen. Burma's smart and well-trained army of perhaps 75,000 is still trying to mop up 9,500 assorted rebels and outlaws.

Sometimes the Chinese slip troublemakers across frontiers to infiltrate youth groups and laborers in the jade and ruby mines and rubber plantations. Although the 1,200-mile Burma-China border is officially closed, anyone can swim the Shweli River by night or walk the jungle trails into Burma more easily than an American can cross into Canada.

"How can we patrol this border?" a young Burmese immigration inspector asked us, half despairingly. "The best we can do is guard the roads against smugglers and agents—and that's what we're trying to do." He had only two other men to help him on a 95-mile stretch of road.

Agents even cross in the guise of sick people needing help in Dr. Seagrave's hospital.

"About once a week we get a patient from across the river," the doctor told us. "I call the police to start a security check, and we put a card at the foot of the patient's bed to show he has come from China. If he turns out to be a bad character"—the doctor meant a Communist agent posing as a sick man—"out he goes. We don't waste any time or sympathy on him."

Sometimes the Communists drum up support among the more than 10,000,000 "overseas Chinese" who have migrated for generations into the Southeast Asian countries. A Communist Chinese bank in Rangoon offers cheap loans to local Chinese shopkeepers—on condition that they take their children out of American mission schools and stop reading pro-Nationalist Chinese newspapers.

And everywhere the Chinese Communists use propaganda in the hope of luring the Free Asians to their side.

All these activities do not add up to anything like a full-scale offensive—yet. The Chinese could do much more and much better if they tried. Infiltration of agents has been only a trickle up to now. It could become a torrent if Peiping gave the word.

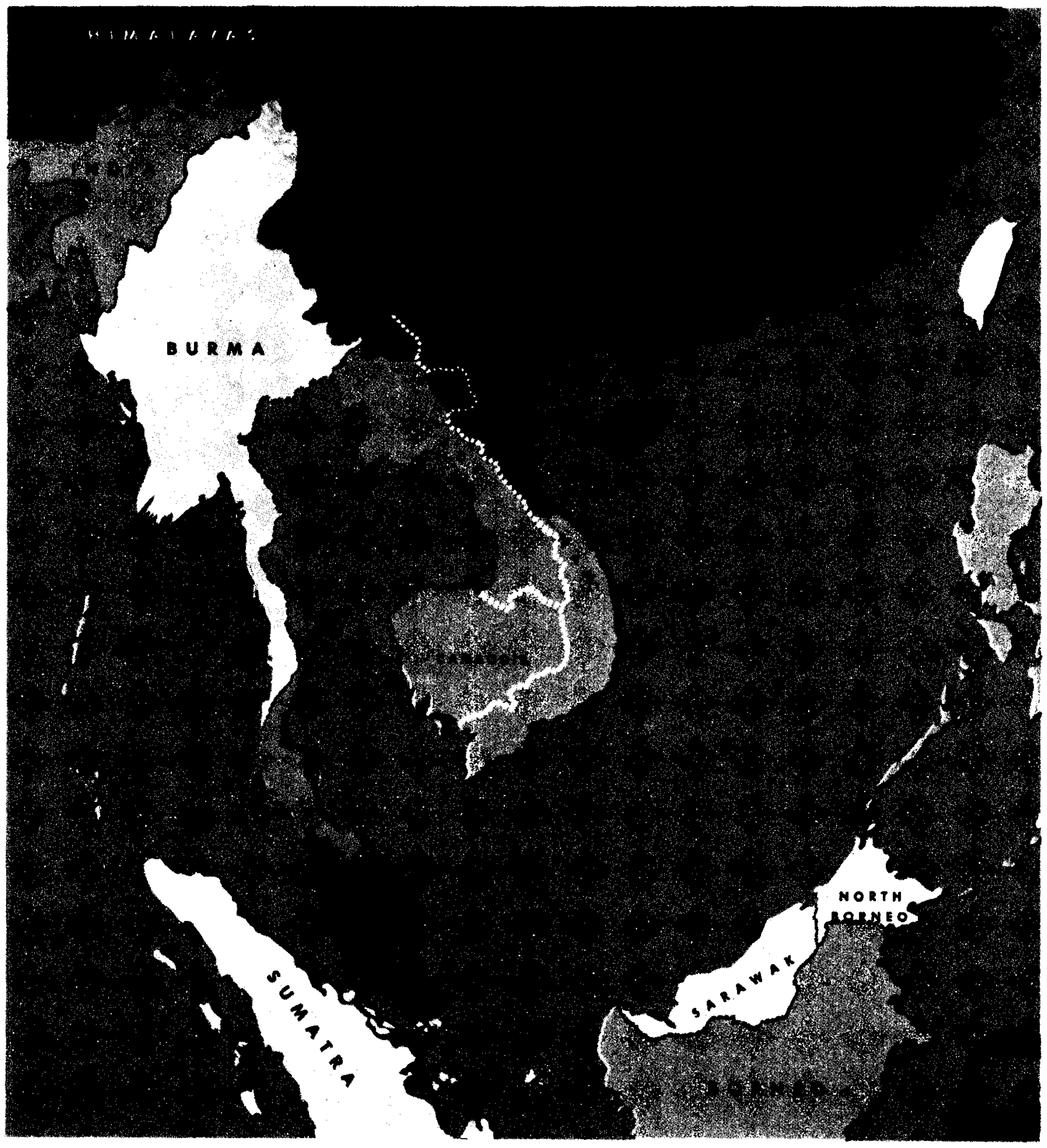
The question, then, is whether the deeply non-Communist Southeast Asians will stand up to the cold, bloodless pressure that is under way. What is the nature of their weaknesses? What are their assets and strengths? And if they are to be saved, who can save them?

It is the weaknesses that are most apparent when you first go to Southeast Asia.

The first and most glaring weakness is the lack of effective government. Without this cement that holds a people together, the foundations of Southeast Asian countries are food for the infiltrating Communist termites.

When we were in South Viet-Nam, the termites had eaten their way into every nook and cranny. The new government could not muster the police power to clean them out.

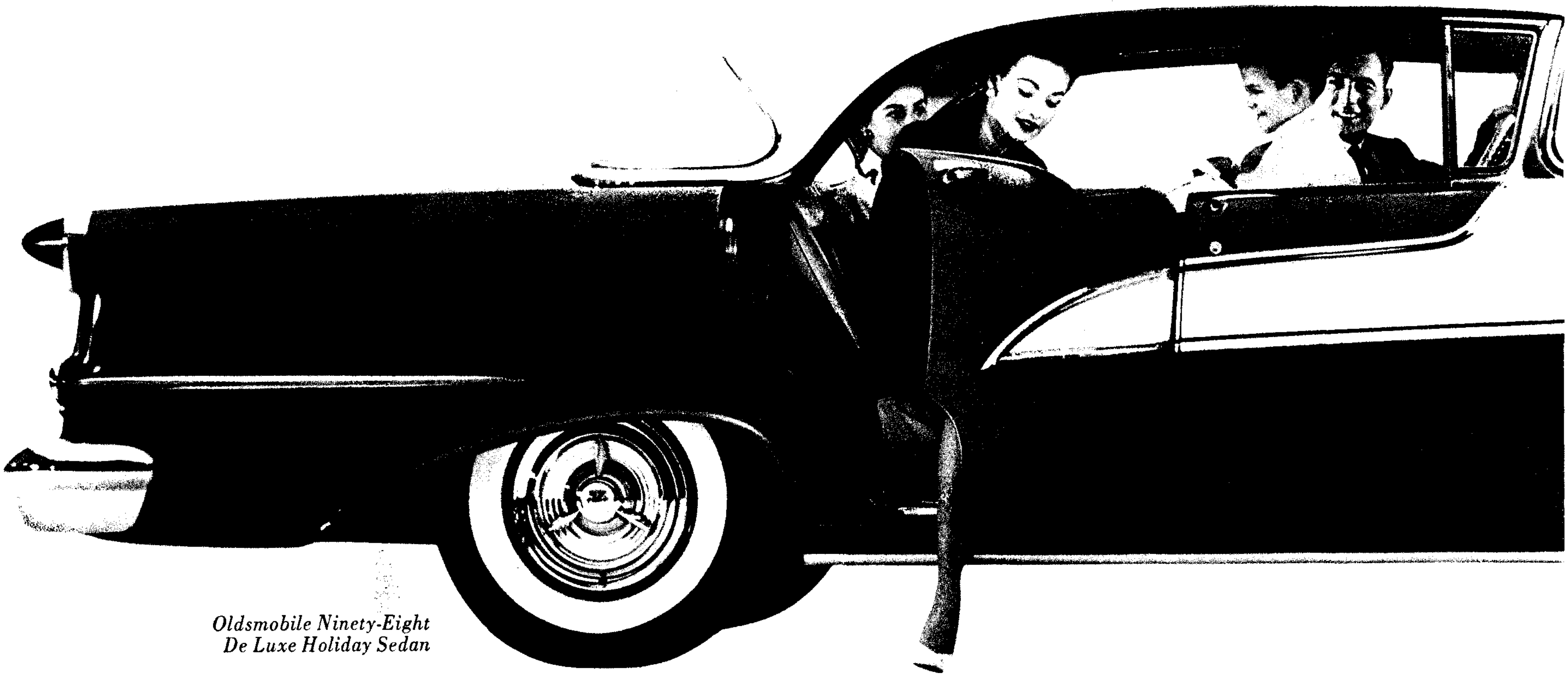
"The first thing we have to do," Prime Minister Ngo Dinh Diem told us, "is to reorganize our army and make it a national force, at the service of all the people." He did not suggest that such an army could stand up to an invasion. But he knew that



AL TARTER

Map clearly shows Communist shadow under which the six Southeast Asian states live —Burma, Thailand, Malaya, Cambodia, Laos, Viet-Nam. Reds hold part of Indochina

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DELIA KUHN



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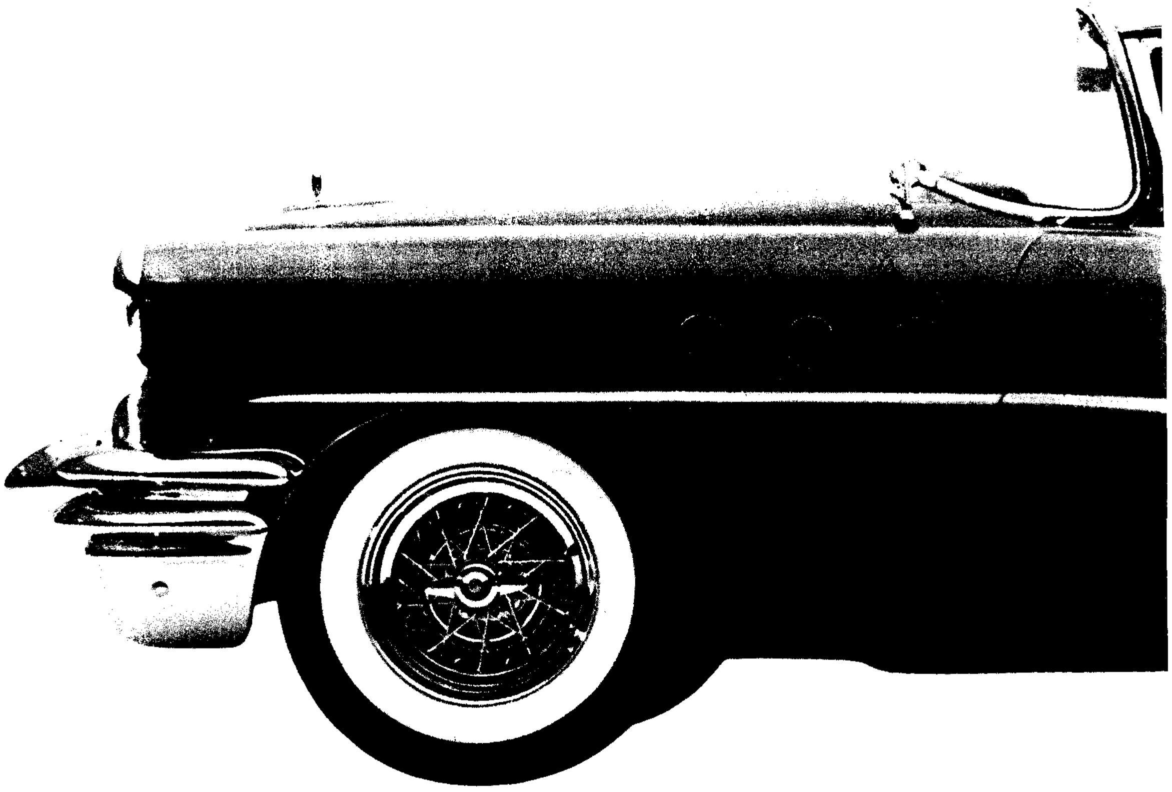

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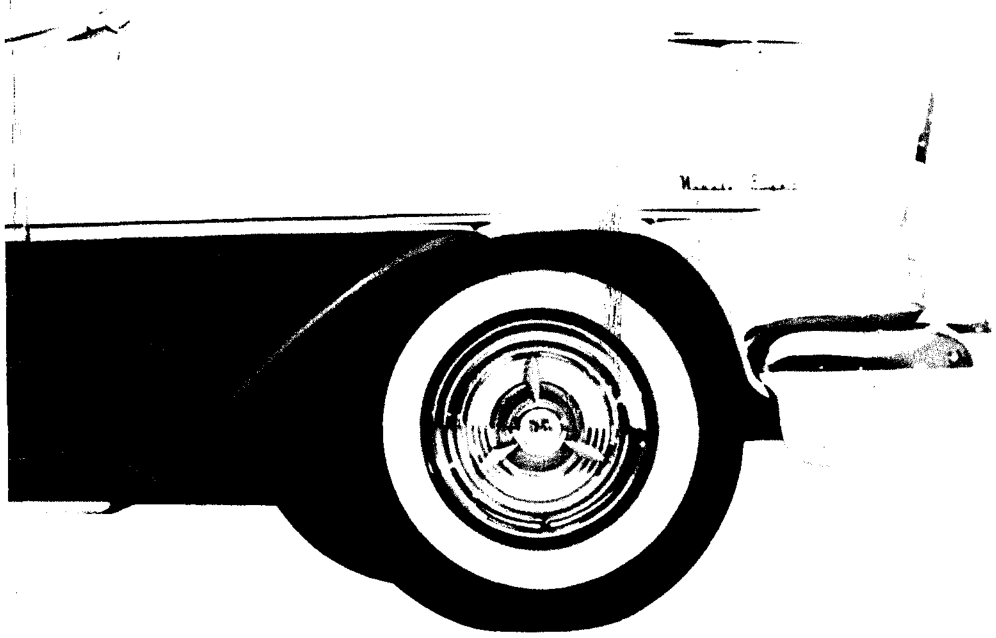

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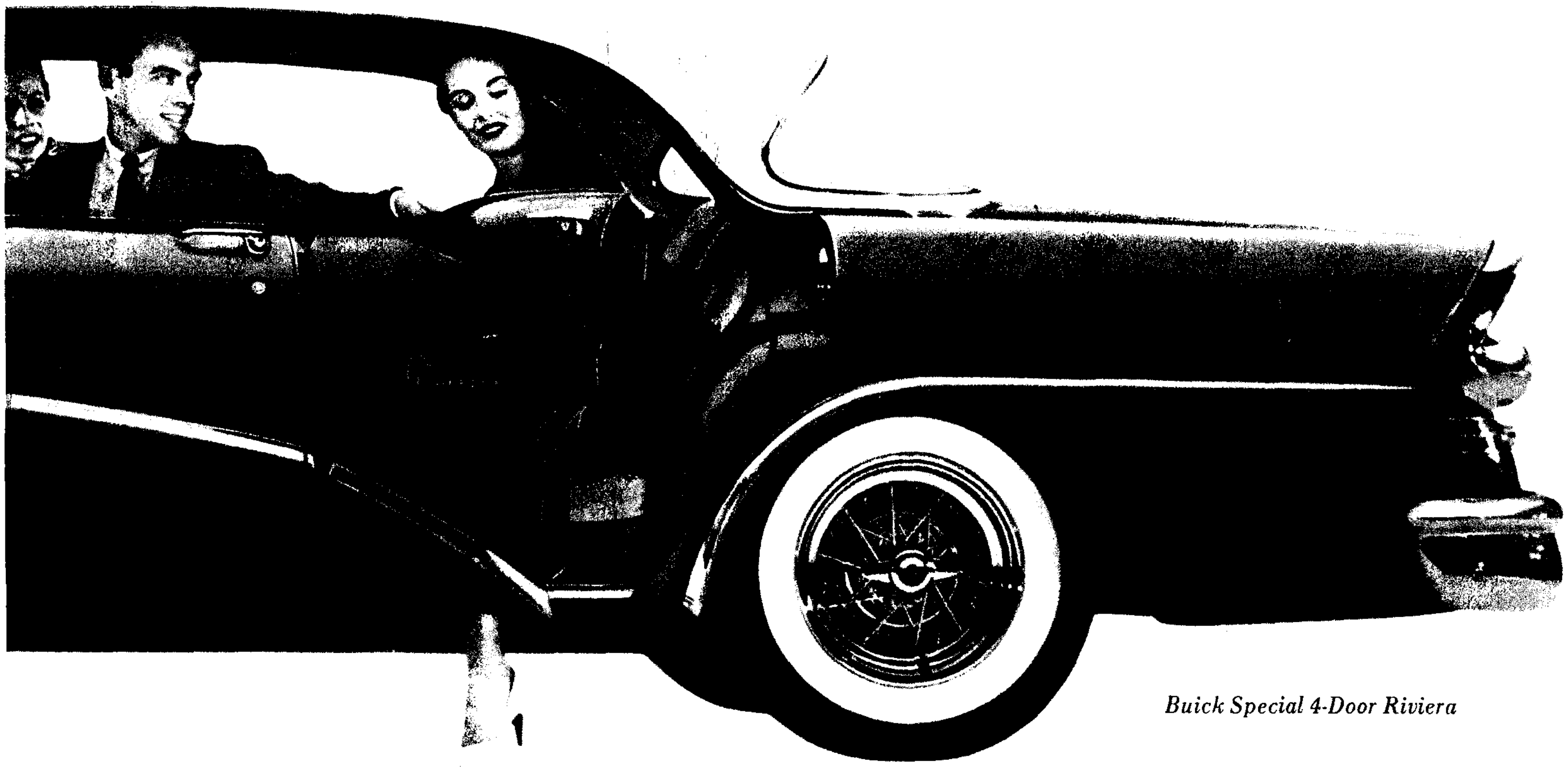

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Southeast Asia's main assets: an abundance of food and land

without it he could not establish internal authority: he could only pretend to govern.

Substantially the same situation prevailed in Burma until about three years ago, when the government began to get the upper hand in its struggle with the rebels. Security is better now, but as recently as a few months ago we jeeped the length of the country's most famous highway, the Burma Road, under instructions to hand over our money fast if we were held up. And we sailed down Burma's main river highway, the Irrawaddy, with an amiable escort of 25 soldiers to guard us and the other 250 passengers from rebel holdups.

A People in the Grip of Fear

What it means to be without police protection was dramatized for us by a Burmese friend as we sat in a roadside Chinese restaurant, a few miles from the border.

"If a couple of rebels were playing cards at that table over there," he said, "and a couple of soldiers were eating Chinese noodle soup at this table, the proprietor wouldn't think of tipping off the soldiers to the presence of the outlaws. He would be afraid to do it, because tomorrow the soldiers would be gone from the village. And then the proprietor's life wouldn't be worth two kyats" (40 cents).

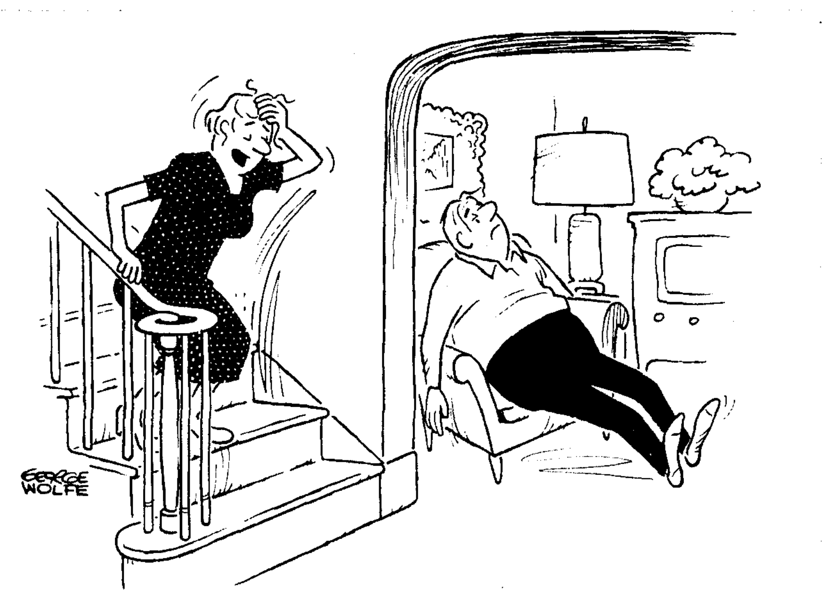
Elsewhere in Asia you will find some efficient police forces that are the personal instruments of a big military or political boss. Thailand, for example, is policed by the constabulary of General Phao Sriyanond, who combines the duties of acting finance minister, acting minister of interior and chief of police. Armed with light tanks, helicopters and paratroopers, this force is benevolent at the whim of its chief. It also punishes at his discretion.

Neighboring Cambodia, the first of the Indochinese states to kick over French colonial traces, began its independent life with meager resources for governing itself. The fledgling Cambodian police force, suspecting all things French, burned the elaborate dossiers of information about suspicious characters which the French had left behind. Until a few months ago at least, police captains seeking dissident elements relied mostly on little notebooks in which they had scribbled the names of a few possible enemies of the state. Even if all the governments of Southeast Asia had efficient, loyal police forces at their command, they still would govern with one hand tied behind their backs. They are desperately short of civil servants trained to administer and enforce the laws. The most ordinary functions of government cannot be taken for granted in Southeast Asia.

Postal and telegraph services, for example, are catch-as-catch-can. You are warned to register your letters if you want to be sure that the stamps will not be stolen. In Rangoon a few weeks ago the superintendent of the central telegraph office and a stamp clerk were sentenced to five years in prison for pocketing $18,000. For two years they had been accepting telegrams but not sending them. Street-cleaning, sanitation and public-health services are scarcely worthy of the name in most of the sophisticated capitals of Southeast Asia. Not one of the four we visited has a "safe" water supply. Hardly one country can offer its children adequate free schooling, although several are working toward that goal. Engineering and managerial skills are as scarce as uranium—and as precious.

You will meet Europeans in Southeast Asia who treat these weaknesses with contempt. "These natives are hopeless," a Frenchman told us in Saigon. "You can't trust them. You can't give them responsibility." We were too polite to answer, "Maybe that's because you didn't trust them or give them responsibility when you were in charge here." We heard similar remarks from British in Rangoon and Hong Kong. This attitude has been the classic defense of colonial administrators for their greatest sin of omission: failure to offer training and education to more than a tiny fraction of the people for whom they forcibly took responsibility.

You cannot make up for the denial of opportunity in the past just by offering opportunity now. Skills can be communicated, experience cannot—and the independent governments of Southeast Asia, with the one exception of Thailand, have been in business less than a decade.



"The kids are all asleep and we have a whole hour to live it up until bedtime!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

A second serious weakness of the Southeast Asian countries is their failure to band together. You would suppose that these exposed and ill-defended nations, faced with a common danger, would join forces. Their reluctance to do so up to now is baffling to an outsider. The Asians themselves recognize this failure.

No "Good Neighbor" Relations

"What can you expect?" a high Cambodian official said. "For nearly a hundred years we have had few contacts with our neighbors except border clashes. Our colonial masters took care that we should not get acquainted. They were practical. They built lines of communication between the colony and the ruling power. As a result, we Cambodians have closer ties with France—ties of trade, language and education—than with our neighbor Thailand."

There is another reason why collective thought or action comes hard. Each of these countries has its own distinct character, customs and traditions. Nationalism has simply strengthened their individualities and differences. Now a negative force, their common fear of China is just starting to pull them together.

The only positive force that makes these countries conscious of one another is their religion. Cambodia, Laos, Thailand and Burma all practice the same form of Buddhism, and all use the same scriptures in the same ancient Pali language.

We saw a symbol of Buddhism's unifying effects in the five-nation conclave which is re-editing the Buddha's teachings for the sixth time in 2,499 years. On the outskirts of Rangoon is a small modern city, built to house a meeting that will last two years. A golden "Peace Pagoda" dominates the scene. Inside a meeting hall, 700 shaven-headed monks in orange robes, sit chanting the revised teachings. The monks are among the best Buddhist scholars of the "southern Buddhist" countries. They live together in gleaming-white dormitory buildings. They eat together in a glass-walled refectory, and they work together in a vast auditorium equipped with loud-speakers and neon lights.

The meeting is politically important because it is virtually the only contact these Southeast Asian nations have had in modern times. In recent months the leaders of Southeast Asia have been breaking with old traditions to make a round of ceremonial visits, sometimes meeting one another for the first time. But it will take much more than courtesy calls and Buddhist conclaves to weld these countries together. The idea that all can or should organize to resist an attack on any one of them has barely begun to penetrate Southeast Asian minds.

A military expert, surveying the area's weaknesses, would add another: underpopulation. The fact that the Chinese outnumber them nearly eight to one would be a fatal handicap to the Southeast Asians—if they had to face armed invasion. But as long as subversion and propaganda, not war, are the threats, their freedom from overcrowding and population pressure is a strong asset. Southeast Asia is a land of vast open spaces, as empty as the American Midwest. Burma is as lightly peopled as Kentucky. Cambodia is about as big as Minnesota and has about the same number of people. Thailand is less densely peopled than Indiana.

Besides being free of population pressures, the Southeast Asians have an abundance of food, water, warmth and opportunity. This is the first of the many strengths which make it hard for the Chinese to undermine Southeast Asia by propaganda or to conquer it by any means short of force.

Unlike the Chinese, the Southeast Asians have never known famine except in time of war. They have never known drought. In their tropical climate they need only the lightest of cotton clothing and the shelter of hand-woven bamboo walls. Although their incomes are among the lowest in the world, their poverty is not harsh, for most of the essentials of life are within reach without much cash.

In all these respects, they are better off than the land-hungry Chinese. Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru of India told us, just after he had returned from his visit to China, that the average landholding of a Chinese is one seventh of an acre.

"I must confess I don't understand the economics of it," Nehru said. "A family of six would cultivate less than an acre. I don't see how the Chinese villagers can make a living."

Jobs Await College Graduates

A Southeast Asian who can get some education is assured of opportunity. Every college student knows that he has a job waiting as soon as he gets his degree. He has some freedom of choice as well, which is not true of students in China.

As Asians go, the southeasterners are lucky people.

"The Communists promise our people land," Marshal Pibul-Songgram, the Prime Minister of Thailand, told us. "But our people have land. The Communists promise food, but our people have plenty of food and always have had it."

When Communism tries to exploit hunger for food, land and opportunity, its appeal falls on deaf ears in Southeast Asia.

A deep, instinctive dislike of China and the Chinese throughout the area is a second asset to the Southeast Asians, a second handicap to the Communists. It springs partly from memories of a distant past, when the local rulers had to pay tribute to the all-powerful emperors in Peiping. It springs even more from daily contact with some of the more than 10,000,000 "overseas Chinese."

The Chinese in Southeast Asia is usually the local capitalist, and sometimes the moneylender as well. He is hard-working, prosperous, clannish—and unpopular.

"How can we hope to compete with these people?" President Ramón Magsaysay of the Philippines asked with a hopeless gesture when we talked with him in Manila. "Our Filipinos like to gamble and have a good time. The Chinese here work from morning to night just to build up money for their children."

We heard similar comments in fun-loving Burma, where the Chinese general store outshines its neighbors by its

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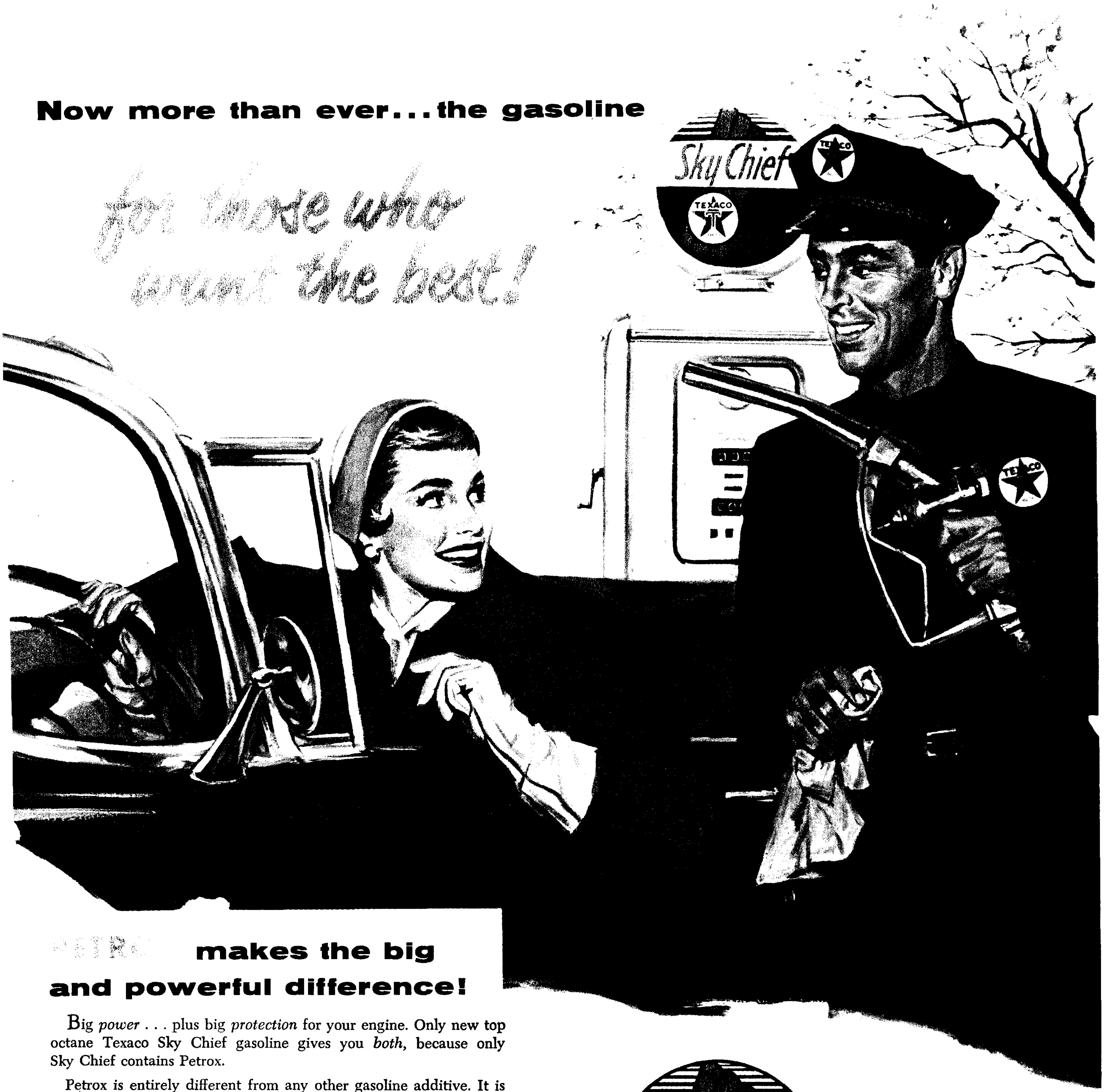

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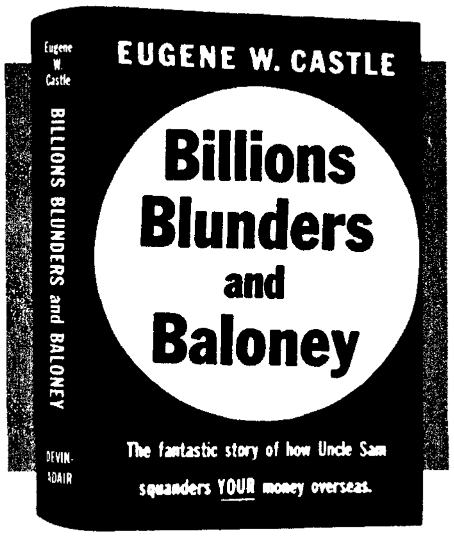
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cleanliness and its stock of English cookies, Australian jams, Danish butter and American drugs. Even in remote villages, the Chinese shop has the slick and shiny look of an American supermarket.

To the extent that Communism is Chinese, it is deeply suspect. The people of Southeast Asia feel no attraction toward China. They fear and hate Chinese control in any shape or form.

The desire of Southeast Asians to stay independent is a third source of strength—one that is sometimes overlooked by the prophets of an inevitable subversion of the area. No matter how ineffective their governments, you sense in these countries an exhilaration at being free. The Cambodians remind you that they chased out both the French and the Viet Minhs, and say that they can do the same to other intruders. The Burmese take pride in their hard-won independence; they point out that they consolidated it by defeating six kinds of rebels, including Communists and the remnants of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist forces from China.

Strife Has Produced Leaders

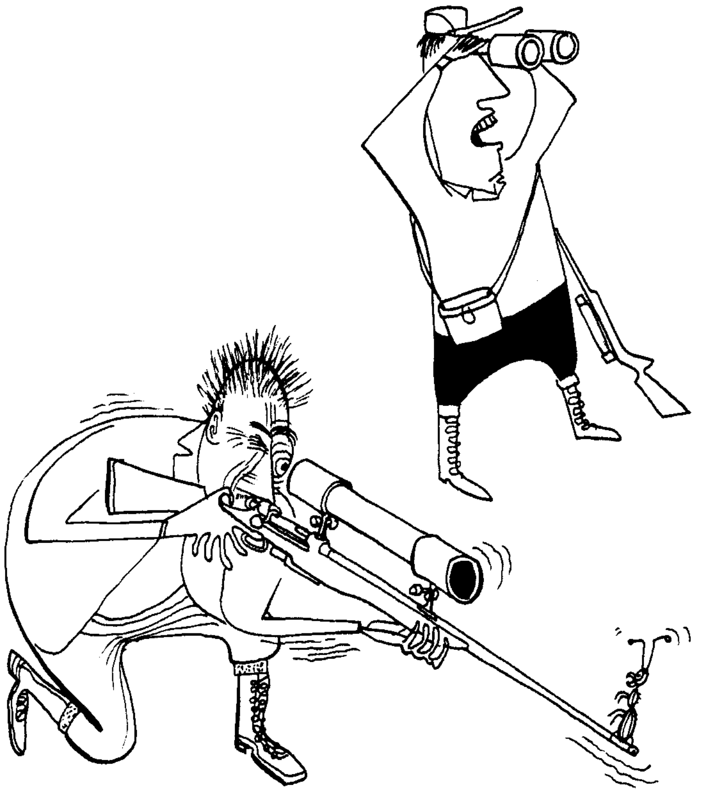
The fight for independence in Southeast Asia has produced some first-rate leaders, and they constitute a fourth asset to the area in withstanding the pressure of Communism. Their emergence is all the more striking when one sees how little has been done to educate and train public servants at all levels.

On the eastern fringe of Southeast Asia, President Magsaysay of the Philippines is setting a superb example of democratic leadership. Within Southeast Asia itself, U Nu, the 47-year-old Prime Minister of Burma, is proving a remarkable leader. His unlined babyface and innocent eyes conceal one of the shrewdest political minds of Asia. In 1947, when terrorists murdered half the members of Burma's new cabinet, U Nu was pitched into the leadership of a divided, distracted country. He had to learn what it is to fight armed insurrections on his own soil. Today his people sense that there is strength and integrity at the top, even though the lower ranks of Burma's government are thinly staffed and poorly trained. He has given the people an added sense of having a stake in their country.

Among the new leaders of South and Southeast Asia there is a common concern for the rural people who make up at least 80 per cent of the populations. What happens in the villages, they rightly believe, will largely shape the future of their countries. And it is in the villages that hopeful things are happening.

The village revolution which has begun in Free Asia is the fifth and last of the strengths that will make it hard for the Chinese to subvert the independent countries south of them. This rural revolution is neither Red nor Pink. It takes its inspiration in part from ideas, older than Communism, that have drifted into Asia from the Western World. Some Asian governments, recognizing the ferment, are trying to channel it into their programs. Thus there is "Community Development" in India, "Rural Reconstruction" in Formosa, "Mass Education" in Burma and "Fundamental Education" in Cambodia. The yeast in all these programs is basically the same: the old-fashioned idea of local initiative and self-help.

We made the rounds of 11 Cambodian villages with a portly, cheerful Belgian, a United Nations expert on rural improvement. In several of them the people, of their own accord, had built of local palm and bamboo the equivalent of New England meetinghouses. They felt the need of a center where they could get together and make plans for their village. With our Belgian friend, we jeeped along a crude road, hardly more than an oxcart track, which had been newly cut through the jungle. At intervals, rough wooden arrows on tree trunks pointed the way.



COLLIER'S "Where?" VIRGIL PARTCH

"About two weeks ago," the Belgian explained, "a whole village turned out to cut this road. The people had heard we were working in the neighborhood. They were afraid we would overlook their village because it wasn't on a road."

So far, the governments of Southeast Asia have been too preoccupied and too short of money and skilled people to give the rural revolution much help or encouragement. But they are beginning to understand its potential power.

In the light of all these weaknesses and strengths, what can the United States most usefully do to keep Southeast Asia free?

The basic need, of course, still is to deter China from an armed attack on the Southeast Asians or on anyone else. The United States is meeting the challenge by keeping its air and naval power on guard in the western Pacific and by making defensive alliances with its friends.

But there has been too much bluster. The barrage of threats and warnings from Washington may or may not frighten the Chinese Communists, but it frightens many of America's friends around the rim of China, all the way from India to Japan. It creates a scowling image of America in Asian minds, and thereby distorts the purposes and damages the effectiveness of what America is trying to do in Asia.

One possible deterrent to China has been neglected. American public opinion, as well as official policy, ought to be encouraging the uncommitted leaders like Nehru and U Nu in their approaches to Peiping. These leaders, in their way, are trying to get the ear of the Chinese Communists—for a purpose. The message they want Peiping to hear, and heed, is exactly what the United States, in its own sterner way, is trying to say. Along with their occasional flattery, and their talk of "peaceful principles," Nehru and U Nu are telling the Chinese:

"Take it easy. Don't rush into anything you will regret. And above all, don't resort to force, because that would ruin you and all of us as well."

Nobody knows whether the Chinese will pay the slightest attention to such a message, but it may have more weight with them when it comes from Asians than from the hated Western Powers.

Every day that passes without armed violence is an opportunity either missed or seized—an opportunity to repair some of the weaknesses and build on the many strengths in Southeast Asia. In this effort, the United States can help in a variety of ways, but everything depends on the substance and the manner of American help.

Conventional programs of military aid, designed to build and equip big armies, are valueless in the Southeast Asian setting. No Southeast Asian country can use or afford a large military establishment. What they do need and can use are mobile police forces to establish internal order.

In the same way, conventional programs of economic aid have no place in Southeast Asia. Washington's thinking and Asian realities on this subject have been far apart. There is not the slightest chance that a rain of dollars will put out the fires of Communist penetration into the area. What would capital, poured into Southeast Asia, be expected to do? There is no firm base for industrialization on the scale that India and Japan provide. The conditions for profitable investment do not exist. Even though the governments of Southeast Asian countries, one and all, profess to want private capital from abroad, most of them deeply distrust it as the re-entering wedge of hated "colonialism."

The current emphasis on big dollar grants, in Asian as well as American minds, recalls a story told about the little kingdom of Jordan. For centuries the hard, sun-baked Jordan desert has produced little except a few nibbles of grass for half-starved sheep. When the rains come—and occasionally they are heavy rains, even in the Middle East—they usually slide over the surface as if it were glass, and disappear down eroded gullies and dry river beds.

A Dike for the Jordan Desert

A couple of years ago, the government of Jordan permitted a Montana soil engineer to try an experiment on a hundred acres of desert land. The American asked for a crew of workmen, and they soon encircled the area with an eight-foot earthen dike. When the rains came, the dike held the water within the enclosed area.

In two months there was an oasis of brilliant green in the white expanse of desert. The impounded water had seeped slowly through the crust to a depth of five feet. Seeds dormant for centuries had sprouted. Tribesmen gathered from miles around to see the marvel of tall grass where none had grown in human memory.

Southeast Asia, despite its lush vegetation, is still an economic desert. It can no more absorb scores of millions of dollars than the Jordan desert could absorb the rains—unless and until dikes are built to impound them. The dikes that must be built in Southeast Asia are the strong, lasting institutions without which no community or nation can grow or prosper in the modern world.

What are these institutions?

Southeast Asia's Greatest Need

Take, as one example, the whole complex of services on which American farmers have come to depend in the last 20 years: extension and soil-conservation services, land banks, co-operatives, experiment stations and land-grant colleges. We do not suggest that these American institutions would fit Asian needs, but their equivalent, in local terms, must be created if the Southeast Asian farmer is to have a chance to grow better rice, diversify his crops and earn more money. What the Asian farmer does not need is millions of dollars' worth of mechanized equipment which he does not know how to handle or maintain.

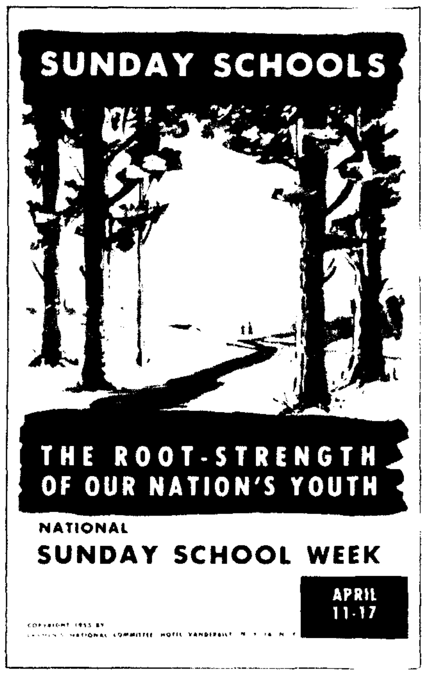
Public health services, to cite another example, can do more to help Southeast Asia than shiny new hospitals which the governments cannot afford or staff. Only the other day, the Burmese Prime Minister, U Nu, confessed that 85 per cent of his people had never had access to any kind of public-health service. Public-school systems are still in embryo, even where the need for them is recognized. Hardly one of the Southeast Asian countries has adequate machinery for taking a modern census of its human resources or making a geological survey of its natural wealth.

From now on, America should put most of its thought and energy in Southeast Asia into the building of these long-neglected institutions. Naturally the governments and people of the area will supply the major effort; the United States can do no more than help them—if they want help.

Sometimes the Southeast Asians may prefer to call on the services of the United Nations, whose technicians come from many countries. But up to now, the work of specialized UN agencies in the area has been scattered, ineffective and poorly supported. If the UN is to play a sizable part, it will have to get far more money from member governments, and its technical agencies will have to learn how to work together.

A long-range effort such as we have outlined would not be cheap; it would cost dollars for equipment and basic public works as well as for the salaries of American technicians and advisers. But there is no better way of helping the Southeast Asians to become self-supporting, self-reliant and self-disciplined. These are the capacities that will steel them against the threats and bribes of Communism.

The institutions so sorely needed are not ends in themselves. They are the means of developing the capacities of people. In the struggle between giant totalitarian China and the smaller free nations to the south, it is people—not dollars, not weapons, not good intentions—that will decide the issue. And the only people who can save Free Asia are the Asians themselves.



SUNDAY SCHOOLS
THE ROOT-STRENGTH OF OUR NATION'S YOUTH
NATIONAL
SUNDAY SCHOOL WEEK
APRIL 11-17
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"Funny how lonesome you feel when you're away from home"

"Wonder how Jane and the kids are doing?"

"Didn't like the way Jimmy was coughing when I left.
Wonder if Jane had to call the doctor for him?"

"Hello, operator—I want to make a Long Distance call to Hometown."

"Hi, honey—I just knew you'd call. . . . Yes, Jimmy's cough is much better. . . . Mmmm—I miss you too!"

"Sure glad the family's okay. Funny thing . . . don't feel lonesome any more!"

When a business trip takes you away from home, remember that Long Distance brings near to you those who are dear to you. Just hearing their voices tells you all is well. So don't wonder. Don't worry. Call Long Distance and be sure.

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

New York to Philadelphia	**40¢**
Cleveland to Baltimore	**75¢**
Atlanta to Indianapolis	**85¢**
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These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

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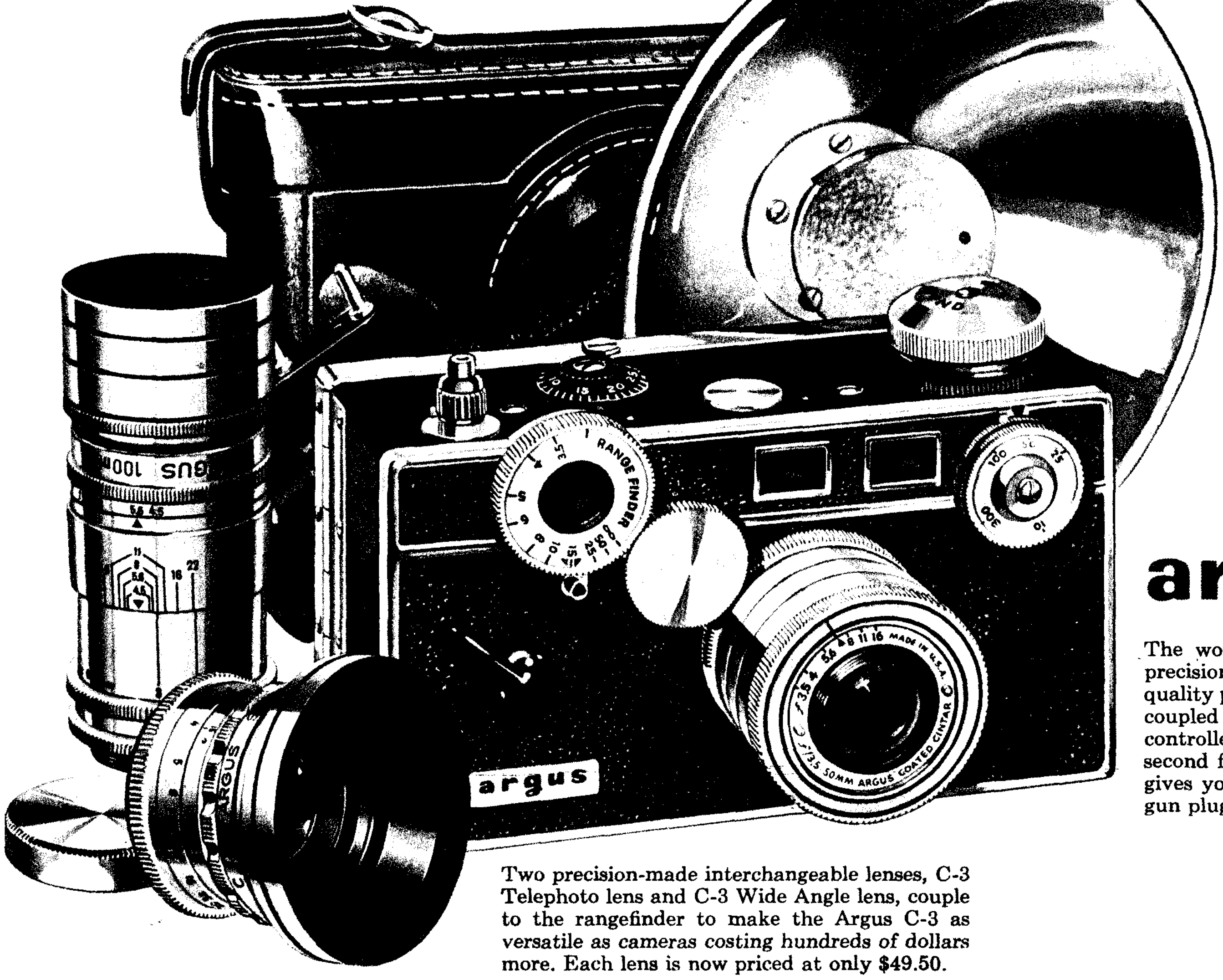

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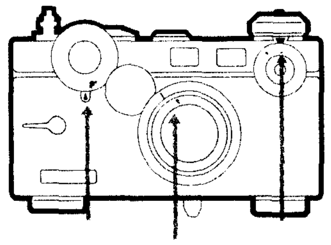
The world's most popular 35mm camera! A fine, precision ground lens will let you take professional quality pictures—in color or black-and-white. A lens-coupled rangefinder gives sharp, sure focus. A gear-controlled shutter gives you speeds up to 1/300 second for thrilling action shots. *Color-matic* setting gives you a wonderful new ease of operation. Flash gun plugs right into the camera.



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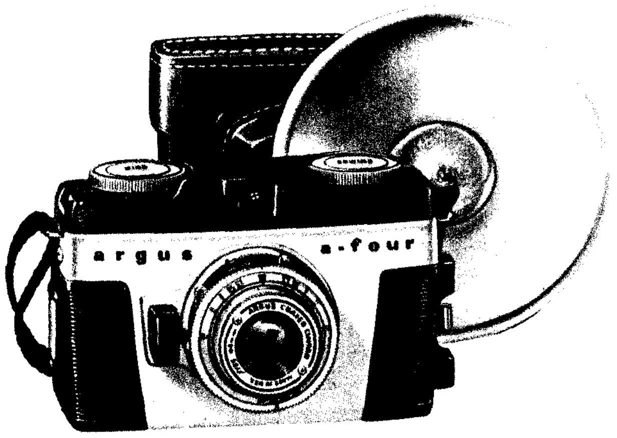
That's all you have to do on average bright days. Exclusive Argus *Color-matic* makes taking color pictures as easy as taking black-and-white.



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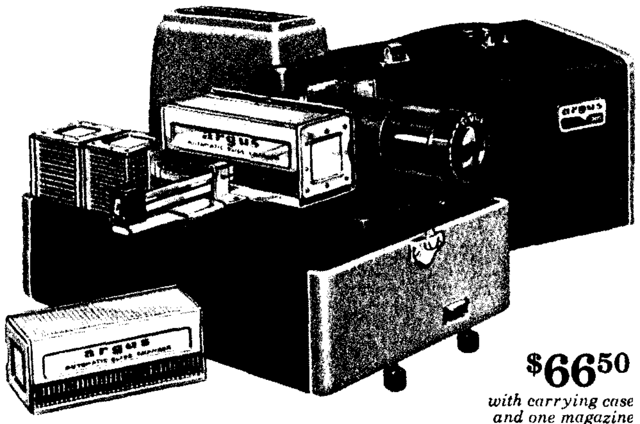

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Design for Terror

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

Leopoldstrasse. A furtive, dark-eyed Italian, obviously some kind of valet, answered my knock. I introduced myself and explained that I had an appointment. He let me into an anteroom and said he would announce me, but added that Signorini already had a visitor.

I waited a little uneasily. Suddenly the studio door opened and Signorini himself came out. There was no mistaking that tall, gaunt figure, the bald head, the eagle profile. There were purple hollows under his sharp little eyes, but the eyes themselves were still a piercing blue. He came up to me and held out his large veined hand.

"My servant says you speak Italian, Signor Wallace. That is good. I have a visitor here . . ." He spoke in a high, penetrating whisper. "It is most disturbing. She is an American, and we do not speak each other's language. You will help me, perhaps?"

"As interpreter? I'll be glad to try—"

Signorini gave a short laugh, half exasperated, half amused. "No. Not as interpreter. As *guardia.*" He meant bouncer, I gathered. "The young lady is—one hesitates to say this of one so beautiful—a confounded nuisance."

He turned back to the door, opened it and beckoned to me. I walked into a vast cluttered room flooded with light from a great north window. But I did not pay much attention to details. I saw and recognized Signorini's "confounded nuisance," who was sitting on a couch, sipping some sort of drink.

I STOPPED short in the doorway, feeling that all this had happened before. The first time I'd ever seen Katherine it had been in just such a studio, in New York.

"Hello," I heard myself saying. "It's been a long time." It sounded stupid.

She looked at me for what seemed minutes before answering. "Yes," she said. "How are you?"

"Fine," I said. "Fine." She hadn't changed. She was one of those girls who are either plain or beautiful—never just pretty. Right now she was beautiful.

I accepted Signorini's offer of a drink and tried to concentrate on what Katherine was saying. I knew she wasn't any happier about our meeting than I was.

"Signorini and I don't speak the same language," she said. "It's maddening. We both have a little Spanish, but not the same words, so it doesn't do much good." In a bitter little flashback I thought of that evening in her apartment—when Katherine and I had decided we didn't speak the same language either.

She said she was still working for Prentiss Harrison, that she'd come abroad to buy paintings for Harrison's gallery in New York.

"How is he?" I said.

"Prentiss? Never better, thanks."

I asked if he had come over with her. "No," she said, "he's frightfully busy. He thought it might be fun for me to come alone, sort of a last whirl before we got married."

"That's nice," I said, and I knew it sounded sarcastic.

Suddenly Katherine became very businesslike. "When I first came in," she said, "I happened to get a glimpse of the canvas Signorini was working on. My seeing it seemed to upset him, and he covered it up immediately. But that one look was enough to tell me that I had to get it—at any price!"

"Buying it shouldn't be impossible," I told her, "if you offer him enough decadent American dollars."

"But I can't seem to make him understand," she said. "He acts as if he thinks I'm trying to steal the picture!"

I turned and started to relay all this to Signorini. I must say, her story didn't sound too convincing. Prentiss Harrison specialized in modern painting—supersurrealism. So why should Katherine be after a canvas by Signorini—whose attention to photographic detail was as loving as Gerard Dou's?

Signorini's reaction puzzled me still more. He wasn't surprised by her interest, or even pleasantly flattered. "Tell her what she asks is impossible," he said shortly. "Tell her the pictures—there are three of them in the series—are not for sale."

Katherine didn't bat an eye. "I don't know how high Prentiss might go eventually," she said calmly, "but I can offer this much right now."

She named a figure that made me blink. I passed it along to Signorini, wondering how he would react to such persistence, and added that I would like very much to see the pictures.

He hesitated for a moment, and I thought he was going to refuse. Then suddenly he shrugged. "If you wish. But they are not for sale. Come."

We followed him across the studio. He picked up three small, covered canvases. "In here, if you don't mind," he said, leading us into a small storage room in the rear. "Not even my valet has been allowed to see these," he said. "But we artists are childish folk; when a long job is finished, we must show it to someone." He pulled off the coverings. "There!"

I don't know what I expected, but I got the shock of my life when I saw those three nightmares.

The pictures, in plain oak frames, were hardly more than twelve by fourteen inches in size. But into those areas Signorini had packed every color in the spectrum. The prevailing color effect was a sort of fiery orange-red. You couldn't call the canvases cubist or expressionist or anything so simple; every known school would have disowned them. Cubes, ellipses, trapezoids, squares—every known geometric figure was used; but if there was any basic purpose or design, I couldn't see it.

I could think of only one explanation: Signorini's mind was beginning to crumble. It was clear now why Katherine wanted one of those pictures, why any collector would jump at them: as curiosities, their value was terrific.

I said to Katherine, "I see what you mean."

I don't know how Signorini knew what I was thinking. "You do not approve, eh?" he said.

SOMEHOW I managed to look at him squarely. I said something polite about revolutionary experiments. It didn't get by. He just glared at me, an old eagle about to swoop. Then, suddenly, he laughed. "My son," he said, "I shall tell you how I came to paint these creations you despise."

He said that as he neared the grave he had decided above all else to be sincere. A year ago he had told himself that he must paint as he really saw—in cubes and broken colors. The modernists, the young men, were right—and he, Signorini, after a lifetime of error, now had the great courage to deny his whole previous career.

He almost had me believing him. I summarized in English for Katherine's benefit, and then I looked at the three pictures again. Nothing could argue away their ugliness; they looked to be creations of a great artist gone senile.

And yet, something kept telling me that it wasn't so simple as that: Signorini's shrewd old face was too intelligent, his gestures too virile. For reasons of his own, the old genius was putting on an act. . . .

Katherine said she had to be going. In the anteroom she tried to thank Signorini for his time and courtesy, but the old man brushed that aside. There was something on his mind, and it took him a little while to phrase the idea. "I cannot emphasize enough," he said finally, "how important it is that no one should hear of these pictures. Please tell the young lady that their existence must remain an absolute secret until they are on exhibition."

Katherine said that naturally she would respect his wishes. She offered her hand to Signorini and he took it. Then she turned to me. "You might tell Signorini that he can find me at the Europa in case he changes his mind about selling the paintings."

I shook my head wonderingly. "Doesn't it ever occur to you that there are things money won't buy?"

She looked at me coolly. "Only things the owner really values."

I thought that over as I watched her go out. So the old man's story hadn't convinced her any more than it had me.

Signorini's shrewd little eyes were watching me. "Come," he said, taking my arm and turning back into the studio. "We can have a little talk now. Nothing so distracting as a beautiful woman, eh?" Signorini sat down and lighted a cigar. "You have come from Italy, *signor?*"

I said I had. I also told him a little about my assignment.

"Interesting," he said. "Did you go also to the Low Countries?"

I said I had spent a week in Belgium and another in Holland.

He puffed on his cigar, watched the smoke eddy away. "I had a pupil once," he said. "He runs an art gallery now, in Bruges. A man about your own age, named Van Liew. Now there is a fellow who will understand these little paintings of mine. Are you, perhaps, a painter yourself?"

I confessed that I had once tried to be one, but without much success.

Signorini threw his cigar into the great stone fireplace. "Well, my friend," he said briskly, "I am at your service. What shall we discuss? Life? Love? Art? Politics?"

WE BEGAN with art, but we didn't get far. We hadn't been talking ten minutes when the door opened suddenly and the valet came in, looking extremely agitated. He handed Signorini a slip of paper. The old man read it, and I saw the color drain out of his face. He stood up, crumpling the paper in his hand. "You will excuse me," he said, and his voice shook a little. "I'm sorry to end our discussion so abruptly, but—"

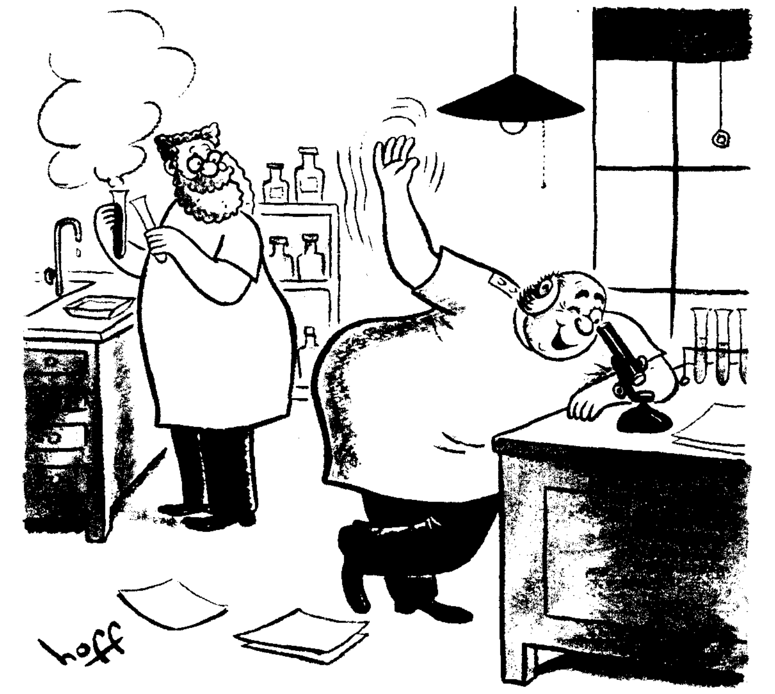
"That's quite all right," I said. I was sorry to see him so upset. Despite his political preferences, I liked him.

I went down the narrow stairs wondering what sort of news he had just received. Something had obviously shaken him badly.

Outside, the late-afternoon shadows were long in the street. I began to walk moodily back toward the Imperial. Seeing Katherine again, hearing her voice, watching the way she moved, had summoned up a lot of ghosts.

Maybe a psychiatrist could have given me a sensible explanation for our breakup—I didn't know. I only knew that we had once been crazily in love, and then suddenly we weren't.

Now, as I walked along the Leopoldstrasse, I thought about the evening it had all ended—the evening, more than a year ago, when all the little differences between us had suddenly crystal-



COLLIER'S "Oh-oh, here comes her husband!" SYD HOFF

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lized into one big impassable barrier. Actually, I guess I was jealous of her friendship with Prentiss Harrison.

I suppose she had a right to go out with anyone she pleased—especially Harrison, who was her employer. But I was angry because she had gone out with him and then tried to deny it. She insisted that my unreasonable jealousy had forced her into the lie.

"Let's be honest with ourselves," Katherine had said finally. "Marriage wouldn't work for us and we both know it. Let's call it off now, this minute, and avoid the lawyers later."

I hadn't seen her since that night, until today. Just before I sailed from New York I'd heard a rumor that she and Harrison were going to be married.

BACK in my hotel room I poured myself a drink, sat at the desk and made a few notes about my interview with Signorini. I had intended to write the whole article and get it off my mind, but I couldn't. I was too restless. Then, suddenly, I had an idea.

From my suitcase I took a carton of cigarettes and a couple of chocolate bars and wrapped them in a piece of newspaper. Then I went out and whistled for a taxi. "Pension Stella," I told the driver, and gave him the address.

I didn't know whether the Pension Stella would still be there, much less whether Frau Schultz would still be running it. But I had a hunch that it would, and she would, and the hunch was right.

I paid the driver and walked up the path to the house. I rang, and as soon as I saw the shadow through the frosted glass of the door, I recognized it. The door swung open.

"Hello, Frau Schultz," I said. "Remember me?"

"Ach!" One hand flew to the cameo brooch at her throat. *"Nein aber!"*

"It's me," I said cheerfully. "Here." I thrust my parcel at her. "I've brought you a present."

Frau Schultz hadn't changed much since I had stayed at her pension during my two months in Markheim in 1939. She was a bit stouter and her hair was iron-gray, but she still wore it piled on the top of her head like Mrs. Katzenjammer in the comics.

"Well," I said, "can't I come in?"

"Willi!" She flung her arms around me, pulled me inside. "Karl!" she called. "Come and see! Here is Willi back from America! What a joy!"

Her husband Karl came rushing out from the dining room, his steel spectacles pushed up on his forehead. Unlike his wife, he had aged terribly, but he still had the same meerschaum pipe in his hand, or one exactly like it.

"Supper is ready almost," Frau Schultz said. "You will stay, of course. You must tell us all—*ach,* so long a time! I put another place."

The next few hours passed quickly, and I forgot the sense of loneliness and uneasiness that had been oppressing me. The gloomy old dining room with the walnut furniture was just the same, but the Pension Stella was a pension no longer. "No tourists, *natürlich,"* said Frau Schultz with a shrug. Karl drove a taxi and earned a meager living.

It was late when I stood up to go, but Karl insisted on driving me back to the Imperial in his taxi. It had been a long, complicated day; I was anxious for some sleep. . . .

I didn't get to sleep—I didn't even get to my room. There was a message at the desk for me from Katherine. She wanted me to telephone when I got in, regardless of the hour. Puzzled, I climbed the stairs to the cubbyhole that housed the hotel's only telephone, and called her.

She answered at once. "I've been waiting up for you," she said. "Can you come right over?"

It was then nearly midnight, and my eyes felt as if they'd been sandpapered.

"I wouldn't ask you if it weren't important," she said. "It concerns you—you and Signorini. Won't you please come quickly?"

I said I would, rather sourly, and hung up and hurried across the *Platz* to her hotel.

"They're here," Katherine said as she greeted me. "All three of them." She pointed to an armchair. There was a package, wrapped in brown paper, propped up on it.

I refused the cigarette she was offering me. "All three what?"

"Paintings. Signorini's new ones. He sent them here."

I felt a quick shock of surprise and then of annoyance. "That's just dandy," I said. "Did you have to get me over here in the middle of the night to celebrate your triumph?"

"I didn't buy the pictures, Bill," she said coolly. "Signorini sent them here—for you."

She sat down on a couch and tucked her legs under her. "When I came back here after dinner," she went on, "Signorini's valet was waiting for me in the corridor with the pictures. He hadn't been able to find you. I gathered that Signorini had grown impatient and sent him to me instead. There's a letter for you over on the desk."

I tore the envelope open and read the note quickly. Then I translated it for Katherine:

"For many hours I have sought you at your hotel. I dare wait no longer. To the so persistent young lady I am sending my three studies until she can place them in your care. . . ."

In the second paragraph, Signorini got down to business. He wanted me to take his three pictures and deliver them to his friend and former pupil, Joost Van Liew, in Bruges. Van Liew, he said, was the one person in Europe who would fully understand the paintings and arrange for their exhibition.

HIS reasons for this abrupt request seemed a little odd. He was afraid, apparently, that if he tried to exhibit the paintings in Moscow they might be suppressed. He didn't say this in so many words, but that was the idea. He said he didn't want to trust the canvases to the mails, either.

The last paragraph was queerer still:

"I implore that you never mention my name in connection with these paintings. If you are questioned, say that they are your own. It is most important that the very existence of these works remain secret until Van Liew unveils them."

I read the beg-to-remain-your-everlasting-servant business and looked at Katherine. There was something very strange about this flowery, plaintive letter, and both of us knew it.

Why, for instance, did he say "I *dare* wait no longer"? Why the sudden fear of suppression in Moscow? And why the request that I pass the paintings off as my own if questioned?

Katherine was watching me. "Are you going to do it?"

I began to pace around the room. "Why should I?" I said. "In the first place, it's out of my way. I have no reason to go to Belgium—all my equipment is in Italy. In the second place, I don't owe Signorini anything. And in the third place, I don't like the sound of it—there's something fishy here."

"You're going to tell him no?"

"That's right," I said.

"Then you could hardly object, could you," she said, "if I offered to take them for him?" She didn't give me time to react, but went on quickly: "Belgium's not far out of *my* way—I'll be going back to Paris. Maybe if I deliver the pictures, this Van Liew will let me buy them."

I TOOK a deep breath and mentally counted up to ten. "Katherine," I said, "I know you want those pictures badly, but don't be a damned fool."

She was instantly angry. "I beg your pardon?"

"Believe me," I said, "I'm not trying to tell you what to do. But fooling around with those pictures could be dangerous. You don't know what rules or regulations you'd be breaking. We're on the wrong side of the iron curtain, and Americans who mess around in affairs that don't concern them are likely to wind up right behind the eight ball. You can get into trouble even when you don't do anything! Look at what happened to Bill Oatis in Prague. And remember what happened to Vogeler."

"Thanks for the advice," she said coolly, "but I want those pictures and I see no other way to get them."

"Look," I said, "your chances of eventually getting them are too small to balance the risk. Can't you see that? Must you be so pigheaded?"

She stood up suddenly. "Listen, Bill Wallace, if you think you can—"

Oh, brother, I was thinking, here we go again—right back where we left off fifteen months ago. I felt like taking her by the shoulders and shaking some sense into her head, but I didn't.

"Please, Katherine," I said, "let's not fight. Let's not even discuss it any more. The pictures were sent to me, right? I'm going to return them to Signorini. If you insist on trying to talk him into letting *you* take them to Belgium, I can't stop you. But that's your problem." I picked up the brown-paper package. "And so, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to return them right now. I don't want them lying around."

"Do you mind if I come with you?"

I might have expected that. I started to say no, but reminded myself that what she did was no concern of mine. I was through trying to tell Katherine Stevens what she ought to do. . . .

When we left her hotel, the moon was high and the streets were deserted; the click of our heels against the stones echoed back at us solemnly. We talked about inconsequentials: my job, artists we both knew, people we'd met in Europe.

We stopped talking when we reached Signorini's street. It was so narrow that the moonlight hardly penetrated it. We walked silently past the deserted shops, past the infrequent street lamps that cast grotesque shadows. When we came around a corner some thirty yards from the studio, I grabbed Katherine's arm. A car was standing in front of Signorini's studio.

It was a black sedan with its lights on and its engine running. I could see the dim outline of the driver behind the wheel. The rear door was open.

I pulled Katherine back into the shadows. Flattened against the building, we waited. We did not wait long. There was a clatter of footsteps on the stairs and three men came out. The one in the middle, pinioned by his arms, was Signorini's valet.

His captors shoved him into the car and got in after him. The door slammed, the engine roared, the car shot away. I relaxed my grip on Katherine's arm. "Wait here for me," I said.

"No," she said, "no!"

There was no time for argument. I ran to the studio entrance, Katherine at my heels, and we hurried up the stairway. The door to Signorini's workshop was open.

I stepped cautiously into the anteroom. It was deathly quiet. Beside me, Katherine shivered. I felt the hair prickle at the back of my neck. I walked over and pushed open the double doors that led into the studio.

The room looked as if a bomb had exploded in it. Chairs were upended, lamps overturned. The sofa was ripped open, its stuffing scattered about. Books and paintings were on the floor.

There seemed to be no trace of Signorini. Then I heard Katherine draw in her breath sharply. I turned and saw that she was staring past me toward the far end of the room. There, from beneath the heavy draperies that separated the studio from a bedroom, a pair of legs protruded.

I walked over and pulled the draperies aside. Signorini had a paintbrush clutched in one hand. He couldn't have been dead very long, for there was still a little blood flowing from the place where the knife was buried in his side.

I wanted to shout for help, but I didn't. Signorini was obviously beyond help. Some stronger instinct was telling me to get away from there before the murderers came back.

MAYBE five seconds had passed. I jerked the draperies together, went back to Katherine and led her out into the dark hallway. As we went down the stairs I kept one hand on her shoulder, and I could feel her tenseness.

We walked away quickly, almost running. We hadn't gone a hundred yards before I pulled Katherine roughly into a doorway: the car was coming back. It roared past us. I heard the brakes squeal as it stopped in front of Signorini's studio, heard a door slam.

"Come on!" I said hoarsely to Katherine. "Hurry!"

We fled through the dark streets, panicky now. After several minutes we stopped at a corner where lights glowed in an all-night restaurant. "In here," I said.

It was a dingy little place, heavy with the smell of stale beer. We went in and ordered coffee. It was vile stuff, but it started my mind working again. I began to feel a murderous hatred toward the men who had ordered this atrocity.

"But why?" I said finally. "He was only an artist! Why?"

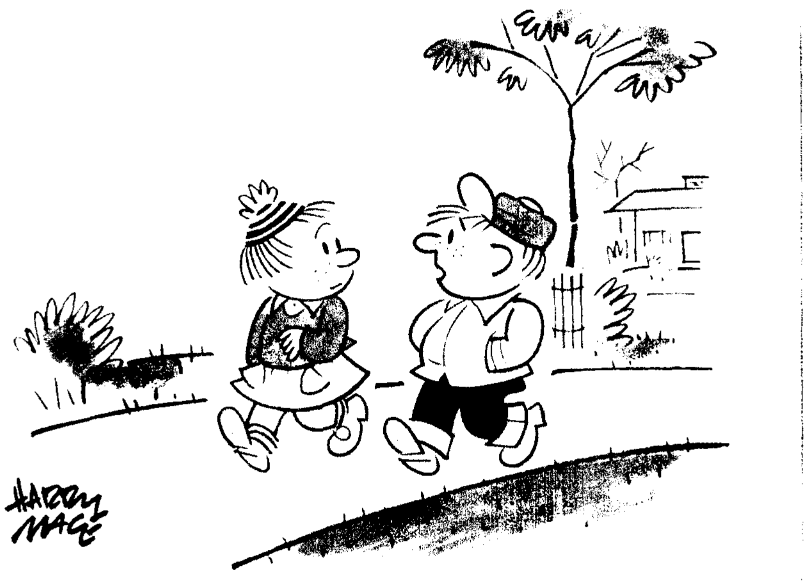
"Look beside you," Katherine said. "Then you tell *me*."

I had almost forgotten I still had the three paintings.

"Signorini knew somebody was after the pictures," Katherine said. "Why else would he have rushed them to you? He had to get rid of them, quickly."

I stared at her. I was remembering the note Signorini had received this afternoon during my visit, and the old man's sudden agitation.

"Put yourself in Signorini's place for a moment," Katherine said. "He finished the paintings only today. They were not for sale. Why not? Because they were never designed to be sold. They were designed for some other purpose entirely. I don't know what it was, but obviously something went wrong with whatever plans he had. Possession of the paintings suddenly became terribly dangerous for him."



COLLIER'S “Just who is the opposite sex, you, or me?” HARRY MACE

"But why send them to me? He'd never seen me before in his life!"

"He was probably counting on that. No connection, and therefore no suspicion. Did you tell him you were a painter as well as a photographer?"

I nodded.

"Well, then, nobody would think it odd if you had two or three canvases with you—especially if you said they were your own. Signorini knew you were going back shortly, back through the iron curtain. You were his best hope for getting the paintings to Van Liew!"

I said nothing. I was remembering how furtive Signorini had been about the pictures, how he had cautioned us to say nothing about them. I was beginning to understand why he had given us that involved explanation of how he came to paint them.

Katherine touched the brown-paper package. "What are we going to do?"

I didn't have to think over the answer to that question. "I'm going to take them to Bruges," I said.

"How do you think you're going to get them across the border?"

"I don't know yet. Why don't you let me worry about that?"

"Well," she said, "the situation has changed. This isn't just a matter of breaking a few minor regulations about the sale or disposal of art objects, you know."

I did know. I knew all too well. Signorini had been determined at all costs to get those pictures out of the country. Somebody—and in this case I was quite sure that the "somebody" was the secret police—was equally determined to stop him. It could only mean that the paintings were somehow of value to the West. I didn't know yet what information they might contain, but it was clear that in trying to smuggle them out I would be laying myself wide open to a charge of espionage.

"Why don't you go to the police with the paintings?" Katherine said.

"Is that what you want me to do?"

She evaded that one neatly. "I think," she said, "that if our positions were reversed, that's what you would advise *me* to do."

I felt the old familiar twinge of irritation. "It's not your responsibility," I said sharply, "it's mine. Turning in these paintings is exactly what those murdering devils want me to do. That's enough reason for doing just the opposite. Nobody saw us just now, I'm sure of that. They don't know we've got the paintings."

"Both of us visited Signorini today."

"So what? My interview was arranged by officials of the Arts Congress. So was yours. Nothing was wrong in that." I stood up and put some money on the table. "Let's go," I said. "We are both too tired to think clearly."

We walked the rest of the way to her hotel in silence. At the door, she turned. "Be careful, Bill," she said. "Please."

She went inside, and I headed for the railroad station to check the package. A sleepy attendant accepted it, yawned, and gave me a claim ticket.

I walked back to the Imperial and went to bed.

THE next morning I bought a newspaper and read it over a cup of bad coffee and a couple of *croissants* in a sidewalk café near the hotel. There was nothing in it about Signorini. Either the body hadn't been "discovered," or the news hadn't made this edition, or the authorities had kept it quiet.

The paper was full of copy about the Arts Congress, though, with complimentary references to the visitors from the West and flowery predictions of increasing international amity. It sounded fine and it gave me the creeps.

And then, under a heading marked *Bulletin,* I read that Marshal Kutsov, hero of the Soviet Union, had died unexpectedly of a heart attack in Moscow. He was to be buried, it said, with full military honors.

I stared at the item, beginning to put the story together. Kutsov was the father of Signorini's wife; he had had access to the highest military secrets; he had been friendly with Allied generals in Germany in 1945. Heart attack? I couldn't buy that, knowing what I knew. Kutsov and Signorini had been trying to give the West some kind of information or warning, via a series of three paintings. But something had gone wrong. I remembered the message the old man had received yesterday—probably news of Kutsov's arrest. Signorini must have known then that the game was up.

I was completely absorbed in my thoughts and when somebody tapped me on the shoulder, I nearly jumped out of my skin. It was Katherine.

"I hadn't planned to turn into your constant companion," she said, "but it

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can't be helped. You know that cozy little theory of yours about the police not catching up with us? Well, they have."

She sat down across from me, looking rested and unperturbed. "Two of them just got through calling on me," she went on. "They didn't seem to know anything about our midnight visit to Signorini's studio. As a matter of fact, they didn't even say that Signorini was dead." The casualness of her manner wasn't fooling me a bit. She was scared. So was I. "What they did want to know, though, was why Signorini's valet brought a package to me last night."

I swore under my breath. I might have known that the poor valet would be made to talk. But I was sure that Signorini would not have told him what was in the package.

"I told the gentlemen that the package contained a batch of color prints Signorini had promised you," Katherine said. "Four-color reproductions of various masterpieces. I hope you've got some with you. . . ."

I nodded slowly.

"That's fine," she said, "because I'm sure they swallowed the rest of my yarn. The part about being in love."

"What?" I said. "Who's in love?"

"We are. The night clerk told them we'd wandered out at twelve thirty. So I just said, goodness me, hadn't they ever heard of romance? I gave them some stuff about the moonlit night and the little vine-covered cottage you and I were planning to build back in the Bronx. When I finished, they were practically in tears."

"So now we're in love!"

"What else could I tell them?"

I stood up, impatient to get going. "How long ago did you leave them?"

"Ten minutes. Maybe fifteen. Why?"

"They'll be on my neck any minute now to check your story, that's why!"

Katherine's eyes widened. "You mean, they may find—"

"Not in my room, no." I told her where the pictures were. "It seemed like a brilliant idea last night," I said. "Now it doesn't. The railroad station is the most obvious place in the world for a stranger in town to hide a package. They'll get around to that checkroom sooner or later. I've got to get the paintings out of there. And fast."

She asked to come with me, but I cut her off and told her to meet me at the Imperial in half an hour. If the police had found the paintings, anyone trying to claim them would be in for a rough time.

THERE were four taxis in the cab rank at the end of the *Platz*. As I approached, I looked at each driver hopefully. None of them was Karl.

I got into the first cab and said, "*Bahnhof, bitte.*" I knew there was another cab rank at the station. Maybe I would have better luck there.

I did. Karl Schultz's taxi was the second in line.

I got out of my cab, paid the driver, started toward the station. I took about twenty steps, stopped, snapped my fingers like a man who has forgotten something, and walked back to Karl's cab.

"Drive me around the block a couple of times, will you, Karl?" I said.

The cab moved away from the curb. In the mirror Karl was watching me. "What's the matter, my friend?"

I told him as much as he needed to know. He listened without comment. When I'd finished, he said, "What do you want me to do?"

"Before I tell you," I said, "I want you to know that I'll understand perfectly if you refuse."

"What is it?" he said.

I took the claim ticket from my pocket. "I don't want to give the checkroom attendant another look at me; I'm too obviously American. Claim this package for me, drive home with it, hide it somewhere. If anybody questions you, simply say that I paid you to do it. Say you didn't know what was in the package."

WE WERE approaching the station again. Karl eased the cab over to the curb, slowed, stopped. "Give it to me," he said.

I gave him the ticket.

"You'd better wait," he said. "Here in the cab." Without another word he turned and walked into the station.

I waited for five minutes, ten. The palms of my hands were damp with sweat, and I could hear the loud thumping of my heart. All sorts of dreadful possibilities began to crowd into my mind: I saw Karl being tortured by the secret police, forced to confess. . . .

Suddenly, walking calmly and leisurely, Karl came out of the station. Under his arm was the familiar brown-paper package. He got in behind the wheel and started the engine. "No trouble," he said. "What now?"

"Tear a little hole in that paper and tell me what you see."

He did. "Paintings of some kind. Terrible-looking." I let out a sigh of relief. "How long do you want me to keep them?" Karl said.

"I don't know yet. Depends on how I make out with the police."

I saw his hands tighten on the wheel, then relax. "I think," he said slowly, "I will keep this package here in the taxi. Under this raincoat. I don't want to take it home unless I have to."

I knew he was thinking about his wife. He wanted to keep danger away from her if he could.

"I'll drive past the Imperial at two o'clock," Karl said. "If you have any instructions, flag me down."

I nodded and opened the door of the cab. "I'll walk back. No point in our being seen together any more than is necessary." Then a sudden thought struck me. "Unwrap those paintings, will you, Karl, and give me the paper."

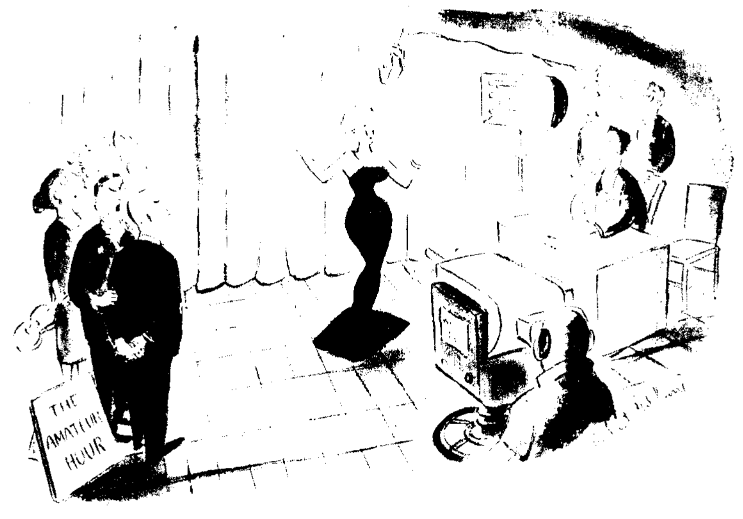
When he handed it to me, I folded it and stuck it into my pocket. "I'll see you at two o'clock," I said. . . .

When I got back to the Imperial, there was a tough-looking character in plain clothes guarding my door. I took a deep breath and walked straight up to him. I noticed that the top of his right ear had been shot away.

"What are you doing in front of my door?" I yelled. "Get out of my way!"

He looked startled, turned abruptly, knocked and then opened the door. I walked in and stopped. A variation of the job done on Signorini's studio had been done on my room. My locked suitcases had been forced open and the contents dumped on the bed; cameras, tripods, prints and negatives had been thrown around every which way.

There were three men in the room. One might have been the twin brother of the thug outside in the hall. The second was the Imperial's night clerk, an inoffensive, frightened-looking little man named Ober. The third man was straddling a straight chair with his forearms crossed on the back. He was smoking a long, yellowish cigarette and he was gazing at me through the haze of smoke. "Good morning, Mr. Wallace," he said, with only the faintest trace of accent.



COLLIER'S "We can kiss first prize goodby" HERBERT GOLDBERG

I stared at him for perhaps five seconds without saying anything. His eyes did not waver. Then I swung around and faced the night clerk. "What's the meaning of this outrage, Herr Ober?"

Ober made a despairing gesture in the direction of the man on the chair. "Colonel Béla," he said, as if that explained everything.

IT VERY nearly did. Three times on my journey from London to Florence I had heard the name of Peter Béla mentioned, each time by Hungarians in exile, each time with fear and loathing. Although he had no official title, it was said that he directed the activities of the notorious Hungarian secret police. He spent most of his time in Budapest, but he was just as likely to turn up in Berlin or Vienna—or Markheim— whenever a little expert hatchet work was needed. I knew that if Béla had been called in on the Signorini case, the Kremlin considered it very important indeed.

He stood up lazily. "My apologies, Mr. Wallace, for our little intrusion. If you'll sit down, I'll be glad to explain."

He was a handsome devil, I suppose. I'm close to six feet, but he topped me by a good two inches and had the lithe, broad-shouldered build of a champion skier. His thick wavy hair was bronze, his hairline mustache golden. There was a small scar on his left cheek, but otherwise his features were flawless.

I said angrily, "By what authority do you go around rifling the belongings of an American citizen?"

He was watching me with cool detachment. "You've destroyed some valuable property," I went on. I picked up the pieces of a smashed glass negative. "It took me four days to get this. To duplicate it I'd have to go back to the Accademia in Venice!"

"We were in a hurry," he said. "You saw Vittorio Signorini yesterday?"

The question was so abrupt that I almost jumped. "Yes," I said, trying to look puzzled. "I did."

He leaned forward slightly. "Would it interest you to know that he is dead? That he has, in fact, been murdered?"

I blinked stupidly. "You're joking! It's impossible!"

HIS face remained impassive, but I thought I caught the faintest undertone of disappointment when he spoke. "Unfortunately it is not impossible. It is true. The criminals may have been common thieves, or they may have been Fascist assassins. In either case, we shall find and punish them, have no fear." He paused. "Three of his minor paintings are missing. I am eager to recover them."

"Paintings?" I said blankly.

"The young lady—Miss Stevens, is it not?—informed my men that a parcel was sent to you yesterday. By Signorini himself. Where is it?"

"Oh," I said, "that. Yes, of course. It must be around here someplace."

I fumbled around the room collecting some of the scattered color prints and handed them to Béla.

He looked through them impatiently. "This was all he gave you?"

"That's all."

"Why did he send them to Miss Stevens instead of to you?"

I don't think I hesitated. "Because I told him that if I wasn't here, I'd probably be with her," I said.

"And you brought the parcel back here with you—after your stroll?"

"That's right."

Colonel Béla smiled, showing even white teeth. "Might I see the wrapper in which these prints arrived?"

"The wrapper?" I looked blank for a moment. "Oh, yes, I kept it." I took the folded brown paper out of my pocket and handed it to him.

He looked annoyed and tossed it to the watchful subordinate behind him. "Permit me to offer you some sound advice, Mr. Wallace," he said. "Should these paintings find their way into your possession by any chance, do not court trouble. Notify us at once."

I said that of course I would. Then I tried to revive a spark of indignation. "What about my broken negatives?"

"Give an estimate of the damage to Herr Ober," Béla said impatiently. "You will be paid."

I saw his eyes shift to the doorway. I turned. Katherine was standing there, looking so utterly bewildered that my nerves, which had just begun to relax, grew taut again. She looked around the room, her eyes widening in distress. "Bill!" she wailed. "Bill, darling, you've been robbed!"

I let out the breath I had been holding. "No, dear, everything's all right. These people just came to ask a few questions about the color prints Signorini sent me yesterday."

"I was sure you'd been robbed," she said, giving me an adoring look and tucking her arm through mine.

Béla said something over his shoulder and his subordinate handed him a typewritten sheet—a transcript, I was sure, of Katherine's interrogation. Béla read for a moment and then looked at Katherine and me. "I trust," he said, "you do not intend to leave Markheim right away. We may wish to question you again. Is that clear?"

It was crystal-clear. It meant that if we tried to leave abruptly we would find ourselves in even worse trouble.

"That is all for now, Mr. Wallace," Béla said. "Remember, we continue to seek the paintings. If it is found that you are lying"—his inflection did not change—"I should not care to make wagers on your future happiness."

I nodded and repeated that we'd be glad to help in any way we could.

"Yes," Béla said contemptuously. "Yes, I'm sure you would."

We stood motionless as the door clicked shut behind the three of them.

KATHERINE *sat down limply.* The mask of coyness was gone now; she just looked tired. "Maybe it went over," she said. "I don't know."

I was trying to bring some order out of the chaos in the room. Actually, aside from the ruined locks on my suitcases and a few broken glass negatives, there wasn't much damage.

"They certainly are steamed up about this business," Katherine said. "Have you got a theory as to why?"

I told her about the announcement of Kutsov's death. "I may be completely wrong," I said, "but it sounds to me like some sort of conspiracy inside the Kremlin. Suppose Kutsov had some information of great importance that he wanted to pass along to the West. Suppose he gave it to Signorini, who concealed it somehow in those three paintings. The man on the receiving end, obviously, was to be this fellow Van Liew, who presumably will know how to interpret the paintings."

"If he ever gets them," Katherine said dryly.

"I think we have the advantage, now," I said slowly. "Béla will keep an eye on us—he's not the type to miss any bets—but I don't think he'll try any rough stuff. Not unless he digs up some new evidence against us. We're honored guests of the Arts Congress, remember? Also, Béla doesn't really know what Signorini did with the paintings—he could have destroyed them."

"Where are they now?" she said.

I told her about Karl, and the fact that he was to drive past the hotel at two. "I think we'd better take a ride with him. If we can get to a secluded spot for an hour or two, we might be able to make some sense out of those pictures. Then at least we'd know what we're risking our necks for. Come on."

She stood up. "Come on where?"

"We've got to spend the morning somehow. What would we do if we were really the gay young lovers we're pretending to be? Go look at the exhibits?"

She bit her lip, and for half a second I thought she was laughing at me. "Maybe," she said. "Let's go." . . .

After our morning at the exhibits, we had lunch at Katherine's hotel. We smiled at each other fatuously and held hands—did everything but bill and coo. It seemed advisable; there was a little bald-headed man about three tables away, watching us. I was sure I had seen him at the exhibits. I pointed him out to Katherine.

"I don't remember him," she said. "Anyway, he looks perfectly harmless. He looks like a pixy."

I glanced at him again. He was small and dark and round, it was true, but he had a mouth like a steel trap.

After lunch we strolled idly across the *Platz* to the Imperial. Just as the clock in the cathedral tower struck two, Karl's taxi came around the corner. We flagged him down and climbed in. I introduced Katherine briefly and explained what we wanted to do.

"If it's privacy you want," Karl said, "why don't you hire a boat and go for a row on the lake? I can drive you there in twenty minutes."

I thought that over for a minute. If we went rowing on the *Östersee* we'd be anything but conspicuous. It was, I remembered, one of the favorite diversions of the young couples of Markheim. "Take us there, Karl," I said.

While he drove I gave him a summary of the interview with Béla. "He practically promised us we'd wind up in jail if we tried to leave suddenly. That means the railroad station and the airport will be watched. Isn't there any way of getting out of this zone without the police knowing about it?"

Karl did not reply for a moment. "There used to be ways," he said finally. "I myself worked with the underground at times, but it was so dangerous that I gave it up."

"Aren't there still people who will guide you through—for a price?"

Tom Hudson
THE INQUIRING REPORTER
BROADCAST NITELY

COLLIER'S "Waiter!" TOM HUDSON

"There were many such guides—once. But the price for informing on them became so high that very few survive." Karl glanced in the rearview mirror. "I did know of one," he went on, "down near Wiener Neustadt, high in the mountains. But whether or not he is still there, I do not know." He looked in the mirror again. "I think," he said quietly, "that another taxi is following us."

I felt Katherine's hand tighten on my arm. By a colossal effort of will, I managed not to look around. If we were arrested here, if they searched the cab and found the paintings . . . "Slow down," I said. "See if they'll pass us."

We slowed down. The other cab dropped back. Ahead of us now, as blue and serene as a post-card picture, lay the *Östersee* ringed with sloping foothills, dotted with small boats.

"Look, Karl," I said, "drop us at the place where you rent boats and wait a minute. If a little brown-suited bald-headed man gets out of that other cab, drive away, take the paintings home and hide them. We'll come to your house after dark, or get in touch with you somehow."

Karl stopped the cab, I paid him, and we got out. Ahead of us, where a sort of pavilion jutted out into the lake, a fat old man was renting boats. While I was dickering with him, Katherine took out her compact and looked behind her in the mirror. She didn't have to tell me what she saw. I heard a grinding of gears as Karl drove away.

I chose a rowboat and as we climbed in, I saw the little brown-suited man standing beside his taxi and gazing out across the lake. Okay, Junior, I thought. I hope you like to row.

He must have had a miserable afternoon. First I rowed about three miles up the lake and hid behind a promontory. When our friend came panting around the point, I rowed furiously back again. By this time I had two blisters, and I was sure he had far more.

Katherine sat in the stern, trailing her fingers in the water and apparently enjoying herself. "This is great fun," she said at last, "but don't you think we're being a little strenuous? For lovers, I mean? You'd better sit here, beside me. We can drift a while."

So we drifted and watched the mountains. The sun was warm and bright, the breeze blew, the boat rocked gently on the waves. After a while I felt a light pressure against my shoulder. I looked down. Katherine had fallen asleep. I brushed her hair away so it wouldn't tickle my chin—and suddenly I felt the old loneliness coming over me again.

It was close to five o'clock when I woke her and we rowed back to shore.

The little man's boat was not in sight, but he must have been keeping a close eye on us from the vicinity of the pavilion. For when we landed and found a cab to take us back to Markheim, another taxi trailed us all the way.

Even so, I knew the afternoon had not been wasted: we had done nothing suspicious; we had behaved like orthodox lovers. It was just possible that when he got the pixy's report, Béla would call off his bloodhounds.

I HADN'T been back in my room five minutes when there was a discreet knock at the door. I opened it. There stood Herr Ober, the night clerk. "I may come in for a moment, please?" he said.

I let him in and shut the door. "Mr. Wallace," he said apologetically, "I am a poor man."

"Who isn't?" I asked him. I didn't like this beginning. Furthermore, now that I was taking a good look at Herr Ober, I discovered that although he was continually smiling, his little eyes were as hard and bright as bits of glass.

"I thought of going to Colonel Béla," he said piously. "But then I said to myself, no! Mr. Wallace is a generous man. I will go to him first. I will—"

"What in hell are you talking about? Come to the point!"

"I was on duty last night, Mr. Wallace, when you came in the first time and when you came in the second time. You did not bring any brown-paper parcel into the hotel, Mr. Wallace. You did not bring anything at all."

I stared at him speechless.

"Miss Stevens delivered a package to you in her room, no?" he went on. "The night clerk at the Europa saw you take it out. But you did not bring it here, Mr. Wallace. You said you did, but you did not." He looked at me slyly. "This would interest Colonel Béla a great deal, no?"

I tried to control the anger that surged up in me. "I had it under my coat," I said calmly. "That's why you didn't see it."

Herr Ober's mouth was smiling, but his eyes were not. "That is not true, Mr. Wallace," he said.

I shrugged. "My word is just as good as yours."

"Ah, no, Mr. Wallace," he said, "that is not so. Not when you are under a certain amount of suspicion already. Here, the word of the informer is always taken over the word of the accused. Believe me, Mr. Wallace—I know."

I did believe him. If he went to Béla with his story . . . I thought of Vogeler again, and Oatis, and the others accused of espionage. It was not an encouraging thought.

I decided to try another tack. "Look, Ober," I said, "I admit nothing. Nothing at all. But you're an Austrian, man! Suppose—just suppose—that by keeping your mouth shut you could aid the cause of all nations opposed to Communism. Wouldn't you do it?"

OBER looked aggrieved. "I am indeed a patriot. I did not say anything to Colonel Béla this morning, did I? But by not telling the truth, I am taking a risk. One should be paid for taking risks—eh, Mr. Wallace?"

It was hopeless. The man was utterly corrupted by the years of war and Russian occupation. He lived by one standard only: expediency. He would squeeze all he could out of me. Then he would see what he could pick up on the other side of the fence.

There was only one solution: I had to stall Ober—not by giving him what he asked, but by conceding a portion of it, enough to leave him momentarily satisfied and to keep him away from Béla. "How much?" I said.

Herr Ober spread his hands in a deprecating gesture. "I am a poor man, Mr. Wallace, but reasonable. Shall we say twenty thousand schillings?"

It took me several seconds to figure that out in terms of dollars: roughly eight hundred. "I haven't got that much on me," I said. It was the truth.

Herr Ober waved the objection aside. "Of course not. But you have a letter of credit, have you not? In the morning the banks will be open. In the meantime, a small retainer—say one thousand schillings—will do."

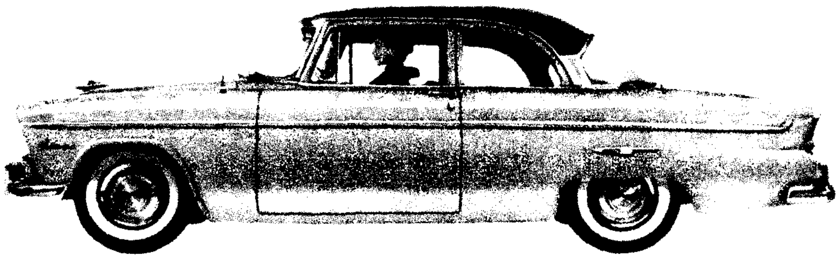
I took out my wallet, extracted two five-hundred-schilling notes and gave them to him without a word.

He bowed, as if I had tipped him, and said, "Thank you, Mr. Wallace. And shall we say not later than noon tomorrow for the rest?"

I opened the door. I knew that if I didn't get him out of my room I would smash his bland, smiling face. He stood on the threshold, pocketing the money. "Believe me, Mr. Wallace, I regret the necessity . . ."

I closed the door in his face. That settled it. We had to get out of Markheim, out of the Russian zone. And we had to move fast. —ARTHUR GORDON

(This is the first of two parts)



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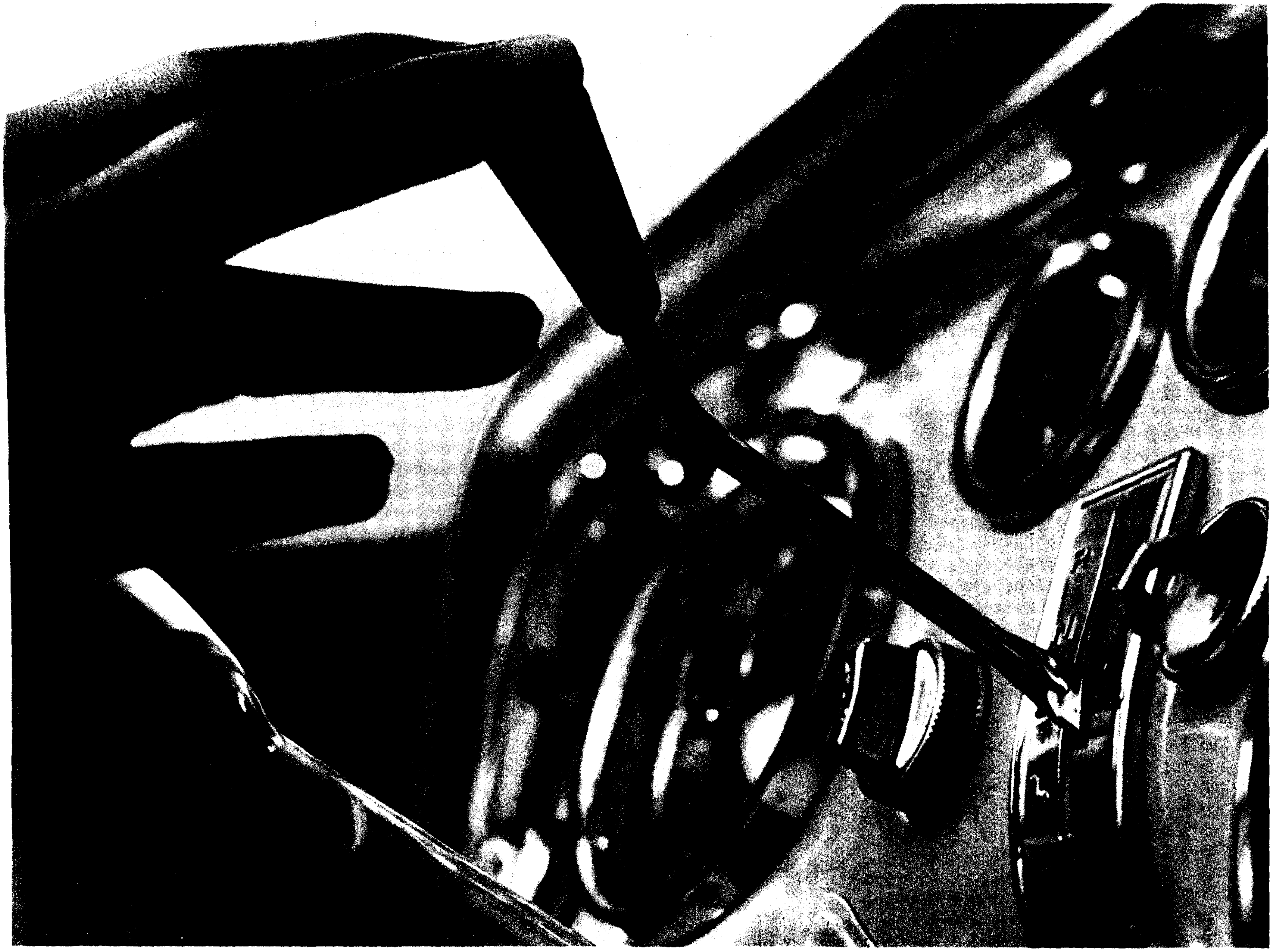

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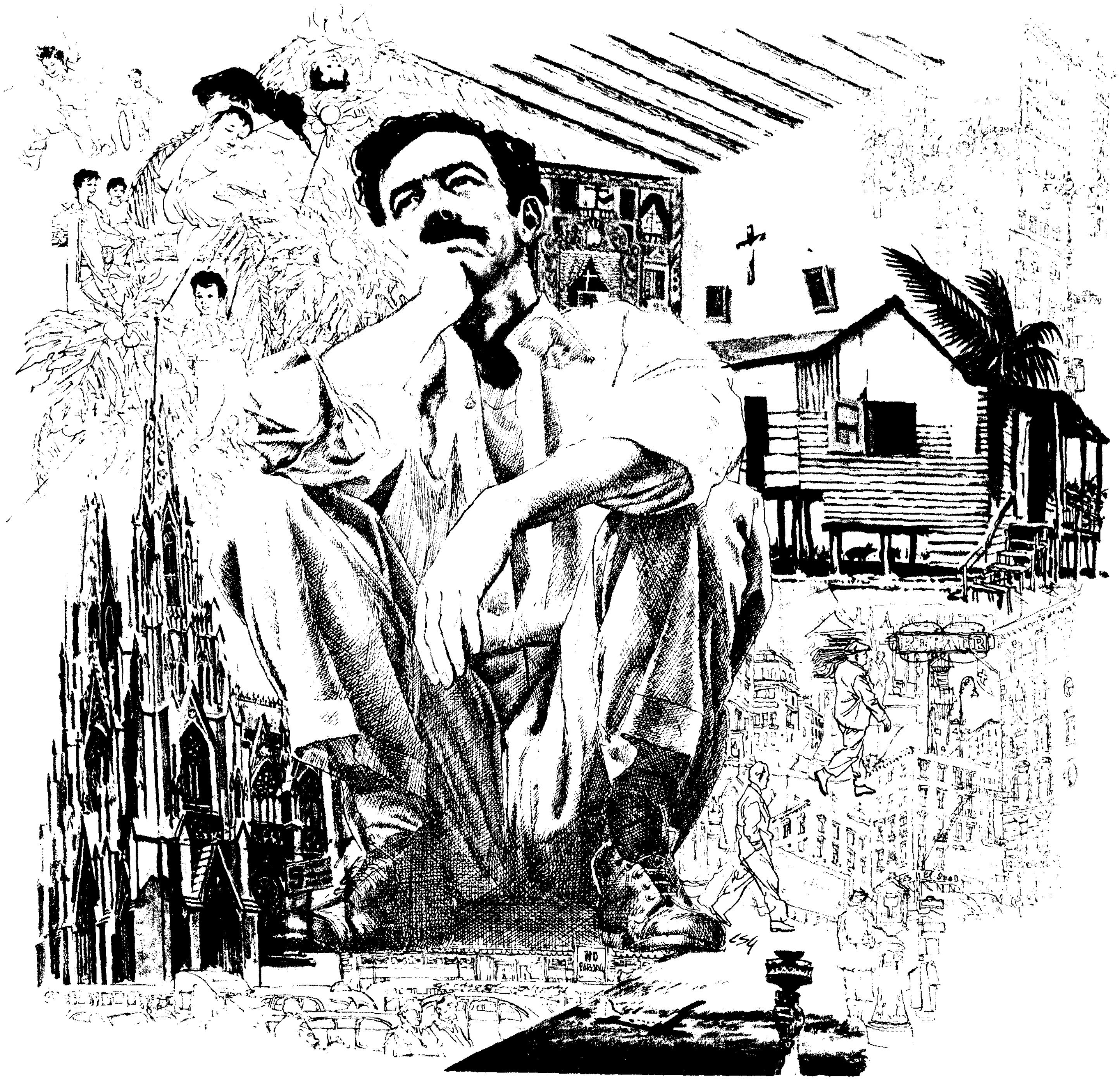

A Roof for San Patricio

By TERE RIOS

Carlos had set a high goal for himself, but he wasn't worried. Simple faith can sometimes move a mountain—or conquer a city like New York

IT IS difficult to explain the *jíbaros* to someone who has never met them, for they are silent, lonely men, and their only wealth is within them. They have lived in the back hills of Puerto Rico for more than 400 years and therefore have their own unwritten laws and customs. They like to laugh, to fight; they will bet on anything and they will keep their given word no matter what the cost.

Thus, when Carlos Madeira's wife presented him with his seventh son, Carlos was greatly pleased, for seventh sons of seventh sons are gifted with second sight, as everyone knows.

In his joy after each new son, Carlos had always granted his wife Maria one wish. These had ranged from buying her a new dress (after the first son) to agreeing to attend church with her (after the sixth).

But a seventh son demanded an even greater sacrifice. "Maria," Carlos said, "tell me what you want most in all the world, and I will see that you have it."

"A roof," said Maria. "I wish a roof for our church of San Patricio."

There was no change of expression on Carlos' lean, brown face, but he thought to himself that he would never understand this woman of his. For as long as he could remember there had been no roof on San Patricio. What did it matter if birds nested inside, if the congregation was doused with rain occasionally? But Carlos replied: "You shall have a roof. It will be for you and my seventh son."

He went to Padre Juan, told him of the promise and asked his help. The young padre shook his head sadly. "We are so poor," he said. "There is no money for a roof." But because he understood how it was when a *jíbaro* made a promise, the padre suggested they go see the bishop.

And so the following day, Carlos and the padre walked down from the high mountains to San Nicolás. They were ushered into the dim, cool office of the bishop. "Your Grace," the padre said, "in eighteen ninety-nine a hurricane wrecked the

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

I grew up alone . . .

The music of the world starts slowly. One by one the sounds of day greet you . . . welcome you . . . beg you to join them with a shout . . . a laugh. As they grow louder, they wrap around you and warm you . . .

Can anyone with perfect hearing ever understand the terrible loneliness of not hearing? You're "different". The world is shut off, so you shut it out. Other girls can whisper and tell secrets . . . but not to you. Music can make other feet tap . . . but not yours. A bell can ring and a gate can creak and water can drip . . . but not in your world.

I really can't remember the day people began to mumble and words faded into whispers. When you're in a hurry and busy, a missed word is soon forgotten. Now, I know hearing isn't lost all at once. Mine, I suppose, drifted away unnoticed until suddenly the silence was too loud to ignore. Mine was lost while my mother and father scolded me for not paying attention or accused me of day dreaming.

But as sound grew more muffled . . . as everyday noises disappeared one by one, I'd lie awake at night, cold with fear. It was like a nightmare!

Eventually, mother and dad knew. It was in their look . . . in the way they'd tense to speak to me.

But I had to grow up alone. I guess anyone, young or old, who has lost his hearing *must* grow up alone.

The day I "grew up", I rode in the bus to a hearing-aid dealer. I remember him telling me "Why fear something that can be solved so easily?" Then he showed me how! Hearing aids so small they can be worn under the lapel of a coat . . . unseen! Hearing aids as light as a lipstick!

I'd be wrong to tell you I didn't feel strange at first. I was so self-conscious for a few days, I slunk down the school halls. Was everyone talking about me and staring? No! They were talking *to* me . . . including me in! When you grow up, you discover silence isn't golden . . . hearing is.

This letter reflects the experiences of many thousands of progressive men and women. If you are hard of hearing, get professional advice without delay. There are competent physicians and highly trained hearing-aid dealers in your neighborhood, anxious and able to help you.

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church of San Patricio, a church that for centuries has glorified God."

"God and San Patricio," Carlos corrected.

"God alone we glorify," the padre said. "The saints we praise." He then explained to the bishop about Maria's wish and Carlos' promise.

"We need more schools and hospitals," the bishop said wearily. "There is not even enough money for those. I'm afraid San Patricio will have to wait. Perhaps in a few years . . ."

SO CARLOS and the padre left and started back for the hills. Carlos was thinking about the hurricane that had removed the roof, and he said shyly: "It was San Ciriaco. He was jealous of San Patricio."

"San Ciriaco did *not* take off the roof," Padre Juan said patiently. "It was the hurricane—which was named for San Ciriaco because it occurred on his day."

Carlos grinned. He had his own ideas about how the saints felt toward one another. "I shall seek elsewhere for the roof," he said.

"We must pray to San Patricio," the padre said. "Look what he did for the Irish."

"Who are the Irish?"

"They are from Ireland," the priest replied and told Carlos the story of Saint Patrick and of the devotion the Irish have for him, how they celebrate his day and wear his color. "I hear he is often in their thoughts and speech," he said.

"If he is so busy with the Irish," said Carlos, "perhaps he has no time for us. But if we had a roof—" His usually expressionless face wrinkled with a sudden thought. Surely if the Irish were so devoted to San Patricio, they would want his church to have a roof. "How far is Ireland?" he asked.

"Many hundreds of miles across the sea, but there are Irish all over the world." He then told about the famines and the migrations. "There are many Irish in South America, Australia, New York—everywhere."

"New York?" said Carlos.

"Yes, there are many Irish there. They have a most beautiful church for San Patricio."

"What do the Irish look like?" Carlos said.

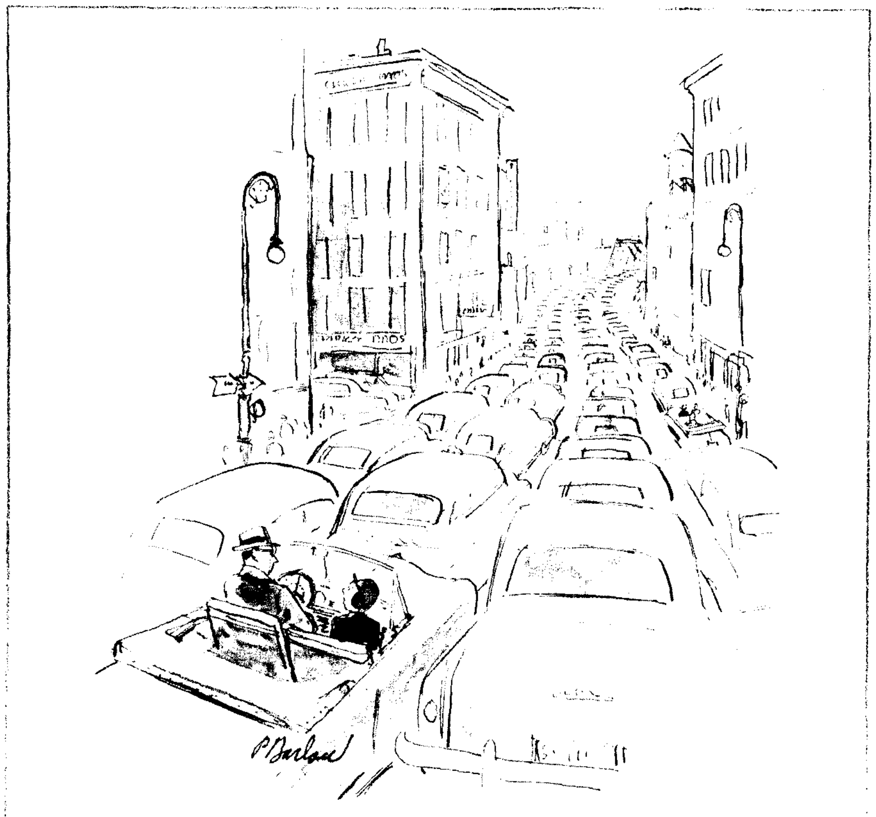
"I have seen some with red hair," Padre Juan said. "But they have many different faces and statures."

The two men soon left the level ground and started the climb upward, silent now for the way was steep. They passed through the tobacco fields, then came to the coffee line, and then arrived at Carlos' village—a few frame houses clustered around the old stone church of San Patricio.

Carlos went to look at the church before going home. It looked all right to him. The strong, hand-hewn beams still stretched across the nave, the thick liana twisted in and out of the machicolated windows, with small vines twining about the walls and upper parts of the altar. Why, Carlos wondered, should a church shut out the sun and sky? But he knelt and said a prayer to San Patricio. He asked for help in keeping his word.

Next he went across the plaza to the bench in front of La Sonrisa, where the card players and rum drinkers gathered at night. He greeted the others briefly, then stood against the wall in the shadows until he saw a *jíbaro* named Luis, whose brother had gone to New York.

"Luis," he said, "tell me of your brother in New York, how he got there."



COLLIER'S "One of these days, Daddy, will everybody get where he's going?" PERRY BARLOW

"In a ship carrying rum and bananas," Luis said.

"But that is expensive."

"Yes. He was lucky. His wife's brother has lived in New York for many years and sent them money. He is saving to send for me, but I will go by the airplane, which leaves every day from San Nicolás. But it is expensive—one hundred dollars."

Carlos was thoughtful when he returned to his house, where Maria and his seven sons awaited him. As he ate his meal of beans and rice, he kept thinking about the airplane, which he had seen many times but which he could not entirely believe carried people.

"Maria," he said suddenly, "I am going to New York. I am going to see the Irish about a roof for San Patricio." He told her what Padre Juan had said about the Irish.

"I wish you a most pleasant trip," Maria said.

AT THE first sign of light the next morning, Carlos patted each of his seven sons on the head, took his machete, said good-by to Maria, and walked rapidly down the mountains to the city. Once there, he inquired the way to the airport, reaching it in midmorning. He looked with awe at the airplanes and tried to imagine what it was like to fly to New York.

He had no idea what to do next. He had no plans. He knew he could never get the money for the plane trip, yet he was not disheartened. He would have found it hard to explain, but he felt that he had done all he could do. Here he was, willing to do anything, go anywhere, to fulfill his promise. If San Patricio really wanted a roof for the church, it was time *he* did something to help. So Carlos leaned against one of the buildings and waited.

Carlos dozed, but about an hour later he came abruptly awake when he heard someone calling his name. A group of people with suitcases were milling around in front of him and a stout, official-looking man in a rumpled white suit was shouting: "Carlos! Where is Carlos?"

"I am Carlos," Carlos said, stepping toward him.

"*You* are Carlos Rosas?"

"I am Carlos Madeira."

The fat man snorted and turned away. Carlos asked one of the people what was happening, and the man explained they were all going to New York in a group. Their relatives there had paid money to a society that helped Puerto Ricans to immigrate. Carlos was still pondering this when a small boy ran up with a message that Carlos Rosas had been injured in a bus accident and could not make the trip. "It is unfortunate," someone said, "for his way is already paid."

"Yes," said the fat man irritably, "and since the tickets were bought at a discount, the airline will not refund the money."

"It is sad," Carlos said, and crossed himself for his evil thoughts, "but I wish to go to New York. I will take Señor Rosas' place."

"Are you willing to refund the society eighty-five dollars?"

"Yes," Carlos said earnestly, "I am willing, even though I do not—"

He was pushed aside by a huge, blond American with a broken nose, who stood in front of the fat man and shouted: "Come on! We're late now."

"There are some difficulties," the fat man said.

"Tough!" said the American. "The other passengers are already on the plane. He herded the group toward the plane ignoring the fat man's protests. Carlos clambered up with the rest. Another blond American made him toss his machete out, but Carlos didn't argue; nor did he say anything when he was squeezed down alongside another man on the benchlike seat that ran along the side of the plane. The outer door had been slammed shut and he could see little. The motors roared into life and he shut his eyes, not even opening them when someone buckled him in with the man next to him.

What happened next was confusing, for the plane bounced, the motors roared, and then it stopped bouncing.

then started again. And all at once Carlos had a sensation like rocking in a hammock. The man next to him took off the belt and Carlos opened his eyes. He stared in amazement, for the man was an American with gray eyes and—Carlos could hardly believe it—red hair. The man smiled at him and said in good Spanish: "Your first trip?" Carlos nodded. "You'll get used to it," the man said.

"You have traveled by airplane before?" Carlos said politely.

"Lot of times," the American replied, "but never before on one of these nonscheduled flights."

CARLOS nodded politely, though he had no idea what the red-haired man was talking about. His thoughts were elsewhere. "Have you ever been to Ireland?" he asked slyly.

"Sure," the man said. "I go there every year to buy linens." He explained that he was a dealer in fine linens and embroidery and had just been to the convents of San Nicolás to purchase their work.

"I am going to New York to get a roof for our church," Carlos said. The American looked startled, which Carlos interpreted as interest, and he told about Maria, his seven sons and his promise. The American asked where he was to get the money, and Carlos told about the Irish and San Patricio, though certainly it was not necessary to tell this red-haired one.

Before he could say more, he was interrupted by the fat man, who demanded his fare.

"I have no money," Carlos said, "but I promise to pay you in New York." The fat man was angry but there was little he could do, so he gave Carlos a card with the amount written on the back. Carlos put it in his pocket and then, feeling tired from all the excitement, he settled down on the floor and went to sleep.

When he awoke some hours later he was very hungry and took food offered him by some of the other passengers, who had thoughtfully brought along baskets of chicken and beans and rice. For a long time he stared out the tiny windows at the sea. The red-haired man was reading a book when Carlos looked around, so Carlos, not wanting to interrupt him, dozed off again. . . .

This time when he awoke, it was to find himself being strapped down again. The plane landed, the door opened. The red-haired American was among the first to leave, but as he passed Carlos he shook hands, wished him good luck, and then impulsively handed him a card.

"If you have trouble," he said, "look me up." He slipped a five-dollar bill into Carlos' shirt pocket. "For the roof," he said, and was gone.

Carlos looked at the card. It said:

Linens . . . Embroidery
A. Weintraub
14 W. 32d Street
New York City

Carlos shivered suddenly and realized it had grown colder, but it wasn't until he stepped outside that the freezing air hit him like a physical blow. Never had he imagined such cold, for his teeth chattered and his skin seemed to shrink. He ran after the others to a long, low shed. He asked someone which way New York was: the man waved an arm in the general direction, and Carlos started off on foot. The wind cut through his thin shirt but he kept on, walking beside a broad, lighted highway with cars swooshing by. It was very confusing but he began to feel warmer, and when he stumbled and fell to the ground a half hour later, it felt so pleasant he decided to rest a while.

It was there that two policemen found him a few minutes later. A motorist had called in that a drunk was wandering along the highway.

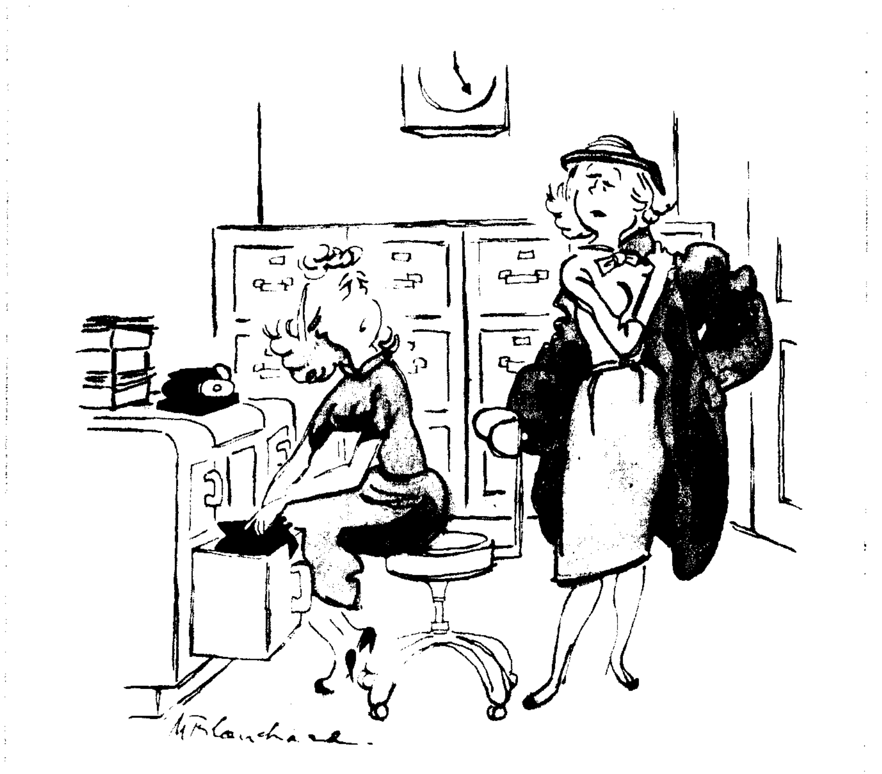
"He's not loaded," one policeman said. "The guy's freezing to death."

Carlos was aware that he was in a warm car, speeding along. He struggled to sit up. One policeman said: *"Habla español?"* and Carlos nodded and let loose a torrent of Spanish.

"Well, I don't," the policeman said. "Just arrived," he said to the other policeman.

"It's funny," the second policeman said, "but this is just what happened to my grandfather when he got here. Just off the boat, and some wise guy hooked his money belt."

At the station house the policemen



COLLIER'S

"It's been an *awfully* long day . . . I got in on time"

MARTHA BLANCHARD

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The *cartridge-filled* fountain pen

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gave Carlos some coffee, and then let him sit for a long time before another policeman came who could speak Spanish. He talked with Carlos a while, then took him by car to a settlement house in Spanish Harlem, where he was turned over to a young social worker who got him food and warm clothes and a cot. It was all very strange, too strange to think about, so Carlos went to sleep instead.

A few hours later he was taken before another social worker, Mrs. Ortiz, who said she would help him get a job if he could tell her what he could do.

"I can do the work of two men cutting cane," said Carlos, "though I lost my machete." Mrs. Ortiz explained that there was no work of that sort in New York. "It is all right," Carlos said. "I only came to see the Irish anyway." This opened up a conversation that left Mrs. Ortiz somewhat confused, so she went to her superior, Mrs. Ramirez. This woman was so busy, however, that she could not talk with Carlos until late in the afternoon. Carlos said he would be back, and then went outside and asked the first person he met where he could find the magnificent Cathedral of San Patricio. And thus, after a time, he found himself on a Fifth Avenue bus.

BEFORE long he was there before the Cathedral, gaping up at the towering spires, the beautiful doors. He went inside. What a wonderful roof it had! He knelt and said a prayer.

He looked around some more, admiring everything, and when a priest walked by, Carlos hurried alongside him and spoke to him in Spanish. The priest smiled and shook his head, and took Carlos to the house where the priests stayed. There they found a priest who spoke Spanish, and Carlos quickly explained why he had come.

"It is most commendable for you to journey so far for such a purpose," the priest said. "But since your church is in the diocese of the Cathedral of San Nicolás, it will be necessary to write there to confirm that your mission is sanctioned."

"It will take long," Carlos said, "and it has already been many years since San Ciriaco in his jealousy wrecked our church of San Patricio."

The priest did not understand the custom of naming hurricanes for saints. He said he was sure there was a misunderstanding, that San Ciriaco would do no such thing as that.

"Anyway," the priest went on, "I shall have to write to San Nicolás. And even if it is all right, there will be many problems about raising the money. Come back in a week. We should have an answer by then."

On the streets again, Carlos realized he didn't know how to get back to the settlement house. He slept that night in a subway, the following night too. During the day, he walked about the great city asking about work. He found no work. He ate wherever he could, spending some of his little hoard on bread. Twice he was almost run over by taxis, and several times policemen came up to him as he stood in doorways and said something that he assumed meant he should go away.

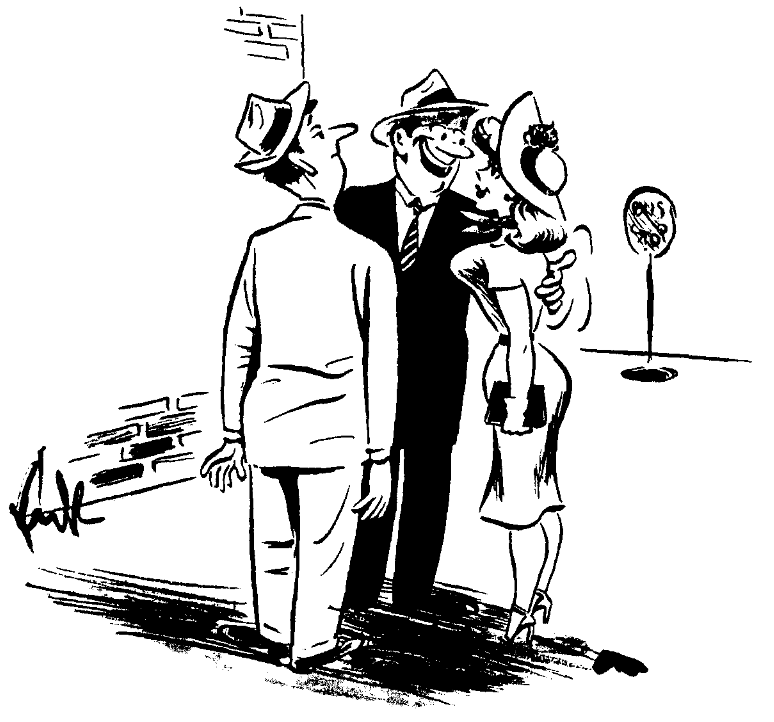
After three days he went back to see the priest, but there was no word yet. The priest looked concerned. "You have a place to stay, don't you?" he said. Carlos nodded—he had the subways. "And you are eating?"

"Yes," said Carlos, "I am well." Carlos wanted work very badly, for it was not good for a man not to work, but he did not feel he should bother the padre about his troubles. It wasn't until he had wandered around most of that day that he remembered the card in his pocket, the card of the red-haired Irishman, his friend on the plane. He showed the card to a policeman, who said something in English and pointed downtown. . . .

By showing the card often enough, Carlos progressed from policeman to policeman, until he at last arrived at Señor Weintraub's place of business. It was in an old building with a cage that lifted one from floor to floor. Carlos didn't quite trust it, even though the man operating it was Puerto Rican and very helpful.

Señor Weintraub shook hands and asked how his mission was progressing. "There are complications of letters to write," Carlos said with a shrug.

"It will not be easy," his friend replied. He took a wallet from his pocket, got out a ten-dollar bill and handed it to Carlos. "To help in building the roof," he said.



"I just can't get over how well you look, Timmy, old boy!"

COLLIER'S KIRK

"I do not come begging," Carlos said, waving it away. "I will work."

"I can't use you here," Weintraub said. "You do not speak English. Can you read and write Spanish?"

"No," said Carlos, "but I speak it well." His little gnome face suddenly brightened. "I will mind your children," he said. Carlos was not a talking man but now he talked: "San Patricio saw to it that I met you," he said. "Padre Juan told me how the Irish have such great devotion for San Patricio, and as soon as I saw your red hair I knew you were Irish and would help me."

"But I'm not—" Mr. Weintraub was stopped by the intent look on Carlos' face. The telephone rang and he picked it up. "Later," he said, and put the receiver back.

Carlos sensed a change in his friend and pressed his advantage. "I have seven sons," he said. "I could care for your children. I could teach them much they might not otherwise learn."

"You know," Señor Weintraub said, "I think you could."

Carlos sat in the chair while his friend made many telephone calls. By the time he was finished it was dark outside. Señor Weintraub took Carlos to the subway with him, and after a short ride they got out and went to Señor Weintraub's apartment.

A pretty woman opened the door and she was introduced to Carlos as Señora Weintraub. Two small boys peeked at him from around a door. He smiled at them as his friend talked rapidly to Señora Weintraub. She did not look friendly as she sat in a big chair, tapping her fingers nervously. "He looks like a bandit," she said.

"What did she say?" Carlos asked.

"She said you have an honest face."

"Remind her of my seven sons," Carlos said.

"Al," Mrs. Weintraub was saying, "why did you get mixed up in this?"

"He has so much faith," her husband said earnestly. "You see so little of it these days—I just can't let him be disillusioned."

"But, Al, it's an impossible idea."

"Honey," Mr. Weintraub said, "I thought so too at first, but look at it this way: I do business in Puerto Rico, right? Lots of people we know do, right? Our sons are learning Spanish, and perhaps will go into the business, right? The more practice they have and the more they know about Puerto Rico and its people, the better, right?"

"Stop saying 'right' all the time," his wife said. This was a good sign.

The two boys had grown bolder and had sidled into the room. Carlos, accustomed to the sun-gilded children at home, felt pity at their pale faces. Suddenly he snapped his finger four times in a row to make a sound like a running horse. The boys' eyes brightened and they came across the room to stand shyly beside Carlos, who grinned at them.

"Do it slower," one boy said.

"Mas despacio, por favor," said Señor Weintraub. Carlos slowed the horse to a trot, then to a clip-clopping walk. As the man and woman looked at each other over his head, Carlos made the sounds of a duck, a rooster, a burro, and the sound of a train echoing in the hills.

"You can't learn everything from books," Al Weintraub said. "He can't read or write, but he knows a lot we'll never know."

"All right," his wife said, and then she smiled. "I can't hold out against you *and* St. Patrick." . . .

It was a familiar sight in Central Park last year to see a small, brown man, gnarled like a stunted live oak, who herded a boisterous group of boys through the zoo and playgrounds. They called him Uncle Carlos, and each day he left his furnished room and went from apartment to apartment until he had collected all fourteen boys. He was not much bigger than his charges, but his long arms could snatch them back from danger and his back never weakened when the younger ones tired and needed to be carried home. No matter how fast they ran or how strenuous the game, Uncle Carlos could outlast them all.

Small boys in New York learned to sing the songs of the *jíbaro* children. Uncle Carlos made them toy machetes; he taught them to carve animals and birds and faces in wood; he told them about lizards who let go their tail when you catch them; and they learned to make music from a hollowed gourd. And his stories were so wonderful not one of the children ever pleaded to go home and watch television.

The mothers never worried about their sons when they were with Carlos. All of the parents tried to pay him, but Carlos would take nothing for himself beyond his bare living expenses; what money he accepted went into his fund to build a roof for San Patricio. It was Señor Weintraub who took up a collection to pay for Carlos' trip up in the airplane.

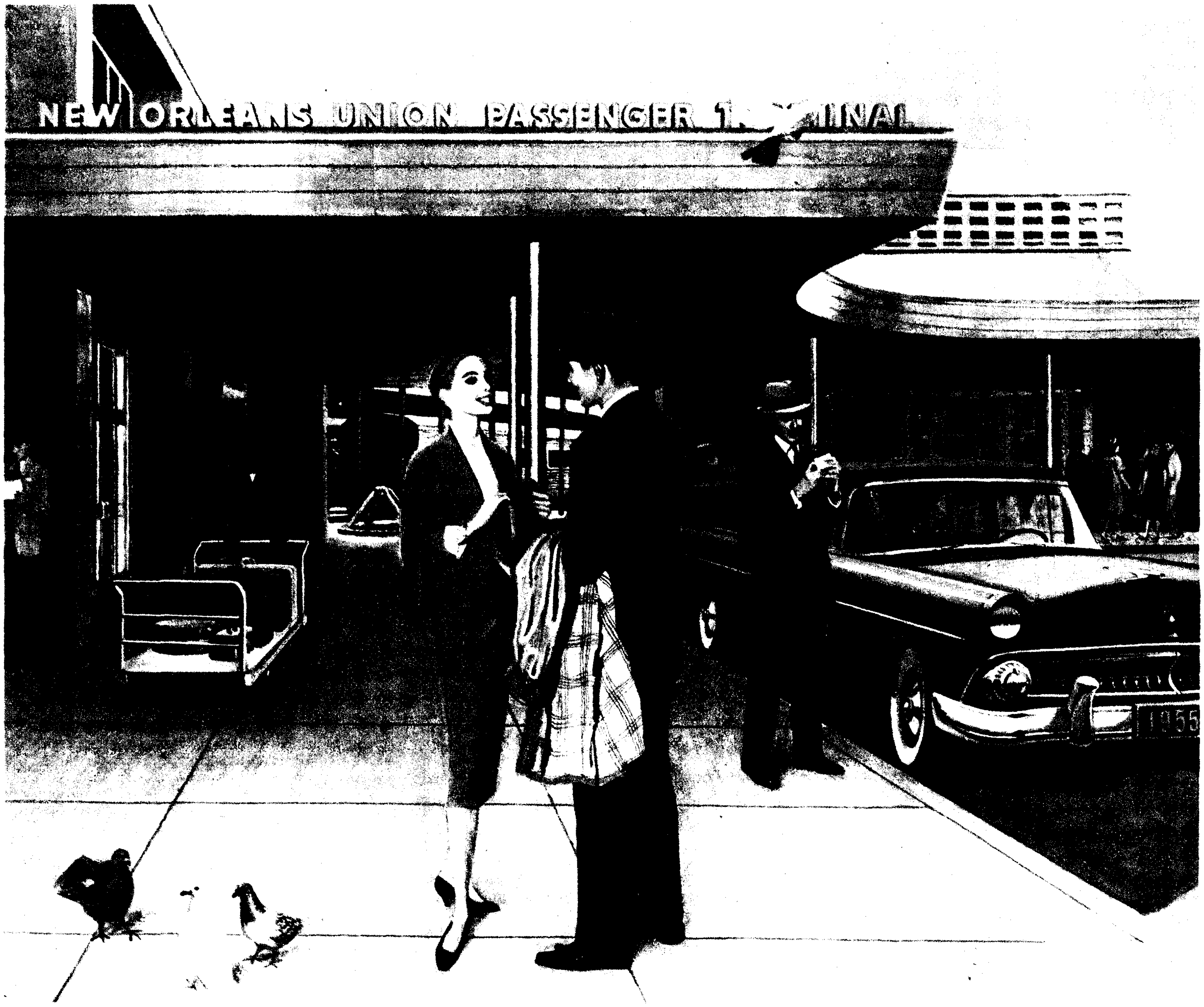
And suddenly the year was up. At last he was going home—this time on a ship, for Carlos wanted no more of flying. Señor Weintraub and all fourteen boys went to see him off. There was round after round of *hasta luegos* and promises to meet again. Then the whistle blew and the ship moved away and Carlos stood at the rail, watching his friends grow smaller.

CARLOS felt sad but triumphant, for in his pocket was not only money for the roof but enough for stained-glass windows, donated by his Irish friends of New York. He pulled out the sheet of paper with the names he planned to have inscribed on the six windows of the saints:

San Isidro: Isadore Aaronson
(He was in cotton goods, Carlos recalled)
San Pablo: George Wilson
(He imported Puerto Rican rum)
San Mateo: Edward Murphy
(He was Señor Weintraub's assistant)
San Arturo: Paul DuBois
(He had something to do with bananas)
San José: Joseph Caruso
(He made cigars from Puerto Rican tobacco)
San Luis Obispo: Alfred Johnson
(His company bought Puerto Rican coffee)

Padre Juan had been right, Carlos thought. The Irish had a devotion to San Patricio that was deep and true. It was not the affair of these people in New York that San Patricio had no roof—they had their own troubles, he could see that now. Yet here he had the money for the roof *and* the windows. Maria would be made glad.

With warm pleasure, Carlos looked once more at the last notation on his paper, which was the contribution of Señor Weintraub for a window over the altar, to be dedicated to San Ciriaco. That had been Carlos' idea. Truly, there was no sense in taking chances with *this* roof. —TERE RIOS


NEW ORLEANS UNION PASSENGER T... MINAL
1955

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"THIS IS A RAID!"

These words—repeated hundreds of times—are working a miracle in Louisiana. In 1951 the Kefauver Committee called the state one of the most corrupt and crime-ridden in the Union. Today it is setting an example for the rest of the United States. Here's the inspiring story of what happened when a World War II hero turned policeman and took on the racketeers

By BILL DAVIDSON and CHARLES HINCH

ON THE second anniversary of the Kefauver Committee's disclosure that Louisiana was one of the most crime-ridden states in the Union, a handsome, stocky man in an expensive-looking gray suit strode into an illegal gambling casino near New Orleans. He stood at the dice table watching the action for about 15 minutes. Then someone passed him the dice. "Would you like to roll?" he was asked. "Sure," said the man in the gray suit. He picked up the dice shaker, gave it a professional twirl and dumped the contents on the green-baize table. The audience gasped, for out tumbled not dice—but the badge of the superintendent of state police.

The man in the gray suit grinned. "This is a raid," he announced.

Almost immediately a half-dozen state policemen in plain clothes appeared as if from nowhere. Within minutes, the gambling casino had been closed—like nearly a hundred others uncovered in Louisiana by the Kefauver investigation.

Does this episode seem like a bit from a Western movie—the kind in which Gary Cooper plays a fearless marshal who singlehandedly cleans up sin in a frontier town? In a way it was. The man in the gray suit was Colonel Francis C. Grevemberg, a superintendent of state police so relentless in his one-man war against crime in his home state that a powerful church organization, the Louisiana Moral and Civic Foundation, recently called him "the J. Edgar Hoover of the South."

To Senator Estes Kefauver, Grevemberg is the answer to a crime investigator's prayer. The senator told us, "Whenever anyone asks me what our investigations accomplished, I like to point to Louisiana as an example of what can be done. After our disclosures shocked the state, a newly elected state administration decided to find an honest, efficient man to head the state police, and it was fortunate enough to come up with Colonel Grevemberg, a war hero who had had no previous experience in police work. It is difficult to believe that he has accomplished so much in two and a half years. From being one of the most discouraging states, Louisiana has become one of the most encouraging. And much of the remarkable improvement is attributed to this one man."

The improvement in Louisiana is indeed remarkable. The Kefauver hearings revealed the existence of lavish gambling casinos—like the Club Forest, O'Dwyer's and the Club 118—running wide-open within easy taxi range of New Orleans. Today, Club Forest is Harold's Cafeteria, O'Dwyer's is a lodge hall for the Loyal Order of Moose, and Club 118 is an abandoned hulk with its parking lot overgrown with weeds. In 1950, Kefauver's investigators found a slot-machine empire dominated by the notorious partnership of Frank Costello and Dandy Phil Kastel; their one-armed bandits operated without molestation even in grocery stores and bars. Today, not a single slot machine can be found running openly, and more than 5,500 of them have been smashed into scrap by Grevemberg's troopers. Bookie parlors, lottery companies, narcotics rings, white-slave rackets all flourished in the traditionally corrupt Louisiana atmosphere. Today, you need an underworld guide to find any of these caterers to assorted human lusts.

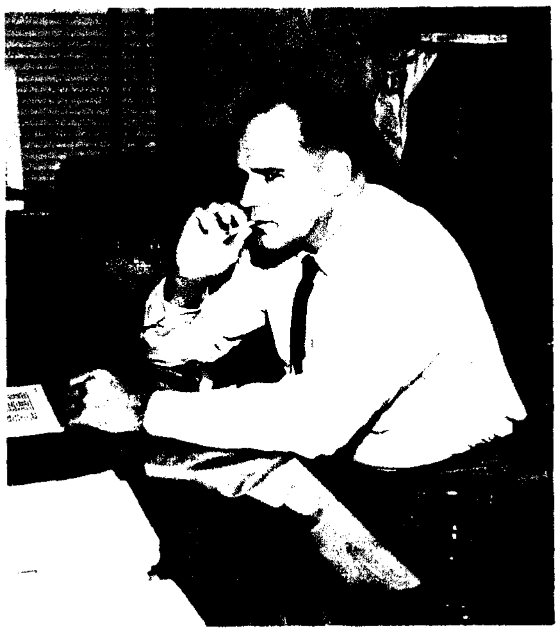
It would be unrealistic to say that all vice has been wiped out in Louisiana, but as one local sport observed, "The colonel sure has driven them into the holes." The process of attrition is evident everywhere. A New Orleans taxi driver complained that whereas he used to make six or seven lucrative calls to gambling houses each week, "that so-and-so Grevemberg has wrecked the joints so that now I don't make scratch." With a commendable display of candor, a total of 315 former gamblers recently applied for unemployment compensation at the office of Joseph Macaluso, manager of the New Orleans area office of the State Employment Service.

"The Boys" Find a Haven in Nevada

Other gamblers have conceded defeat to Grevemberg and moved out of the state altogether. Many have followed the lead of Joe W. Brown, who closed his Jai-Alai Club in Louisiana's St. Bernard Parish and transferred activities to Las Vegas, Nevada, where he now operates a plush games-of-chance establishment called the Horseshoe Club. Bill Keefe, sports editor of the New Orleans Times-Picayune, reports, "Grevemberg has chased so many of the boys to Nevada that Las Vegas is becoming known as 'Little Louisiana.' "

To the racketeers who chose to remain, Grevemberg is an enigma. In all the years of their more convivial relationships with the police, they have never come across anyone quite like him. "Cops we can deal with," they lament, "but this guy's a ———*citizen.*"

Certainly there are few major police officials like Grevemberg. The forty-year-old colonel is a descendant of French-Alsatian settlers (hence his Germanic-sounding name) who arrived in Louisiana in 1740. He speaks, however, with the precise accents of a Midwestern college professor, and he is equally at home discussing Louisiana agriculture and the Italian Renaissance. He has the build of a football halfback and, with his curly black hair and regular features, might be mistaken for a movie actor, yet he is an accomplished chess player and indulges in other intellectual pursuits. As an artist, he has sold more than 200 paintings of New Orleans' French Quarter—and he still designs all the traffic safety posters and leaflets distributed by the state police. He has been a high military planner, a business executive, an investment broker, and he didn't even dream of being a cop until the superintendent's job was offered him in 1952. As a re-



WILFRED L. D'AQUIN

Colonel Francis C. Grevemberg runs Louisiana state police force as he would Army regiment

TIMES-PICAYUNE

Louisiana state police plain-clothes raiders prepare to smash doors of suspected gambling place with "Big Bertha" battering ram

sult of this varied background, he has developed unorthodox police methods that befuddle the underworld—*and* Louisiana's politicians.

Not long ago, for example, a third-floor dice-and-roulette emporium flourished over a cocktail lounge across the street from one of New Orleans' biggest downtown hotels. It was run by associates of the old Costello-Kastel mob without apparent interference from the New Orleans police. When the New Orleans Times-Picayune questioned Police Chief Joseph L. Scheuering about the establishment's seeming immunity, the chief replied he had often sent detectives to investigate, but the place was so heavily guarded that "by the time my men got through three doors to the third floor, there was no evidence of gambling of any kind."

Two nights after Scheuering's comment, Grevemberg went to the cocktail lounge wearing eyeglasses and a false mustache. Unrecognized, he sipped a drink in the second-floor bar and made note of the layout. Next, he combed the files of his 300-odd state policemen and found a trooper who once had worked for a gambling establishment. The next day, this trooper applied at the gaming place for a job. He was sent to work as a "hustler" in the lobby of a nearby hotel. His job was to round up out-of-town suckers and induce them out for an evening of fun and games.

A few nights later, two nattily dressed men drove up to the hotel in an expensive car. They tipped the doorman lavishly, commenting that their dairy business in north Louisiana was booming. Then they bounced into the lobby, dispensing large tips to the bellhops and purchasing dollar cigars at the newsstand. Every hustler in the lobby converged on them—but Grevemberg's trooper got there first. After they checked in, he escorted them across the street.

The fake hustler and his "suckers" walked past two outside lookout men, nodded to a third lookout stationed in the window of the cocktail lounge, and then entered the bar. They walked up a flight of stairs, and a guard let them through a bolted steel door. A hallway led to a second flight of stairs, at the top of which was another guard controlling another steel door opening on the gambling room itself. The "hustler" and his charges exchanged pleasantries with the guard, who opened the second door.

At that precise moment, two groups of men approached the cocktail lounge from different directions and entered it simultaneously. Grevemberg was at the head of one group. The men sprinted up the stairs to the first steel door, just as it was being opened from the inside by one of the "suckers." At the top of the second flight of stairs, the second door was being held open by the other "sucker" while the astonished guard was pinned to the wall by the "hustler."

Grevemberg and eight state policemen (including "hustler" and "suckers") were inside the gambling den before the dice could be scooped off the table. (Three of the people arrested in the raid subsequently pleaded guilty to charges of operating or assisting in the operation of an illegal gambling establishment and were fined $100 each.)

The newspapers reported that the raid was carried out so quietly not even taxi starters at the hotel entrance or city policemen on the beat were aware it was in progress. Grevemberg had worked out the timing to the split second, even pacing off the distance from the rendezvous points to the entrance to the cocktail lounge, and picking the precise moment when he knew the bartender would be at the far end of the bar—away from an alarm buzzer.

That's how Grevemberg works. As one of his deputies, Major Thomas Burbank, puts it, "Other cops go by the book. He doesn't have any book." To former FBI agent Aaron Kohn, managing director of the Metropolitan Crime Commission of New

Six days after becoming state police chief, Grevemberg ordered all gamblin

Orleans, the most intriguing aspect of Grevemberg's tactics is his military-type planning. “One of Grevemberg's most valuable assets—in addition to his honesty, sincerity and aggressiveness—is that he fights his war against the racketeers exactly as if he were leading a regiment in combat,” Kohn says. “He has his own intelligence corps, infantry, reserve forces, a quartermaster corps, a signal corps, even an air force of three small planes. He draws battle maps, and each man has a specific job on a raid—just like an infantry combat team assaulting a pillbox.”

To continue the military analogy, Grevemberg's enemies try to retaliate with war techniques. He is cordially hated, for example, by some sheriffs and deputy sheriffs in various parts of the state whom he has exposed as associates of gangsters. Often they jam his radios or employ psychological warfare against him. A favorite trick is to break in on his wave lengths with the theme music from the TV show Dragnet, after which someone will intone, “The colonel rides again!” and give a hearty Bronx cheer.

War Record Was Spectacular

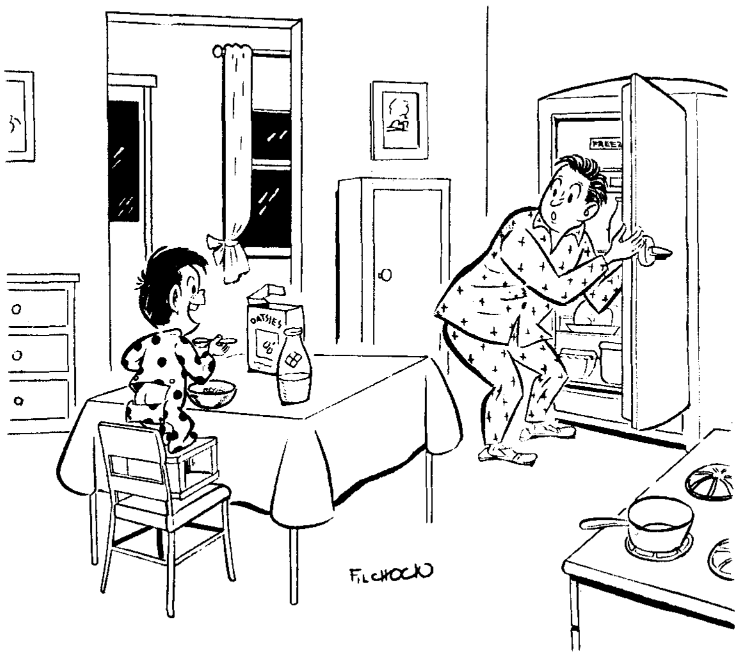
Grevemberg's military training probably has been the biggest single influence in his success. He had joined the National Guard as a private when he was eighteen years old (he attended New Orleans Catholic schools, studied art and went to Loyola University at night while working for a credit company), and by the time World War II broke out, he was a second lieutenant in the 105th Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion. His rise thereafter was spectacular, even by wartime standards. He got the Soldier's Medal for saving two drowning GIs in the icy waters of Chesapeake Bay and went overseas as a captain commanding an antiaircraft battery in the famed 1st Division. He fought through Tunisia and the D-day landings in Sicily, where he got a battlefield promotion to major. In the maelstrom of the Anzio beachhead, he received the Legion of Merit and (although only twenty-nine) another battlefield promotion to lieutenant colonel. He also served in southern France.

When the war ended, Grevemberg returned to civilian life as an investment and real-estate broker in his native New Orleans, but he remained active in the National Guard and became a full colonel in 1951. Like most respectable Louisianans, he was shocked at the Kefauver Committee's revelations, but he had no idea they would affect his own career.

Then came the elections of 1952. Robert Kennon was elected governor of Louisiana, and one of his first problems was to find a superintendent of state police with no possible taint of corruption. He turned for advice to his executive counsel, Wilburn V. Lunn, an ex-Army colonel who had served in the same outfit with Grevemberg at Anzio and in southern France. In a burst of sentiment, Lunn phoned Grevemberg and offered him the job. It took Lunn several minutes to convince him that he wasn't joking. Grevemberg couldn't believe the offer was genuine because the job always had been a political plum—and he had had no experience in politics, let alone police work. He reflected on the financial sacrifice the post would entail, but then he thought of the filth turned up by the Kefauver Committee—and he said yes.

That's when the egg hit the fan. Most Louisiana political experts expected the inexperienced war hero to serve his term in quiet anonymity—a figurehead who could not be assailed because of his military record. But it didn't take Grevemberg long to dissipate such theories.

On May 19, 1952, six days after he took office, he ordered all gambling closed down in Louisiana on the grounds that it is the box office which finances most other criminal activity. He let the significance of the order sink in for a while. Then, without further warning, he attacked.



COLLIER'S “I'm eating my breakfast now so I won't have to get up so early” MARTIN FILCHOCK

The attack was carried out in terms of military phases. Phase one was a series of more than 300 raids to close down the gambling casinos and bookie parlors. The offensive opened against the College Inn, near New Orleans, where Grevemberg found 250 people at the gaming tables. Next, he made a night flight to Shreveport and pulled five surprise raids on gambling houses in Bossier Parish. During one raid, a man approached him and said, “If you release these people, I'll drive up here with a 2½-ton truck full of money for you.”

Constantly shifting the focus of his attack, Grevemberg next struck in the heart of New Orleans. This time, as his trooper-infantry penetrated the Top Hat Club, he discovered that among the alleged proprietors was a New Orleans policeman named William Pettingill. The policeman was indicted by a grand jury on a charge of assisting in the operation of an illegal gambling establishment and, as this is written, is awaiting trial. He was suspended by the New Orleans police—for 30 days.

Since gamblers have been difficult to convict in Louisiana, Grevemberg's policy was to “raid, raid, raid.” He hit some casinos as many as six times, until, by a process of attrition, customers became fearful of patronizing them. He used different military strategy on each raid, though the basic pattern essentially was the same. First he sent his plain-clothes men (his intelligence corps) into the place to note the location of every exit and key target. Then he rendezvoused with his men at some secret hideaway near the casino and briefed them, using a blackboard to diagram the plan of attack. Each man was given a specific objective—a dicetable operator, the gambling house's books and so on. Major Richard Cotter, a Grevemberg pilot who flew with the British in World War II, says, “The Commandos never did better.”

The gamblers threw up all sorts of defenses against the raids, but, like a good general, Grevemberg always had an unexpected offensive weapon for new situations. In May, 1953, for example, he raided a casino in the private home of Edward L. O'Dwyer, a son of the proprietor of the notorious O'Dwyer's of the Costello-Kastel period. A two-inch oak door, barred by five locks, delayed the police just long enough for the operators to lose themselves in the crowd of 200 patrons.

A few months later, Grevemberg's intelligence operatives informed him that the casino was open for business again—and that the huge oak door had been reinforced with a steel frame. Grevemberg's first reaction was, “This calls for artillery,” but he reminded himself that the use of high explosives might be considered extreme. He pondered the problem, and one night while watching medieval battering rams at work in a movie called Knights of the Round Table he got an idea. He called in his supply sergeant and they sawed off a six-foot length of a foot-thick telephone pole. They affixed four handles to the weapon, and troopers promptly christened it Big Bertha.

That night, Big Bertha was placed in the rear of a station wagon and covered with a blanket. Grevemberg then selected four 200-pounders from among his troopers. Two of the plain-clothes officers lay under the blanket alongside Big Bertha; the other two rode in the front seat. At the hour fixed for the raid, the shiny new station wagon (a duplicate of a car owned by a wealthy patron of the casino) pulled up under the gambling-house marquee. The two troopers on the front seat leaped out and ran around to the rear of the car. Simultaneously, the other two “artillerymen” threw off the blanket, and all four huskies grasped the 250-pound weapon by its handles.

Before the startled guards knew what was happening, the troopers had swung Big Bertha against the door. Only one blow was needed. The heavy, steel-reinforced door flew open as if it had been dynamited, and Grevemberg's “infantry” appeared from nowhere to pour into the breach. Edward L. O'Dwyer was not in the house at the time, but his brothers, Rudy and George, Jr., were arrested on a charge of operating an illegal gambling establishment. Although the brothers were found not guilty at their trial, the main purpose of the raid was accomplished: the casino is now out of business.

Ever since the raid on the O'Dwyer house, Big Bertha and a smaller 100-pound version called Little Bertha have been important weapons in Grevemberg's arsenal. It was not long before they helped bring phase one of the new superintendent's campaign to a successful conclusion. Only a few casinos and handbooks continued to operate, and they ran on a hazardous underground basis.

Phase two was aimed at slot machines and at church and charity bingo games. The bingo battle was comparatively easy. On July 25, 1953, Grevemberg gave the sponsors until August 31st to close down their gambling activities, on the grounds that the games were illegal under the state law, no matter how worthy their purpose.

A howl of anguish went up from church groups, veterans' posts and other organizations benefiting from the games. Ugly anti-Catholic charges were hurled at Grevemberg (himself a Catholic), since Catholic churches traditionally used bingo to raise funds. But the outcry died down after the Most Rev. Joseph F. Rummel, archbishop of New Orleans, released a statement to the press calling attention to a pastoral letter he had issued the previous spring. It directed that “the use of games of chance be absolutely discontinued as a means of raising funds for the benefit of our parishes, schools, charitable and other institutions.”

A Deadline for Slot Machines

Not quite so bloodless was the slot-machine battle of phase two. Slot machines were introduced into the state by the thousands during the Huey Long-Frank Costello period, and they were as much a part of the Louisiana scene as oysters Rockefeller and the Mardi gras. They were banned by law, but the state had given them a sort of cloak of legality by imposing a tax of $100 per machine. So, although he declared war on the slot machines July 25, 1953, Grevemberg gave owners until September 18th to get rid of them. Then the carnage began.

This time the colonel used his troopers as combat engineers. Armed with 16-pound sledge hammers and supported by four-ton bulldozers, the troopers fanned out through the state, smashing and crushing slot machines in hundreds of predetermined locations. They found the one-armed bandits hidden in barns, warehouses, trucks—even in woods. The outraged slot-machine owners appealed to the courts, but State Police Attorney Elvin Ponder won the state Supreme Court's sanction for Grevemberg's campaign of destruction.

Because of the known friendship between slot-machine interests and certain local officials, Grevemberg told his troopers, "Don't even bother to make arrests. Just smash the machines." And smash they did. It had been estimated before the battle that there were about 4,000 slot machines in the state; Grevemberg's "engineers" found and destroyed more than 5,500.

Sheriff Disarms State Troopers

This savage assault on a Louisiana tradition led to some interesting altercations. In Port Sulphur, Sheriff Chester A. Wooton had 10 deputies disarm two of Grevemberg's plain-clothes troopers who had discovered six slot machines in a saloon. Wooton then whisked the machines to the local courthouse for safekeeping. (Sheriff Wooton later called the disarming incident "a big joke." He said he took custody of the slot machines to prevent their destruction before "the courts" determined their disposition.)

On another occasion, State Senator Horace Wilkinson III accosted Grevemberg on the floor of the Senate. The powerful, 260-pound Wilkinson berated Grevemberg for his antislot-machine campaign, and then threw a right-hand haymaker at the colonel's chin. Grevemberg, a solidly built 204 pounds, blocked the punch expertly with his left, and other senators separated the contestants. Wilkinson not long before had signed a Senate resolution commending the colonel for his conscientiousness and honesty.

To commemorate this clash, the newspapermen at the state Capitol included a scene in their annual Gridiron Show ribbing Grevemberg for his zeal. The newsmen borrowed two slot machines to use as props in the skit. Grevemberg watched the skit with good-natured amusement; when the show was over, he confiscated the machines and smashed them.

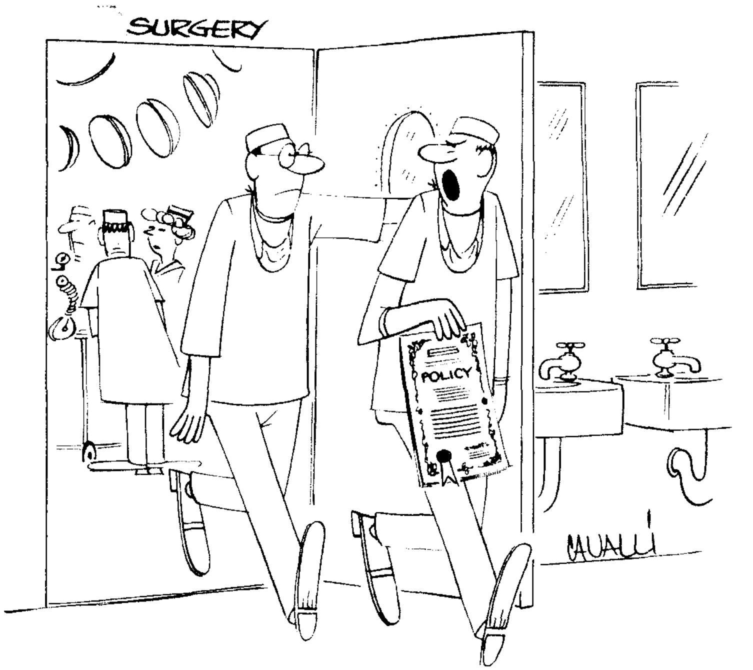
Phase three of Grevemberg's campaign—raids against lottery companies—began in November, 1953. This phase was not too difficult because the lottery promoters, with their ponderous files and equipment (much of it hidden in abandoned gambling casinos), were like sitting ducks for Grevemberg's by now skilled marksmen.

But phase four—against pinball machines—was a different matter. It began in July, 1954, and it required all the ingenuity of Grevemberg's intelligence corps. The problem was that pinball machines are legal in Louisiana—unless the owners are caught paying money to winners. Grevemberg called a meeting of his staff officers and they decided the situation called for guerrilla tactics.

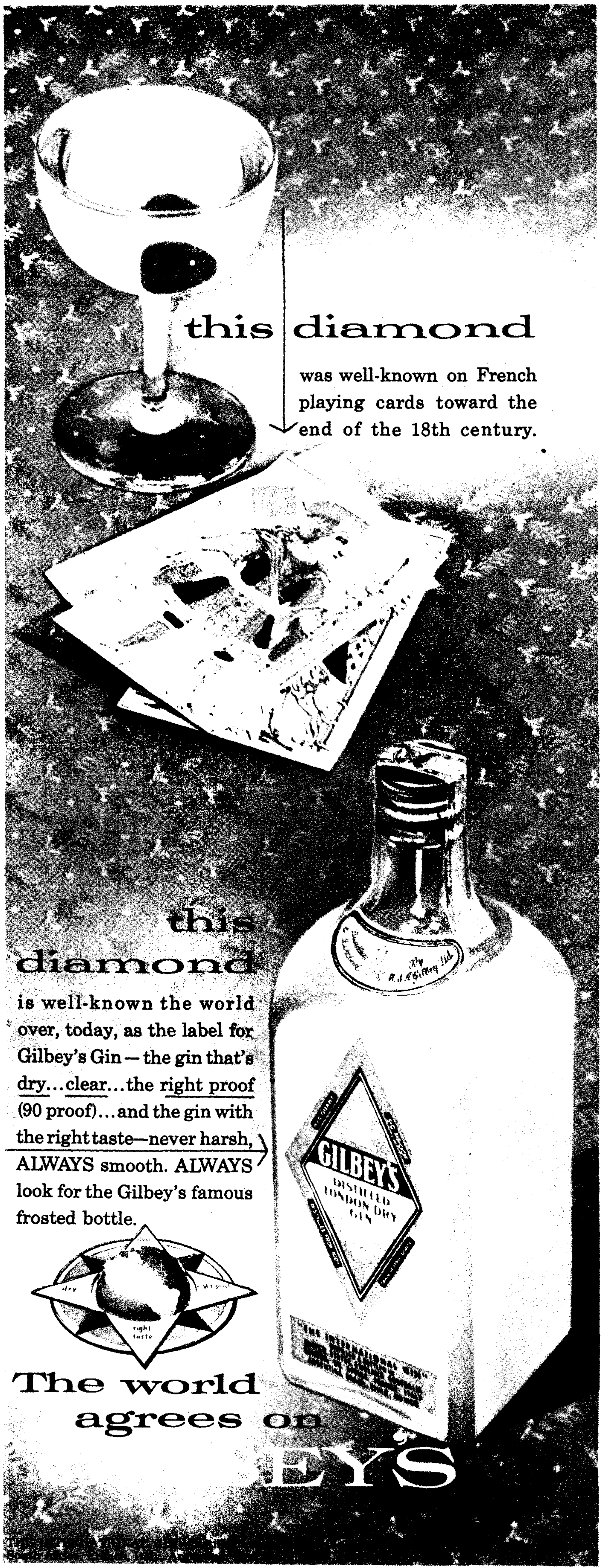
The colonel combed his force for the most skilled pinball players—men who could be counted on to win most of the time. He dressed one group in work pants and T-shirts marked "TV Repair Service" and sent them out in trucks similarly inscribed. The other troopers wore conservative business suits. The colonel gave them specially printed business cards which read, "Northwestern Information Institute, Chicago 13." He also gave them questionnaires with the same fake heading. Grevemberg himself composed the forms. They asked for beer-marketing information, such as "local beer leader" and "name brands of beer sold."

The technique of both groups was the same. The men worked in pairs. Two "TV repairmen" would drop into a bar or candy store as if they were relaxing after a hard job. They played the pinball machine and, after they won, asked to be paid off. When the proprietor made the payment, he was arrested. The beer-survey team pretended to be taking a marketing poll. One man asked the proprietor to fill out the questionnaire while the other idly played the machine.

No phase of Grevemberg's campaign caused more embarrassment to Louisiana's politicians. For example, a state



COLLIER'S "That's the last time I ever use a local anesthetic on an insurance agent!" DICK CAVALLI


this diamond was well-known on French playing cards toward the end of the 18th century.

this diamond is well-known the world over, today, as the label for Gilbey's Gin—the gin that's dry...clear...the right proof (90 proof)...and the gin with the right taste—never harsh, ALWAYS smooth. ALWAYS look for the Gilbey's famous frosted bottle.

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Gamblers offered police boss Grevemberg $650,000 in bribes

representative, Frank X. Huerstel, of New Orleans, was among the owners of pinball machines caught in the net. (He later pleaded guilty to a charge of illegal pay-off on a pinball machine and was fined $25.) Then, too, New Orleans Mayor deLesseps S. Morrison had just announced, "There are no pay-off pinball machines operating in New Orleans."

With the successful conclusion of phase four, Grevemberg ran out of over-all gambling targets—but he has continued his relentless policy of "raid, raid, raid" to cut down the profits of the individual gambling enterprises that had survived. "It's the only way we can put them out of business," he says.

Raids on Other Lawbreakers

In recent months Grevemberg has applied the same rough tactics to vices other than gambling. He has led a spectacular series of raids on narcotics rings, houses of prostitution (one bordello, Margaret's Place in Opelousas, had operated continuously for 47 years without interference by local authorities), juvenile-delinquency dens and bootlegger networks.

We accompanied Grevemberg on one of the bootleg raids, a series of simultaneous strikes in dry areas of north Louisiana. Again, we marveled at the military efficiency of his operations. Forty-five troopers joined crowds pouring into Shreveport for the big Louisiana State-University of Arkansas football game. The rendezvous point was the home of an elderly woman, a relative of one of the troopers, who kept saying, "Just don't bring any captured whisky into the house. What will the missionary society think when they meet here next week?"

Grevemberg briefed the troopers to strike all the widely scattered bootleg centers at exactly 3:00 P.M.—when the bootleggers and their political protectors would be engrossed in the football game. A young detective, Sergeant Wallace Moll (a top Army C.I.D. agent during the war), told the troopers where to find the whisky in each place—behind false walls, between floors, and so on. Then Grevemberg went to the local state police headquarters and directed the raids by telephone and radio. He worked in his shirt sleeves, and he looked for all the world like a general running a battle from a command post at the front.

At 11:00 P.M. all the results were in. Grevemberg's troopers had arrested 26 bootleggers, among them the mayor of the town of Minden (he was later convicted, fined $600 and sentenced to 120 days in jail). Accompanying federal agents seized $325,000 worth of illegal whisky. The raiders also uncovered evidence that some of the bootleggers had paid protection money to a deputy sheriff and a state revenue officer.

What impressed us most about the raids was the *esprit de corps* of Grevemberg's troopers. All were volunteers working on their day off (a system Grevemberg uses on all raids so he can't be accused of neglecting regular duties, like traffic control). Their spirit was a far cry from the morale of state policemen of the past, who were beset by politics and reviled by the populace.

Old-timers among the troopers told us that Grevemberg was solely responsible for the change. "He eliminated political hirings and firings," one said. "Now we know that a man gets promoted on merit. Not only that, but he put us under civil service, he raised our pay, and he made this an outfit we're proud to serve in."

They spoke enthusiastically of improvements instituted by Grevemberg. He has added a detective bureau, an up-to-date crime laboratory (patterned after the FBI's) and an air patrol. His top men are sent to Northwestern University, the University of Oklahoma and the University of Louisville to study modern traffic-control and criminology methods. He brought in disabled war veterans to free desk-bound state policemen for active duty. He told his troopers that they must show no favoritism in making arrests—that he would back them to the hilt even if they had to jail judges and legislators.

Although Grevemberg's enemies have tried to attack him for neglecting his primary duty of highway patrol in favor of crime-busting activities, the state police made two and a half times as many traffic arrests in 1954 as they did under his predecessor in 1951. So far as more serious crime is concerned, there is no comparison. Grevemberg's predecessor made only 19 arrests in 1951 for gambling, narcotics, prostitution and contributing to the delinquency of juveniles. In 1954, Grevemberg made the startling total of 836 arrests for the same crimes.

It is small wonder, therefore, that the colonel's enemies have made every possible effort to get rid of him. His wife's life has been threatened, he himself has received "Black Hand" death-threat letters, and there have been unsuccessful attempts in the legislature to strip the state police of all powers except those of enforcement of the traffic laws.

Once Grevemberg was tipped off by the FBI that a pair of Hollywood starlets had been imported to New Orleans to try to entrap him in a scandal. Sure enough, two alluring young women appeared on the scene a few days later, and they made strenuous efforts to lure him to their hotel room. Grevemberg rejected their blandishments, and he later learned that the room had been wired for sound and a photographer hidden in a closet.

On another occasion, he received a telephone warning to halt his war on the gamblers, or his twin boys (now five years old, but then only three) would be harmed. Not long afterward, two mysterious night intruders climbed to his porch roof and almost succeeded in entering the youngsters' bedroom. The men were spotted by a neighbor, and they fled in a waiting car.

Most flagrant of all have been the bribe attempts. In the first few weeks after he took office, Grevemberg was offered a total of $650,000 in bribes to allow certain gambling establishments to continue to operate unmolested. There were no corroborating witnesses, however, so he could make no arrests.

A few months ago, there were renewed bribe attempts—this time aimed at Major Aaron Edgecombe, an old war comrade of the colonel and one of his most trusted lieutenants. Edgecombe, a tough ex-newspaperman who won the Silver Star for bravery in the Sicily landings, reported the incidents to Grevemberg, and together they worked out a plot.

First, they built a miniature tape recorder into a brief case and installed a larger recorder in a secret compartment in the trailer in which Edgecombe lived in Baton Rouge (his permanent home is in New Orleans). They moved the trailer alongside a tourist cabin in which movie cameramen were stationed. Then Edgecombe met the gamblers in his car and under trees in parks—with the brief-case-recorder taking down every word of the conversation. Hidden photographers made pictures wherever possible.

For the actual pay-offs (which totaled $5,250), Edgecombe maneuvered all but one of the racketeers to the trailer. It had been parked deliberately in an area within the jurisdiction of District Attorney J. St. Clair Favrot, who Grevemberg knew was honest and would prosecute. Before the dramatic series of conferences was over, Grevemberg himself had met a gambler in Edgecombe's trailer and had received a $250-a-week bribe offer—properly recorded in sound and pictures.

On May 12, 1954, Grevemberg released excerpts from transcripts of the tape recordings to the press. The story was page-one news in Louisiana newspapers for four days. Four of Louisiana's top remaining gamblers—Horace Perez, Earl Boteler, Steve Quartano and Frank Vuci—were arrested and charged with "public bribery of state police officials to allow the operation of gambling houses." As this is written, only Perez and Boteler have been tried; both were convicted, fined and given suspended sentences of five years in prison.

The greatest shock to the public was the revelation in the recordings that gangsters had made countless pay-offs to local officials. It led to demands for the legislature to appoint a "Little Kefauver Committee" to investigate the tie-up between crime and politics.

Grevemberg's enemies have only one remaining hope—to get rid of him when a new governor takes office in 1956 (Governor Kennon is prevented by law from succeeding himself). In Louisiana each incoming governor traditionally appoints his own superintendent of state police, and Grevemberg has so embarrassed most of the six or seven possible gubernatorial candidates with his raids against their friends and allies that practically all have privately or publicly sworn to depose him.

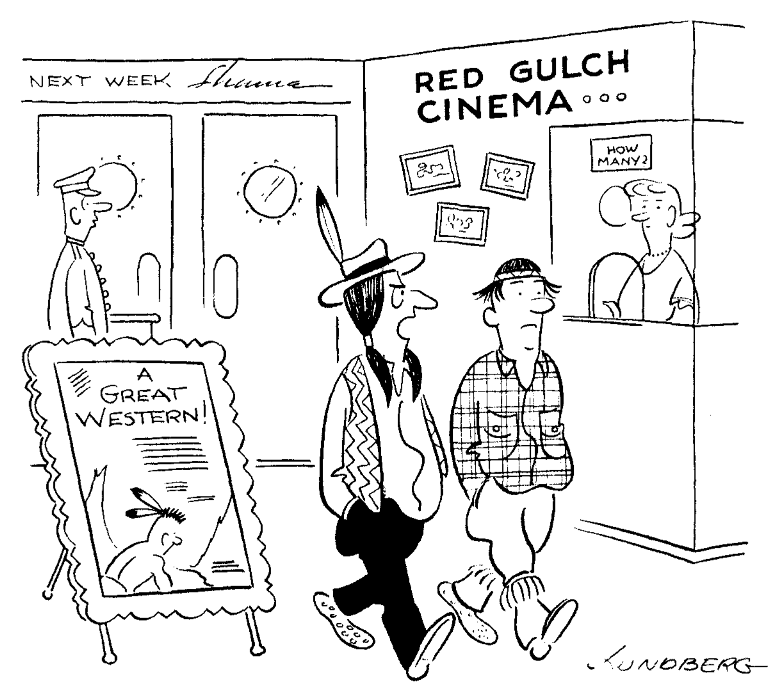
Wanted: a Political Miracle

Only a political miracle can extend Grevemberg's campaign beyond 1956. But the miracle may be in the making. For example, there is a ground swell—particularly among the clergy—to run Grevemberg himself for governor. He minimizes these attempts as unrealistic.

"I've alienated so many local officials," he says, "that I wouldn't have a prayer of getting elected while they control the machinery. Besides, my only ambition is to continue as superintendent of police for another four-year term. I think that at the end of eight years, the people of Louisiana would become reacclimated to living without crime and graft, and they would not allow a return to the old tradition of corruption."

What chance has Grevemberg of getting another four-year term? Nobody knows. However, influential Louisiana citizens have quietly been trying to put Grevemberg under civil service so that he couldn't be removed by the next governor. In another direction, nearly all of the Protestant clergy have organized as a group to follow all gubernatorial candidates around the state and ask them over and over again in public meetings, "Will you promise to retain Grevemberg if you are elected?"

If public opinion is sufficiently aroused in Louisiana, Grevemberg may be saved. It is a crucial test, not only for Louisiana but for law-abiding citizens throughout the country. As Senator Estes Kefauver puts it, "Colonel Grevemberg's work is a fine climax to properly conducted Congressional investigation. It shows that good officers, backed by an aroused public, always get results. Every time this alliance wins a major battle, it's a stirring example for the nation—and a triumph for decency everywhere." ▲▲▲



"I'm getting tired of this! Our side never wins!"

COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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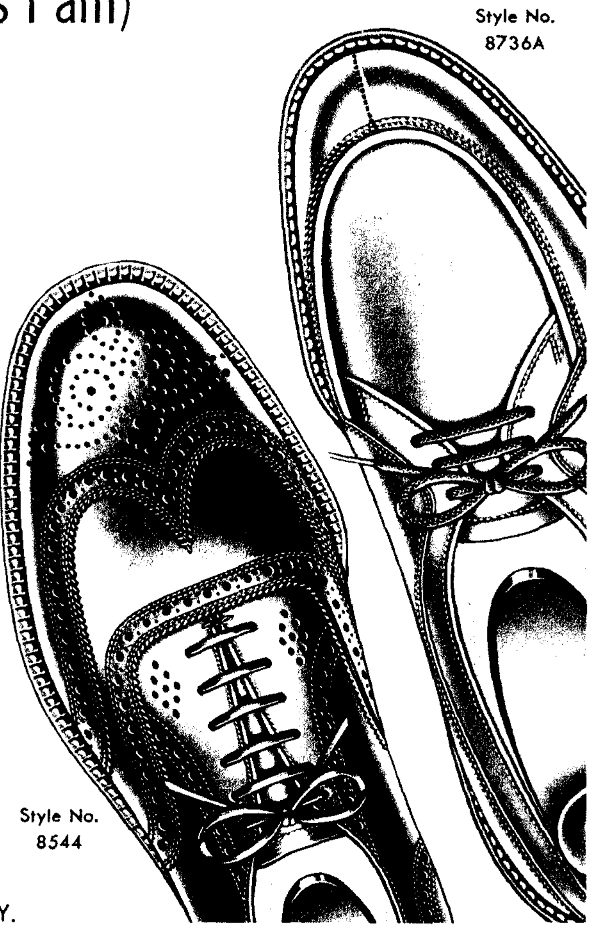

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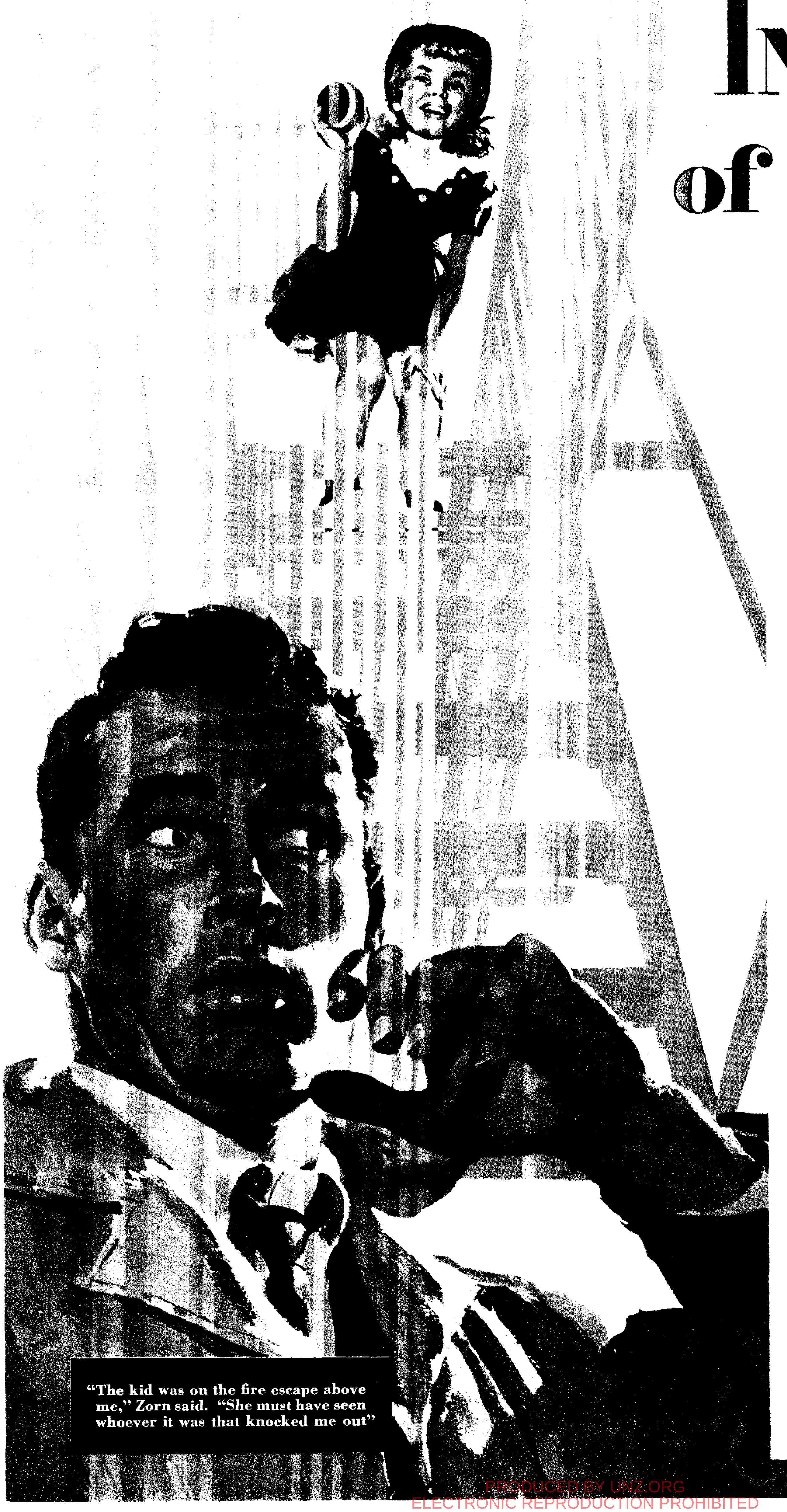


"The kid was on the fire escape above me," Zorn said. "She must have seen whoever it was that knocked me out"

INVASION of PRIVACY

By HARRY KURNITZ

Zorn has just had a close call; and now, to save Shelly's life, he must tempt the murderer a second time

The Story: Willard Morley managed to kill his wife and get away with it. Nine years later, Michael Zorn, New York chief of Continental Films, unwittingly bought for movie production an exact account of the murder, by a writer named Shelly Gray. Two million dollars had been spent on the film when Zorn learned that Morley intended to sue for libel. Shelly had got the story from Ben Jarrold, the late Mrs. Morley's cousin. Jarrold now offered to help Zorn prove Morley's guilt; for this would be Zorn's one defense against the suit. Also helping Zorn was private detective Arno Brackett, a police officer at the time of the Morley case, who had been fired for trying to force Morley to confess. Zorn's boss, Hollywood mogul Louis Stradling, wanted Zorn to settle the suit out of court. Morley offered a quick settlement, but several hours later he was found murdered. His second wife, Julia, decided to continue the libel suit; through her close friend, lawyer Peter DiSanto, she asked a million dollars in damages. Then a gambler, Ken Dorsey, tried to sell Zorn some affidavits showing how Morley had got the murder gun, and bullets fired from the gun. Zorn discovered Dorsey did not actually have this evidence; instead, a one-time private investigator, Lester Broda, had it. Zorn and Brackett went to Dorsey's house, and found Broda murdered. Police Captain Nicholas Rule, who suspected Brackett of blackmailing and then killing Morley, now suspected him of killing Broda. Zorn and Ben Jarrold went to the home of Broda's relatives, the Lonitos, thinking Broda might have hidden his evidence there. Zorn found a packet containing part of the evidence; but as he was leaving, someone knocked him unconscious.

The Last of Four Parts

THE first thing that wobbled into focus for Zorn was the grim face of Captain Rule, and he promptly closed his eyes, longing for renewed unconsciousness. He became aware that he was still in the courtyard behind the Lonitos' house. He was sitting up and someone was gently swabbing the back of his head. He opened his eyes again and saw Rule, Ben Jarrold and, by turning his head with great effort, a shirt-sleeved physician who smiled encouragingly at him. "He's okay," the doctor said. "Groggy, but he's okay."

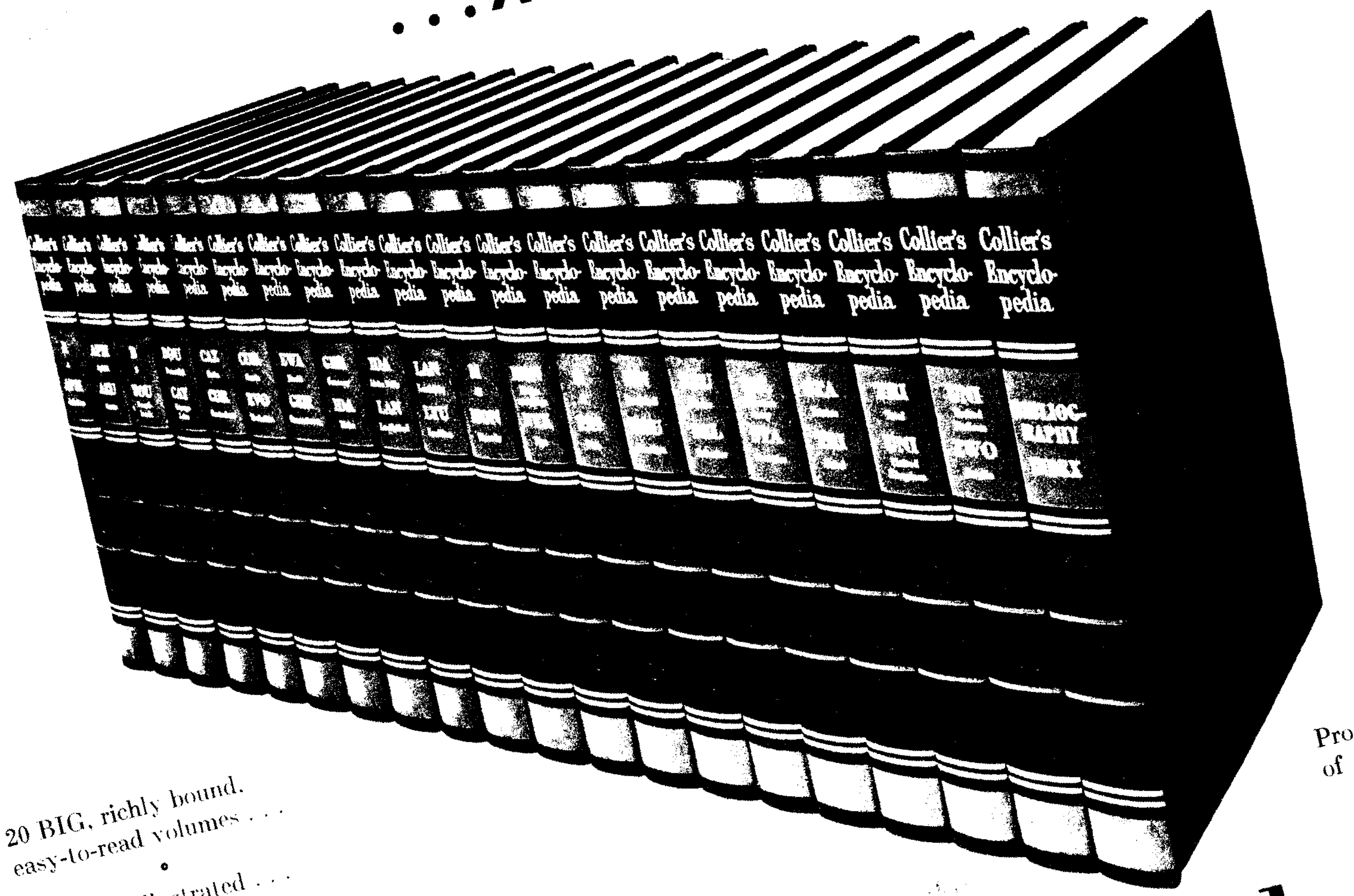
Briefly, Zorn told Rule and Jarrold what had happened, and about the oilskin packet he had found. "You're damn' lucky I was keeping an eye on you," Rule said grimly. "Zorn, I warned you not to go off on your own—"

On the outskirts of the group a little blonde girl was gravely bouncing her ball. "Hello, mister," she said cheerfully to Zorn.

"Arrest her," Zorn said. "She's a material wit-

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE BOWLER

. . . AND YOUR PLEASURE, TOO!



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ness. She was on the fire escape above me and saw it all. She had a rubber ball and kept yelling at me to play catch with her. Any minute I thought Lonito was going to come out and catch me there. She must have seen the guy who knocked me out."

Captain Rule said, "Come here, sweetheart. Did you see somebody hit this man?"

The child nodded. "A man. A man hit him and took his package." She went through the motion with both fists. "Pow!" She pointed to the alley. "Then he ran away."

"Who was he?" asked Zorn. He swayed a bit and Jarrold put out a hand to steady him. "Was he somebody who lives here?"

"Just a man. Pow!" she repeated.

Rule stooped so that he was down at eye level with the child. "Did you know the man, sweetheart?" he asked beguilingly.

"Pow!" said the witness.

"Was it a big man?" Rule persisted.

"Big man. Bigger than me."

"Does the man live here?"

She bounced her ball thoughtfully. "No," she said.

A voice from an upper floor shouted. "Rosa! Get away from those men! You come here."

The little girl turned for one last look at Zorn. "Good-by, mister," she said.

The doctor was repacking his bag. "Leave that bandage on for a day or two. I didn't have to stitch it; it's only a bad bruise."

RULE led the way up to the Lonito flat, and Zorn sank down gratefully on the bed in Lester Broda's room while Rule climbed out onto the fire escape to examine the hiding place. "Pity you had to mess it up with your own fingerprints," he said mildly, as he came back into the room. "Did you open the package?"

Zorn nodded. "There were three slugs—bullets—and a gun."

"The bullets were probably what we want," Rule said. "The gun must have been Broda's, maybe something left over from his days as a private detective. It can't be the gun Morley used—the police upstate have that." He turned to Jarrold. "You were out in the hall, weren't you?"

"Guard duty," said Jarrold. "About twenty minutes after Zorn went in, I saw Victor Lonito coming up the stairs with Mrs. Morley. I knew him from Zorn's description. I cut loose with a whistle—that was our arrangement—and then I moved up half a flight. I saw them go in and I moved down again. I wanted to be able to help if there was a roughhouse. In ten or fifteen minutes Lonito and Mrs. Morley came out. I waited, and after a bit I went in. I looked out the window, and that's when I saw Zorn down below."

"What about Arno Brackett?" Rule asked suddenly. "Did he have anything to do with this scheme?"

"Well, in a way," Zorn said.

"He knew you were coming here?"

Zorn nodded. His head was spinning and he was beginning to find it hard to concentrate. "I know you're hipped on Brackett, Captain, but just for a starter, what about the widow? If she was on the premises, don't you think Peter DiSanto was close behind?"

"Maybe," Rule said calmly.

Zorn stood up, reaching for the iron bedstead for support. "Can I go home?"

"Are you going to stay put?"

"Word of honor."

"All right," was Rule's grudging reply. "I'm writing off this last escapade for the knock on the head you got out of it. It's the last time. If I find you out prowling once more, I'll throw you in the can and keep you there." . . .

"Then came long, lazy days of convalescence," Zorn said comfortably, "while faithful Shelly Gray hovered over me anxiously, anticipating my every wish, pampering my every whim."

Shelly put out an appraising palm to his forehead. " 'Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown,' " she quoted. "Does your poor head still hurt, Michael?"

"It's better. The pale horseman has passed through the valley of the grim reaper." He held out his empty glass. "Mix me another metaphor."

She brought him a drink and sat on the edge of his couch. "I didn't think," said Zorn, reaching for an altogether illegal hold, "that being confined to quarters was this much fun."

Shelly squirmed loose. "Doctor's orders. No excitement."

"Come back here," Zorn said. "No excitement, eh? Thanks to you, I'm a ruined man. If ever a man was entitled to excitement, it is I."

"I'm sorry, Michael," Shelly whispered at point-blank range. "I'll help you start life again. I'll work beside you from dawn to dusk. I come from hardy pioneer stock. My great-grandfather was a whaling captain who—"

"Whoa! Hold it right there. What was your great-grandfather again?"

"A druggist," she said shyly.

"Shelly!"

"I can't help it, Michael. Somebody should have torn up my library card when I was a little girl."

"Are you going to go right on telling lies after we're married?" Zorn said.

"Just little white lies—" Suddenly she hurled herself on him enthusiastically. "Michael! It wasn't just a slip of the tongue? You mean it?"

Zorn extricated himself and sat up. "If you really want a husband with few or no prospects, imminent unemployment and a desperate aversion to hard work, I'm yours, Shelly."

"Oh, Michael!" There was a long, clinging moment and then, with the meticulous timing Zorn was beginning to expect of him, Captain Rule arrived.

"We're engaged," said Shelly, who was straightening her hair. "And kindly wipe that high-time look off your face."

Rule was sufficiently moved to detach his pipe. "Congratulations," he said mechanically. "I've got a little present for you, as it turns out." He sat down at the table and, from the capacious tweed pockets of his jacket, fished up a great variety of small objects. There were some keys, neatly tagged in his precise hand, and a little oilskin pouch that Zorn recognized instantly. He beamed at the detective. "Saved! Saved by the bell!"

"I wouldn't say that," Rule said, and Zorn felt a cold, clammy premonition of disaster. "The contents are a little baffling. Sit down. I'll explain."

Zorn sat down heavily. "I'm listening." Shelly leaned over the table between the two men while Rule emptied the oilskin pouch, pushing the keys to one side. "This came from Peter DiSanto's apartment. It was sewed up in some upholstery in the bedroom. These bullets—you'll notice they've been flattened, as though they were dug out of a wall or some brickwork. I've had a ballistics test run on them, and they've been checked by the police upstate. They came from the Luger pistol that killed Susan Morley nine years ago."

"I'll be damned!" Zorn picked up the gun on the table, handling it gingerly. "What's this?"

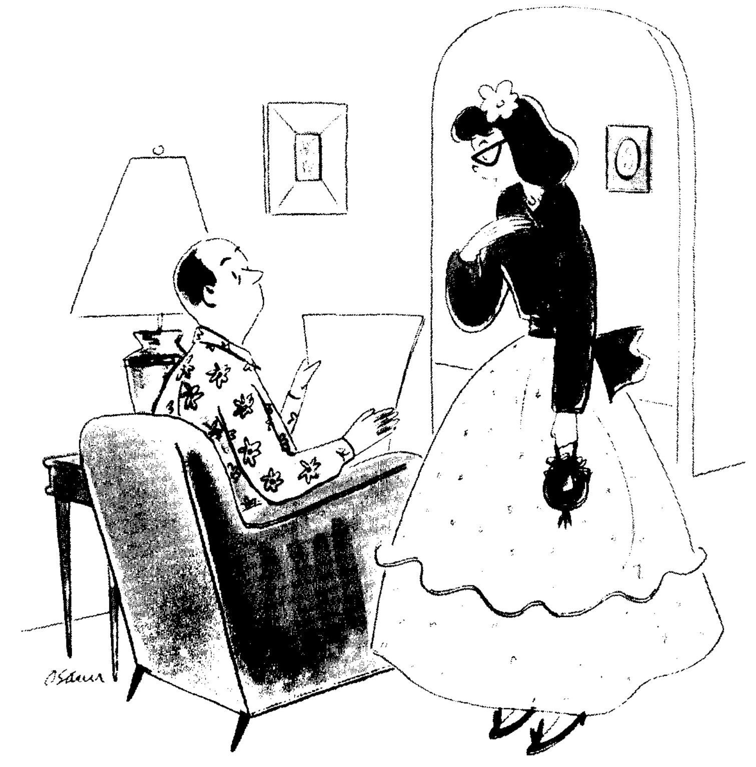
"An added starter," Rule said quietly. "It's not the gun that was in this package when you found it today. This is a thirty-two owned by Ken Dorsey, for which he had a license. Lester Broda took it away from him. It's the gun that killed Broda."

"My goodness," Shelly said. "You've solved two murders, Captain."

"Or none," said Zorn. "Is this all you found, Captain? Nothing to indicate where these bullets came from, or how Broda got them?"

Rule shook his head. "That's the lot." After a moment, he added, "So you don't have to worry about Peter DiSanto any more, Mr. Zorn."

TIZZY



COLLIER'S "I'm not going anywhere. This is a dress rehearsal of getting ready tomorrow night" KATE OSANN

"No. All I have to worry about is how to defend the libel suit. There must have been something else, Captain. Dorsey told me he would give me these bullets, but with affidavits to prove how Morley got the gun that fired them."

"We haven't got them." As Zorn looked at him for a long, suspicious moment, Rule said grimly, "I say we haven't got them, Mr. Zorn."

"I believe you," Zorn said.

"What *have* we got, Captain?" asked Shelly.

"Why, we've got Peter DiSanto."

"Very conveniently," Shelly said. "What time did you search his apartment?"

Rule didn't seem to resent her tone or her questions. "Six, six thirty."

SHELLY laughed. "He must have rushed home in time to get to his needlework, to sew up everything where you'd be sure to find it."

"If you knew how many times I've heard that particular theory," Rule said patiently. "A lawyer says my client can't be guilty, officer, because he wouldn't be stupid enough to do such and such. Well, miss, the fact is that people *do* do stupid things."

"DiSanto is a lawyer, isn't he? A criminal lawyer?"

"Even criminal lawyers do stupid things," Rule said.

"Oh, to hell with Peter DiSanto and his I.Q.," Zorn said irritably. "I'm short one piece of evidence that could blow this whole libel right out of court. And without it I'm helpless."

"Don't you think it's odd, Captain," said Shelly, resuming the role of picador, "that you find enough evidence to brand Peter DiSanto as the murderer of Lester Broda—just enough, mind you—but not enough to dispose of the libel case? Don't you think it might have been planned that way?"

"I've thought of that, yes," Rule said grudgingly.

"The question is, what do we do about it?" asked Zorn.

"The libel suit is part of it," Rule said. "I don't know how, or how much, but it's part of it. Let's go have a talk with Mr. DiSanto."

"Good." Zorn got up. "I think that might be very helpful."

"I'll be ready in a jiffy," said Shelly.

"We won't need you, miss," Rule said. "I wouldn't want the conversation swinging off on any tangents."

"True," said Zorn. "Very true." He patted Shelly fondly.

"Either of you boys ever hear of male chauvinism?" Shelly asked. "Captain Rule, did you know that the female brain frequently outweighs that of the male?"

"No," Rule said. "On the level?"

"Come on, Captain," Zorn said. "There's a tangent coming up, right under your nose."

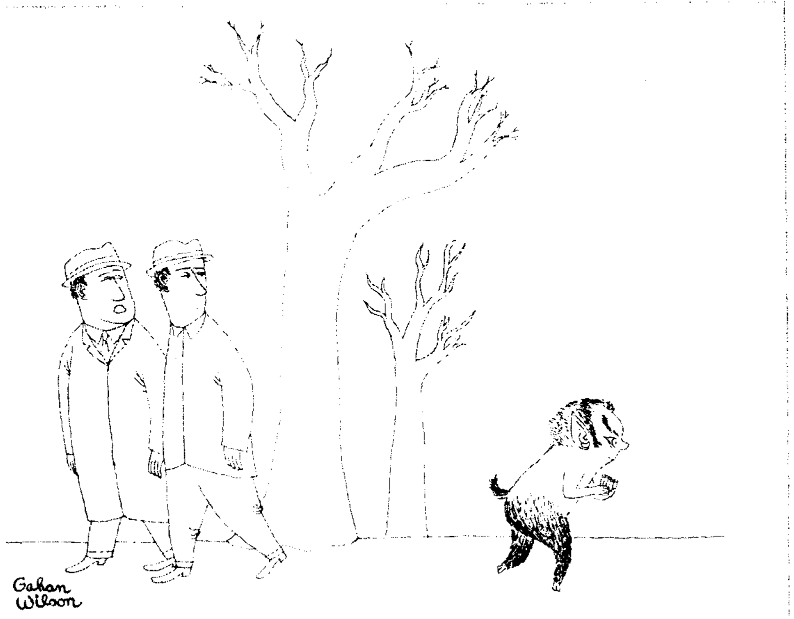
"I see what you mean," said Rule. He backed away. "We'll have a long talk about that some other time, miss."

"That will be dandy," Shelly said coldly. She pushed the assortment of odds and ends on the table toward him. "For the time being, kindly take your hardware and get out. Both of you."

"Look how her eyes sparkle when she gets mad," said Zorn. "Is it any wonder that I fell madly in love the moment I met her?"

"On that occasion," said Shelly ominously, "I slapped your face."

"I remember," said Zorn. He kissed her cheek warily. "Keep up your road-



COLLIER'S "There's a sure sign of spring . . ." GAHAN WILSON

work and bag-punching," he said. "I think you can take me in the first round." . . .

Peter DiSanto was pale, and his features seemed drawn and tense. He was otherwise in notable control of himself. His responses to Rule's questions were studied and arrogant. He scoffed at the discovery of the oilskin package in his apartment. "One of your less successful frame-ups, Captain," he said.

"We found a murder weapon," said Rule mildly. "The gun with which Lester Broda was murdered. And valuable property known to have been in Lester Broda's possession."

"Fancy that! You found them all in my apartment. And in the presence of reputable, disinterested policemen, too, I'll wager. You wouldn't dare take that to a grand jury, Rule."

"Maybe by the time I go to the grand jury," said Rule, "there'll be more to it."

He exhibited a gold key ring. There were half a dozen keys, and DiSanto identified them one by one. He hesitated over the last. "That's a private matter," he muttered.

Rule looked at him scornfully. "You know better than to give me that, Counselor. What is it?"

"An apartment," said DiSanto.

"Your apartment?"

"Yes."

"You and who else?"

"None of your damn' business," DiSanto said.

Rule stared at him and then touched the buzzer under the desk. "Bring in Mrs. Morley," he told the uniformed man who appeared.

IT SEEMED to Zorn that DiSanto leaned forward abruptly at this, but by the time Julia Morley came in he was coolly lighting a cigarette.

Julia Morley took a chair, seemingly only mildly interested in the proceedings. Rule tossed the key ring in his palm, but his questions began along a different line. "Why did you go to Lester Broda's apartment this morning, Mrs. Morley?"

"Broda was involved with my late husband," she answered smoothly. "I wanted to find out why and how."

"You could have done that through me," Rule suggested.

"I did it, Captain, through the legal tenant. I was admitted openly, without subterfuge. Have you asked Mr. Zorn how he got in?"

DiSanto laughed, and Rule said, "Easy, Counselor." He stared at DiSanto. "Where were you this morning?"

"In my office."

"You'd better be able to prove that," Rule said mildly. He addressed himself again to Mrs. Morley. "I've been asking Mr. DiSanto some questions about these keys—especially this one on the end. It seems to be the key to some sort of hideaway he has over on East Fiftieth Street."

Her eyes darted to DiSanto. Then she shrugged. "Yes, I suppose it is."

"You know the place, Mrs. Morley?"

"I do," she said candidly.

"What's the point of this?" DiSanto demanded. "What are you trying to set up here?"

"I'm surprised at you, Counselor," Rule drawled. "A man with your experience in court. A, we've got a hot-tempered husband who drinks. B, we've got a family lawyer with the morals of an alley cat. Put A and B together, they could explode."

"That's a lie!" DiSanto shouted.

"Which part of it is a lie?" asked Rule calmly. "The love nest—the husband—the lawyer?"

"What you're trying to make of it," DiSanto said angrily. He stood up, leaning across the desk. "You know this is a frame-up, Rule. What are you driving at?"

"I just explained it, Counselor. It's a motive for a murder."

"Baloney!" DiSanto shouted. "You can't prove a word of that."

"Sit down, Peter," said Julia Morley, sharply and suddenly. He didn't sit down, but he backed away from the desk. "It's true, Captain," she said. "Mr. DiSanto and I did rent the apartment. The rest of what you say is nonsense."

Rule seemed willing to settle for this. "When did you rent the place?"

"About six months ago. We—didn't use it very much."

"You and your deductions," DiSanto said. "I haven't even been near the place in over three months."

"But you kept it. Why?"

"We leased it," DiSanto said. "The lease still has half a year to go."

"How often did you go there, Mrs. Morley?" asked Rule.

"In the beginning, a few times," she said, in a low, embarrassed voice. "Then, later on, just once in a while when I had to get away from Will—from Mr. Morley. He was drinking a great deal."

Rule stared at her until she looked away. DiSanto was lighting a cigarette

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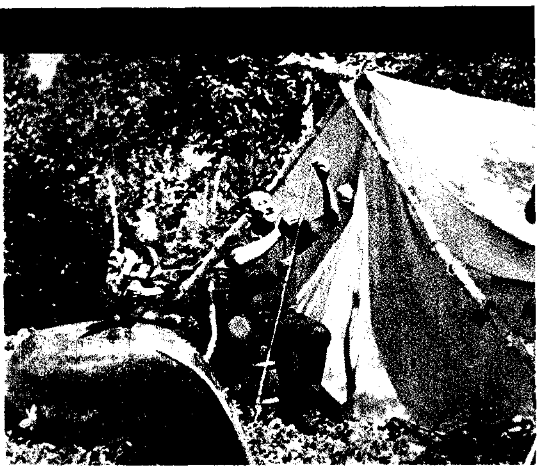

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with jerky, uneasy motions, but he too was eying Julia Morley closely. "Let's face it, Mrs. Morley," Rule said evenly. "You were in and out of there a lot."

DiSanto exhaled sharply and audibly. "She just told you, Captain: she wanted to get away."

"Every day?"

"Who the hell said it was every day?"

"I did," said Rule. "So will Mrs. Morley, if you give her a chance."

DiSanto turned slowly, looking at Julia Morley as though he were seeing her for the first time. "It's true, Peter," she said. "Nearly true, that is."

"Let's just say it's true," Rule said.

"I had to get away from Will," said Julia Morley in a pleading tone, looking directly at DiSanto. "You know that."

"You can go now, Mrs. Morley," Captain Rule said abruptly. He pushed the buzzer and the uniformed man came to the open doorway. "Take Mrs. Morley to the waiting room."

She tried to move to DiSanto's side of the desk, but Rule blocked the way. "Sorry, Mrs. Morley. We're busy."

DISANTO stared sullenly at the floor while she was led out. He didn't look up until he heard the door close.

"Busy little flat you had there, Counselor," said Rule.

"What's the difference?" DiSanto said wearily. He looked up at Rule as if expecting a barrage of questions, but the detective was busy filling his pipe. Then he turned to Zorn, as if he thought the attack might come from that direction. He gave the impression of being coiled like a spring, and Zorn was suddenly convinced that Captain Rule was a very clever man.

"I'm not framing you, DiSanto," Rule said, while the young lawyer seemed to be struggling with some inner problem, "but that doesn't mean you're not being framed."

DiSanto seemed impressed by this, and Zorn took advantage of his mood to ask a question. "Why were you hanging around my house the night Morley was killed there, Counselor?"

The impact of this was as great on Rule as on DiSanto. "You were there," said Zorn flatly. "I can prove it."

"Go on, prove it," said the lawyer.

This was awkward, since he could prove it only by involving Arno Brackett. "You knew Morley wanted to settle the suit, that he'd been to see me earlier that day."

"What if I did?"

"You might very plausibly have assumed that he'd be coming back again—and that if he did settle, you'd be out of business."

"Make up your mind," DiSanto snapped. "A minute ago I was supposed to have murdered Morley in a jealous rage. Now, to protect my business."

"Pick whichever you like," Zorn said mildly. "You were on the premises, with plenty of motives. Just so you understand that."

DiSanto's gaze shifted uneasily from Zorn to Captain Rule. "Did Mrs. Morley tell you that?"

Zorn shrugged. "I would be violating a confidence."

Rule intervened, reaching for the buzzer. "I'm holding you, DiSanto. I'm not making a charge, but I'm holding you. If that doesn't suit you, we can see about a charge." . . .

"Well, now, Zorn," Rule said grimly when DiSanto had gone, "how long have you had this item on DiSanto?"

"It was a shot in the dark," Zorn said lamely.

"Did you get it from Arno Brackett?"

COLLIER'S "It's the real thing this time—money" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Zorn tried to conceal his surprise. "Arno Brackett? How would he know a thing like that?"

"I wonder."

"Look, Captain," Zorn said placatingly, "we've got DiSanto steaming about Mrs. Morley. Isn't that all to the good? What difference does it make how we did it? You handle Arno Brackett any way you please. Arrest him, decorate him, do anything at all. My problem is the libel suit."

"I know," Rule said. "You look on Police Headquarters as a branch office of Continental Films, don't you? The two murders don't mean a damn' thing. Just your libel suit."

"I'm self-centered," said Zorn apologetically. "Say, how did the pretty widow know I was lurking about Broda's room this morning?"

"We told DiSanto."

The uniformed policeman came in, holding the door open for a shabby, frightened man in his middle fifties. "Sit down," Rule invited. "This is Stanley Jabolowski," he told Zorn. "The superintendent of the apartment house we've been discussing."

"Fifteen years I'm superintendent," Jabolowski said fervently, "and I never had no trouble with the cops—police," he amended hastily. "Ask the owner. Ask the tenants. The way my garbage goes out on the street, it's a pleasure." He subsided, as though he suddenly realized that none of this would do him any good.

Rule stepped into the breach. He watched Jabolowski draw a crude but accurate diagram of the entrance to the apartment house, showing the location of the elevator and the stairs, and then cross-examined him on the possibility of entry by any other means. There was no back door, no service entrance, no way in except through the lobby. He knew Mrs. Morley—knew her well, though not by that name—and he remembered Peter DiSanto. He was sure that Mrs. Morley had come regularly to the apartment, but he was just as sure that she had had no visitors. Rule let him go, finally, to wait somewhere in the outer reaches of the office.

"Maybe she did go there every day for peace and quiet," Zorn suggested.

Rule looked at him. "She had company," he said flatly.

Zorn nodded. "Yes," he said, "I'm inclined to think she did. Gratefully inclined. If you don't mind, Captain, I'd like to shake you by the hand."

"What the hell has got into you?" Rule asked.

"Peace in our time," said Zorn. "The libel suit is a thing of the past."

"Have we been listening to the same stories?" asked Rule.

"The widow Morley," Zorn said, "has to collect her damages based on the injury to her reputation. The damages can be great or small, depending on her good name."

"Ah," Rule said thoughtfully.

"Can you imagine what's going to happen to her in court, when the jury starts to hear the story of this wide-open love nest on East Fiftieth Street? I wouldn't settle now if she offered me a full release for one dollar."

"I'm very happy for you," said Rule. "I don't suppose you have any further interest in the proceedings; you can run along."

"My brain, such as it is, is at your disposal, Captain," Zorn said. When Rule didn't seem overcome by this offer, he said, "Who selected the apartment, Captain? Did Mrs. Morley pick it out, or was that left to DiSanto?"

"She did. Why?"

"She seems to have picked one in which it would be very difficult to come and go undetected. I've never actually rented such an establishment, but I should think freedom of motion would be most desirable. Why choose a building with no back door or service entrance? My guess is, since she didn't have visitors who came in from the outside, that she had visitors—one visitor, specifically—who came from the inside. That person was already established in the house, and that's why she picked it."

"That's not a bad idea," Rule said. Zorn saw his hand go to the buzzer.

"Wait a minute, Captain. I've got another little theory I'd like to get off my chest. The night we all met, standing around the corpse of Willard Morley, do you remember your big conviction that Arno Brackett might have murdered Morley?"

"I've still got it," Rule said crisply. "I remember what I said to you that night because I still believe it. The best camouflage for the blackmailer or the murderer or both would be to appear to be an avenger, someone dedicated to exposing Willard Morley and making him pay for his crime. You've got to admit that description fits Brackett."

"It does," Zorn said. "It fits Lester Broda, too. It did, rather, until he was abruptly removed from the cast of characters. It fits someone else, too—someone we've more or less overlooked all along. Let's get the superintendent in again. Let me describe someone, and let's see how he reacts to it."

Rule pressed the buzzer. "Is this going to be Twenty Questions, or can you tell me whom you've got in mind?"

"Ben Jarrold," said Zorn.

WITH Zorn and Rule out of the way, Shelly went to her hotel and changed clothes, dressing quickly and discreetly. Surveying the final effect in the full-length mirror, she decided that she had achieved a fascinating blend of Marlene Dietrich and Sherlock Holmes, ideal for the expedition she had in mind. She was lamentably unarmed, except as nature had provided her with certain weapons, but she made up her mind that if this caper succeeded she would make Zorn buy her a gat, something for evening wear, tastefully studded with rhinestones.

Then she telephoned Ben Jarrold at his club. "Michael and Captain Rule are out helling around in prowl cars," she told him. "How would you like to outsmart them both?"

"I'd like that," said Jarrold.

"I'll cruise by in a taxi," said Shelly, "and pick you up. I'll explain on the way uptown. If you don't like it you can talk me out of it or jump ship."

"Uptown?" Jarrold repeated. "Where uptown?"

"The Bronx," said Shelly. "To the scene of the demise of Lester Broda."

Jarrold was waiting on the steps of his club when Shelly arrived. He hesitated, watching both ends of the street, as if to make sure there was no car following, and then he came down quickly and joined her in the taxi.

"Start up toward the Bronx," Shelly told the driver. "I'll give you the address when we get up there." As the cab drew away, she whispered to Jarrold, "You haven't got a gun on you by any chance, have you, Ben?"

"No. And no hand grenades," he added apologetically. "What is all this, Shelly?"

"It's like this." She told him what the police had found in Peter DiSanto's apartment, and that the lawyer was now in custody. He listened thoughtfully, speaking only to hold her to the point of her story, making a sympathetic little sound when she explained why the find in DiSanto's apartment didn't solve Zorn's problem of the libel suit. "You see, Broda must have had more than the police found today: real proof of how Willard Morley acquired the gun. It was in the form of some affidavits, I'm sure, because that's what Ken Dorsey was going to give Michael for the fifty thousand dollars. What I think is that Dorsey found the affidavits—he mentioned them to Michael—but never found the bullets. The bullets are no good to Michael without the affidavits, and Dorsey and his partner were in the same spot—holding the affidavits and not the bullets. Doesn't that make sense, Ben?"

"Yes, if that's how it was," Jarrold said. "But suppose Dorsey had neither?"

"Then it's one of the wildest gooses ever chased up into the Bronx," said Shelly candidly. "But I don't think so. Dorsey must have had at least *part* of what he needed or he wouldn't have taken the risk. We know he had access to Broda's apartment, and if I'm right, that's probably where he found the papers—affidavits. He didn't find the bullets because Broda had them hidden in another place."

"Why do you suppose the police haven't come up with these documents?" asked Jarrold.

"I don't think they've looked. They've taken it for granted that Dorsey had no proof at all of what he was trying to sell."

Jarrold smiled. "You're a smart girl, Shelly. I'll help you all I can. But how do you expect to get into the house?"

"Captain Rule gave me a key," Shelly said cheerfully.

"What?"

Shelly showed him the key; the identifying tag, written in Rule's neat hand, was still attached. "He didn't actually give it to me," she confessed. "In fact, he might be justified in thinking I swiped it."

"Then he doesn't know about this idea, Shelly?"

"Oh, no. He'd have fits. So would Michael."

"You were probably wise not to tell them," said Jarrold.

WHEN they reached the Hudson Club, which they had learned was Jarrold's less interesting New York residence, Zorn cautioned Captain Rule on procedure. "This is old aristocracy on the hoof, Captain. No point in barging in and shouting commands."

"I know enough not to drink out of a saucer," said Rule.

The hall porter, an ancient retainer, was standing at his desk just inside the front door. Across from him stood a boxlike structure, the open portion facing the hall, with a waist-high counter to shield the occupant, the night porter. "Captain Rule is from the police," said Zorn politely. The porter didn't bat an eye, and Zorn added, "Credentials, please, Captain."

Rule showed his badge and identification. "If you will wait here," the porter said politely, "I will summon my superior."

The club secretary, an agitated, undersized senior servant, listened to Rule's request with mounting horror. "It's out of the question," he said. "Search a member's room without his permission? No, no, it's unheard of."

"Is it?" This was Rule's official voice. "Well, just stick to that point of view and I'll be back in twenty minutes with a warrant, a patrol wagon and screaming sirens."

The club secretary looked as though he were about to faint. "Take them up, Jennison," he told the porter.

A half hour of searching Ben Jarrold's comfortable suite revealed only that he was one of the best-dressed men in town. "An evening cape," said Zorn, awed by this discovery. "Two silk hats!" Captain Rule was sitting on the bed, looking up at him rather coldly, and Zorn turned away from Jarrold's closet. "Shall we get right down to business, Captain?"

"For instance?"

"Starting with Ben Jarrold's alibi the night Morley was killed." Rule revealed a flicker of interest at this. "The night porter, I take it, stands by Jarrold's story that he came in quite a while *before* the murder?"

"And stayed in," Rule emphasized.

"I think I can show you how he could have gone out again," Zorn said. "Will you settle for that?" Rule nodded, and Zorn motioned him to the door. "All right. You go down and wait for me outside—outside, mind you. Tell the porter to sit in the hall booth, just as if he were on duty in the wee hours."

RULE looked at him skeptically, then turned and went out. He waited in the street near his car. In less than three minutes Zorn appeared. He beckoned to Rule. "You can go in now. Just ask the porter if I've come down."

Rule was back in a few minutes, staring suspiciously at Zorn. "If you say, 'Elementary, my dear Watson,' I'll sock you," he muttered.

Zorn went inside with him again, to the porter's obvious surprise. "Look, Rule," Zorn said, "the stairs curve away from the foyer. I came down quietly to nearly the level of the floor." He went up a few steps and then descended, to illustrate his point. Then, as he neared the foyer, he dropped to a crouch that kept him out of sight of the tenant of the sentry box, moving on all fours past the booth until he could straighten up in the sanctuary of the outer foyer. "Not a very dignified way to leave one's club," he conceded to Rule, "but then if we're right about Jarrold, he wasn't on a very dignified errand that night."

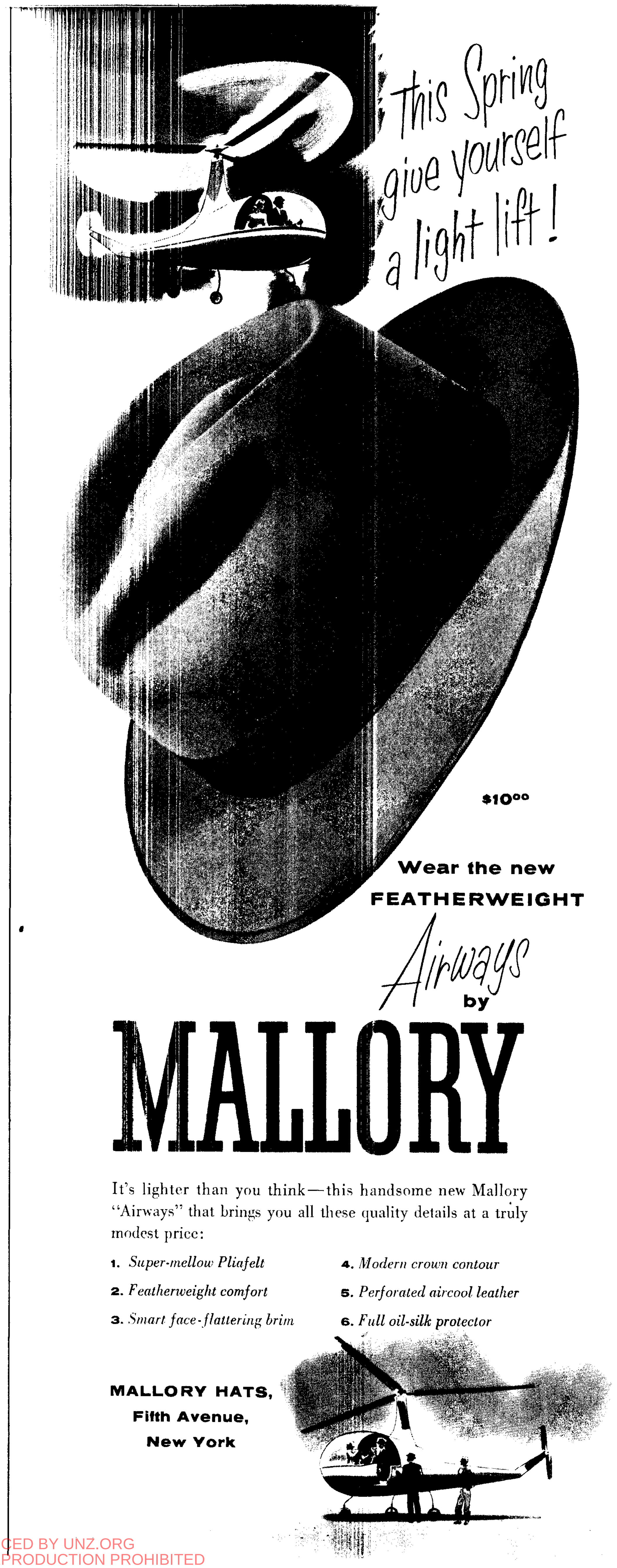
"He had the perfect camouflage," Rule mused. "He was the avenger, out to get Willard Morley at any cost."

"He was even being sued, right along with me, because he put the libel into circulation," Zorn said. "It made him my partner, my pal. He could string along, know what I was doing and how I was doing it. I know from Arno Brackett that at the time of Susan Morley's death Jarrold was white-hot about Willard Morley, riding the police to hang the murder on him. Finally, Jarrold hired the Midway Service Agency to work on Morley, and that's how he met Lester Broda. They came up with proof that tied Morley to the murder weapon, and my guess is that Broda held out enough to make certain that, whenever he needed it, he too could cut in on Morley's inheritance."

"You think Jarrold was squeezing Morley right along?" Rule asked.

"Take a look at Ben Jarrold's financial picture," Zorn said. "You'll find that the upward curve began right after Morley inherited all his first wife's money. And at the same time, Morley started faking business losses, in order to provide himself with bundles of cash. There's no explanation in his records of what happened to that cash.

"With Morley and Jarrold both working on the inheritance, it dwindled away," Zorn went on. "Then Jarrold figured out a way to provide Morley



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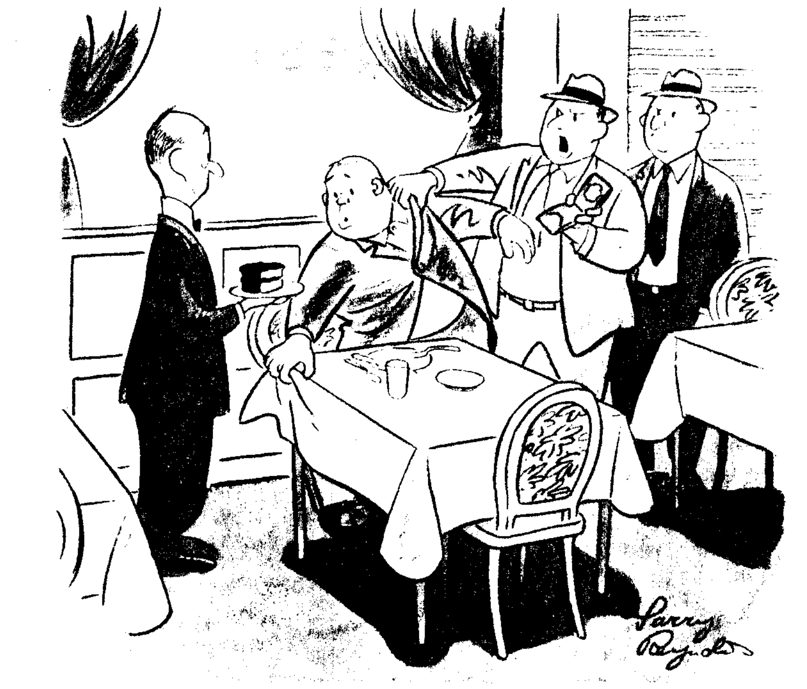

"You're coming now, Butch. It don't matter if you're entitled to dessert on the 85-cent luncheon"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

with some more cash he could cut in on—the damages Morley would collect in the libel suit."

"No, wait a minute," Rule protested. "Jarrold couldn't have anticipated your buying the story from Shelly Gray and making a movie of it."

"TRUE, but what did he stand to lose?" Zorn said. "Her stories had been published in some pretty big English magazines and newspaper chains. Over there, the laws on libel are ten times tougher than ours. Read the English law and you'll find some whopping judgments in libel suits, and probably even bigger settlements that never got to court. But what if the libel suit turned out to be a complete flop—and Jarrold made nothing off it? He would still be raking up the old murder, and in the last analysis it might bounce back to Willard Morley; Jarrold was probably in a position to hang it on him.

"There was more to it than just the money, don't forget," Zorn continued. "There was—and is—Julia Morley. When Arno Brackett and I were going through old newspaper files, we came on something interesting—gossip items linking the present Mrs. Morley and the impoverished socialite, Mr. Benjamin Jarrold. Suppose she was Jarrold's girl all along? She picked Morley, in the clutch, because Morley had the money. But Jarrold could wind up with both."

Rule nodded thoughtfully. "It makes an interesting yarn," he conceded. "Did Jarrold know in advance about your trip up to Dorsey's house night before last?"

"He was in my office when Brackett telephoned me to meet him there. I may have repeated the address, or he may have followed me. He certainly knew we were there."

The detective nodded thoughtfully. "Just as a precaution," Zorn continued, "don't you think we ought to add him to our trophies of the chase?"

"I'll leave a man here at his club," said Rule, "and put somebody on at his hide-out on East Fiftieth Street. If that doesn't get him by morning, I'll put out an alarm."

Rule went back into the club to telephone, and Zorn waited just inside the foyer. When Rule emerged from the booth, he asked the doorman: "What time did Mr. Jarrold go out tonight?"

The doorman consulted his log. "Nine fifteen."

"Did you get him a taxi?"

"No, sir. A taxi called for him. That is, he came down and waited on the steps, and a taxi came by to pick him up. There was a lady in the taxi."

"Ah—a new face," murmured Zorn.

"Did you see the lady?" Rule asked.

"No, sir. They drove right off."

Outside the club, a car was unloading several detectives in plain clothes, and Rule went out to brief them. He gave instructions to a man who was to wait at the club, and then alerted another of his staff. "Roscoe, I'll drop you off at the Fiftieth Street apartment. You watch for him there. I'll give you a key to the apartment Mrs. Morley rented, in case he makes for that one."

Rule fished up the contents of his pocket again, examining the haul under the car's floodlights. He handed Roscoe the appropriate key, and was about to put the rest back in his pocket when he suddenly held them to the light again. He separated them carefully. "That's funny. One's missing." He looked up at Zorn, who was standing beside him. "I had some tagged keys, one to the Lonito apartment and another to the Dorsey place up in the Bronx. I don't seem to have the key to Dorsey's house."

"You spread some keys on the table up at my place," Zorn said. "You may have left one there."

"Your girl still there?" Rule asked, and when Zorn nodded, he went into the club telephone booth again. He emerged with a look of heavy concentration. "No answer," he said.

Zorn was beginning to feel a nameless, unidentifiable fear. Looking up at the detective, he saw something like his own thoughts mirrored there. Rule hesitated for another moment, and then jumped for the squad car. "Let's go," he shouted to Zorn.

THERE were still knots of curious neighbors who paused in their evening promenades to stare at the Dorsey house in the Bronx. And Shelly and Ben Jarrold, watching from the corner across the street, saw that there was a policeman who, if not actually stationed at the house, was there often enough to give the crowds good-natured orders to disperse. "Let's take the defenders by surprise—from the rear," Shelly whispered.

They gained the narrow alley that bisected the rows of identical houses and started down it. Shelly went first, going all the way through to the far end of the alley. She had noted the position of the Dorsey house, and now, by counting, was trying to identify it.

"Come on," Jarrold whispered. "This is it." She saw him opening one of the alley gates, of which there were about thirty, all alike. She moved to him quickly. "Good for you, Ben. How did you know which house it was?"

Jarrold hesitated for a moment. "There's a marker, with a number."

"Oh? Where? I didn't see any—"

As she turned to look, Jarrold pushed her inside by the elbow and hastily closed the gate. He put his finger to his lips. "I heard someone," he whispered. They crouched by the gate. Not a sound came from the alley. She looked at Jarrold curiously. "I was sure I heard footsteps," he said, and then straightening up he took Shelly firmly by the elbow, steering her away from the alley. "Got your key?" he whispered.

"Right here," Shelly said.

He extended his hand and Shelly gave him the key. "Do you suppose it's going to work in the back door, Ben?"

"Very likely. Lots of these houses have the same locks, back and front." He inserted the key, which turned easily. "Stay here," he suggested, "and keep watch."

She shook her head firmly.

"All right," Jarrold said, "stick close to me."

They went down the hall, and Jarrold moved to the left, into the living room of the house. "I can see the street. The cop is gone," he announced with satisfaction. He came back into the hall, motioning to the stairs. "We'll start up there," he said. "If there *is* an affidavit, or any other paper, and if Dorsey had it on him, he would have had only a minute or two to hide it—only the time between his return to consciousness and the arrival of the police."

"That's clever of you," said Shelly, mounting the stairs.

"It's more or less how it must have been, judging from what I read in the papers," Jarrold explained smoothly. He took two or three steps after Shelly, then whirled around suddenly as the telephone rang. Shelly, on the steps above him, saw his right hand fly to his hip pocket and close on what was unmistakably the grip of a gun. Then, as he relaxed, his hand fell away from the weapon.

He motioned Shelly onto the stair landing, while the telephone rang on and on. He joined her there, slipping one arm around her protectively. The gesture made her shiver suddenly. Her mouth was dry and her heart was pounding, and when Jarrold looked down at her with a reassuring smile she looked away quickly. She was trying to forget that he had assured her he was unarmed.

"What's the matter, Shelly?"

"That damn' phone," she whispered, her voice quivering a bit. She was trembling and Jarrold pulled her close. It made her tremble even more.

"I don't know why it should be ringing now," he muttered.

"Ben, let's get out of here," Shelly whispered. "I'm scared. Let's go right out the front door." She edged away from him, but he drew her back firmly.

AS SUDDENLY as it had begun, the telephone stopped ringing. The silence in the house now seemed deafening, and Shelly was acutely aware of the pounding of her heart.

"Let's get on with it," Jarrold said roughly. In the dim light Shelly saw that he was studying her closely.

She nodded. "I'm all right now." She moved slowly to mount the stairs again, very much aware of Jarrold's firm grip on her elbow. "Do—do you know which room it is?" she asked. It was a stupid question. She knew damn' well he knew which room it was, just as he had known which house to enter, but she couldn't keep from voicing it. "I mean, was that in the papers too?" she added lamely.

"Go on up," Jarrold said quietly. He relaxed his grip on her elbow, and in that moment Shelly whirled around, darting past him down the half flight of stairs to the front door. He was after her at once, his hand closing on her wrist as she reached the door. She kicked at him savagely and, as he sidestepped to avoid her, she swung her purse by the handle like a hammer. The neat black alligator bag contained a cigarette case, compact, perfume bottle, a small jar of cold cream, a collection of old luggage keys going back several years, and other odds and ends. She launched it not at Jarrold but at the glass of the front door, and as it shattered she gave a shrill scream.

Jarrold whirled her around. A determined push sent her sprawling headlong into the hall. Simultaneously, a shaft of light from the spotlight of a car caught and fixed Jarrold through the shattered portion of the door.

In the front seat of the car, as the driver picked up Ben Jarrold in the spotlight beam, Captain Rule steadied his forearm on the doorframe and fired. Jarrold had his gun halfway up as the bullet tore through the muscle and bone of his forearm. He dropped the gun, cursing horribly, and fell to his knees, groping for the weapon.

There were the sounds of running feet on the pavement now, and as Jarrold straightened up, with the gun in his left hand, Shelly launched herself at him from behind. Her shoulder, backed up by 105 pounds of determination, hit his wounded arm. With a scream that was almost feline, Jarrold staggered against the wall of the narrow hall. The gun he held seemed to weigh a ton, and as he tried to raise it Shelly got the door open and stepped outside. Rule and a plain-clothes man closed in on Jarrold, and Zorn closed in on Shelly. "Forgive me, Michael," she murmured. "I know this is terribly Victorian—" With that, she fainted. . . .

Captain Nicholas Rule was beaming—so unaccustomed an exercise that it seemed to strain his facial muscles. He turned this rare smile first on Zorn, then on Arno Brackett, and finally even on Shelly, who was calmly leafing through the reports on his desk.

"Now that we've cleaned up this Willard Morley caper," Shelly said briskly, "I see you've got a few other problems I can help you with . . ."

Zorn drew her firmly to a chair.

"She's lightheaded, Captain; it's the strain of being an expectant bride."

"You were right about the affidavits, miss," Rule said respectfully. "Dorsey did have them hidden in his place in the Bronx. How did you know that?"

Shelly tapped her temple with a significant forefinger. "Remember what I told you about the weight of the female brain, Captain? I called on my superior powers of logic, deduction ..." She faltered under his steady stare. "It was a hunch," she finished lamely.

"It was a good one," said Rule. He tossed the affidavits on the table. "It's all in there: Morley got the gun from one of his Army friends, a guy who was going back home to New Zealand to live. We're getting the story out of Jarrold now, piece by piece, and Julia Morley is filling in a few gaps. Lester Broda, a private detective with the Midway Service Agency, was put on the case by Jarrold practically the day after Morley murdered his wife. Jarrold had a head start on you, Brackett, because he knew a lot about Morley's Army service, the friends he made. The reason you never got on the trail of the gun was that this New Zealander he got it from"—Rule indicated the affidavits—"was already out of the country by then. Broda caught up to him just before he left. We ought to have the full story by radio before long—what Broda paid him, if anything.

"At any rate," Rule went on, "this fellow gave Broda affidavits on the transfer of the gun; and for the biggest and final proof, he let Broda dig out a dozen or more bullets he had fired from the gun in target practice down in his cellar. Put together, the affidavits and the bullets would have been enough to put Morley in the electric chair."

"So that's the end of it," Brackett said softly, looking up from the affidavits. "It's strange, but I thought when it came it would mean more to me. I feel sort of empty now."

"I've been in touch with the police upstate," Rule said. "If you want your job back, I think it could be managed."

"Thanks, Captain." Brackett rolled one of the bullets, which were part of Rule's evidence, in his big, stubby fingers. "Forget it. Send me one of these for a souvenir." He shook hands with Rule and Zorn, and then with Shelly.

"You can kiss the bride," Shelly said.

Brackett leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. "Good luck, miss."

"Thank you." She whirled on Zorn. "Michael, why can't Captain Rule marry us right here? Captains have the right to marry people."

"He's not that kind of captain," Zorn explained. "You have to be the captain of a ship." He took her firmly by the elbow. "I've got a judge warming up across the street."

LATER, outside Zorn's apartment building, Shelly turned her glowing face up to Zorn. "It's wonderful being a bride, Michael."

"Just any bride at all?"

"Your bride, stupid." She pointed to the revolving door. "Does this count as a threshold, Michael? If it does, I'd like to be carried over it, please."

"Inside," Zorn said, yanking her along in distinctly unbridal fashion.

The superintendent of the building and two men in overalls were just coming out of the elevator into the foyer. "These men were just making a delivery to your apartment, Mr. Zorn," the superintendent said. "It's a present for you, from Mr. Louis Stradling."

"Ah," said Zorn, gratified. "Hear that, Shelly? A present from the boss."

"We were just married," Shelly confided to the delivery men. "Look how he's blushing. Isn't that sweet?"

Zorn glared at her and gave the delivery men five dollars to get rid of them. They took off their caps. One of them offered congratulations while the other sized up Shelly to the accompaniment of a long, low whistle.

Zorn yanked her into the elevator. "Shelly, have you no unexpressed thoughts?" he asked reproachfully.

"Our first quarrel," Shelly murmured. "I'll treasure this memory."

"Our first quarrel? Are you out of your mind? It must be our fiftieth."

OUTSIDE the apartment, Shelly waited until Zorn opened the door and then held him back. "Now, Michael. First we do the threshold bit."

Zorn sighed and picked her up in his arms, where she snuggled contentedly. He carried her over the threshold into the living room of the apartment and then, as he saw Louis Stradling's wedding present, he dropped her on the floor. She landed with a thud and a little outraged scream, and then saw *him* staring at the gift. In the corner stood a gleaming new teletype machine.

"Oh, *no!*" Zorn shouted. Even as he spoke, a bell clanged and the teletype leaped into life. Shelly got up from the floor and watched him creep up stealthily on the chattering machine.

Zorn looked down at the message: CONGRATULATIONS YOU AND MRS. ZORN. STILL FEEL PRESENT ENDING BLACK VELVET DOWNBEAT. SUGGEST YOU SPEND HONEYMOON FOUR WEEKS COASTWARD WHILE MRS. ZORN WORKS ON SCRIPT. SUGGEST YOU . . .

As in a daze, Zorn reached into the corner for a practice putter, a steel-shafted weapon with a heavy, knobbed head. He raised the club in both hands and brought it crashing down on the machine. The teletype shuddered, wobbled over a space, and continued: . . . SUGGEST YOU MAKE OPTION DEAL WITH MRS. ZORN GIVING CONTINENTAL FIRST CALL HER SERVICES . . .

Again Zorn smashed the club down on the machine. This time it gave a shuddering gasp, the bell clanged loudly, and it jumped eight spaces. It stopped, and then as Zorn put down the club it started up again: . . . SUGGEST YOU TAKE MIDNIGHT PLANE ARRIVING COAST TOMORROW MORNING. WILL SET CONFERENCE FOR NOON . . .

"This damn' machine is harder to kill than the Monk Rasputin!" Zorn shouted. He raised the club again, and this time he dealt the teletype three quick, paralyzing blows. Bits of machinery leaped out, all the bells clanged at once, and the carriage staggered convulsively. It made a valiant attempt to survive: DOWNBEAT . . . OFFCALLED . . . COASTWARD . . .

Then the bell tolled slowly, as for a ship disappearing into the depth of the sea, and a shower of springs and bolts flew up from the gaping holes in its streamlined cover. With one last gasp it gave up its electronic ghost and died.

Zorn leaned heavily on the putter. Shelly put her arms around him. "I'm proud of you, Michael." They walked to the bedroom together and in the doorway Shelly gently detached the golf club from his hand and tossed it into a corner. "You won't need that, Michael," she said. She put her arms around him. "Just this one last little threshold, Michael."

He picked her up. He seemed to have a new source of strength as he strode into the bedroom and kicked the door shut.

—HARRY KURNITZ

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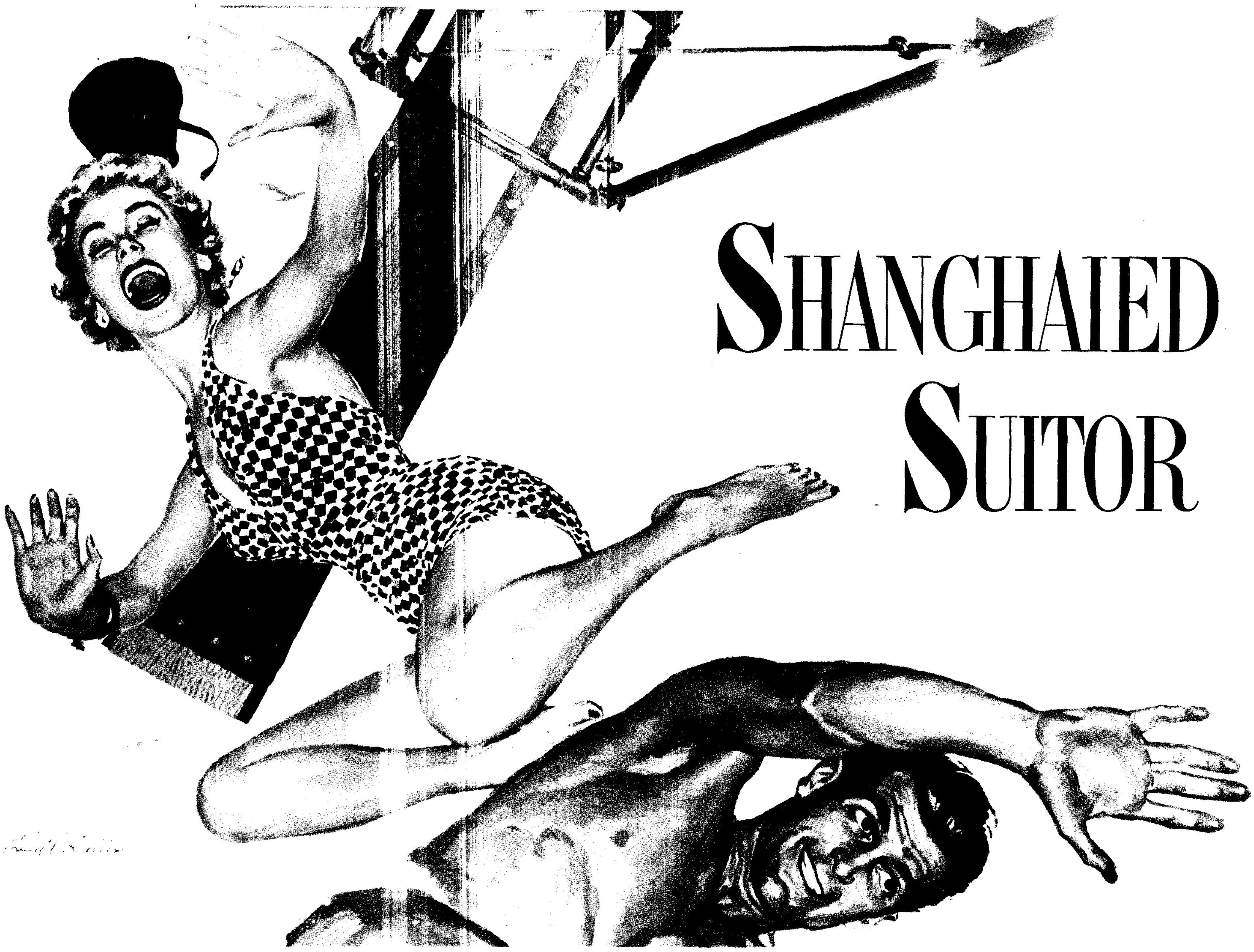

SHANGHAIED SUITOR

At the worst possible moment Martin's foot slipped, and both he and Linda went cartwheeling into the pool

By BILL ANNETT

The lieutenant was so desperate he was ready to court danger, so he courted the captain's girl. Man, that's *really* danger!

IN THE snapshot, Anne was standing on a boat's smooth foredeck, wearing a swimming suit and smiling as she waved at whoever was taking the picture. Martin Bannister eyed the snapshot from a prone position on the diving board of the officers' swimming pool. He drummed his fingers helplessly. The fate that had him in Georgia—sweating out a hitch with an ROTC commission—had Anne far off in Massachusetts, a prey to some character with a cabin cruiser.

Martin was so absorbed that he scarcely noticed when the diving board suddenly vibrated. "Hey, Lieutenant," he heard the lifeguard call, "would you like to move?"

"Would I like to move!" Martin sighed at Anne's picture.

"I mean off the board, Lieutenant. People waiting to dive."

"Oh." Grudgingly, Martin boosted himself off the board and into the water. Abruptly, the board above him creaked, and something all gold and tan went arching overhead. Martin's eyesight was 20/20, and he saw at a glance that the projectile flashing into the pool was feminine, extremely agile and, in the second it was poised against the sky, pleasingly symmetrical.

A head emerged from the water, very close to his. He shook the water from his eyes, and the other head made the same motion. It was like confronting a mirror, but Martin had never seen this in a mirror. His hair was dark and curly, not covered by a gold bathing cap. His eyes were blue, but these eyes were indescribable, like the Georgia sky overhead.

The girl's lips curved into a smile, and she swam away from him in an effortless crawl stroke toward the ladder. Something inside Martin unwound, and all he could do was tread water in her wake. He just missed being clobbered by a second diver coming off the board.

"Watch it, Lieutenant," warned the lifeguard.

"I'm watching," Martin said, without taking his 20/20 vision from the girl climbing the ladder. She was smoothly tanned from her shoulders down to her pretty, shapely feet. Her one-piece suit, fitting like a frankfurter skin, was of a fine gold material. Martin, still treading water, blew drops from the tip of his nose.

He allowed ten seconds to elapse for the sake of propriety, and then he climbed the ladder. He found her stretched out beside the pool under an umbrella. Her hair, shaken loose from the cap now, was like dawn over a golden desert. Her pert nose wrinkled with concentration as she smoothed oil over her tanned legs. This process distracted Martin for several seconds.

"Hi, there," she said. Her lashes were moist, giving her eyes a fresh, blue clarity. "I'm sorry if I disturbed you."

"Disturb me you did," Martin agreed, tearing his gaze from her legs. "But I've no business lying on the board. This place is usually deserted at noon, so it's become a habit."

"I swim mostly in the afternoons." The girl was looking beyond Martin. "But today I came here with Joey."

A small boy was pounding toward them, dripping like a saturated pup. He went spraying past Martin and collapsed on a towel beside the girl. Martin gaped from one to the other. Was she old enough to be this theatrical's mother?

Joey gaped back at Martin. He was burned the

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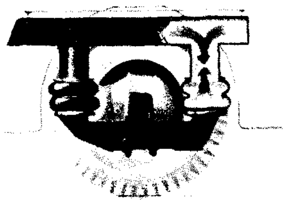

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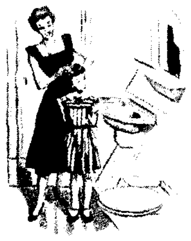

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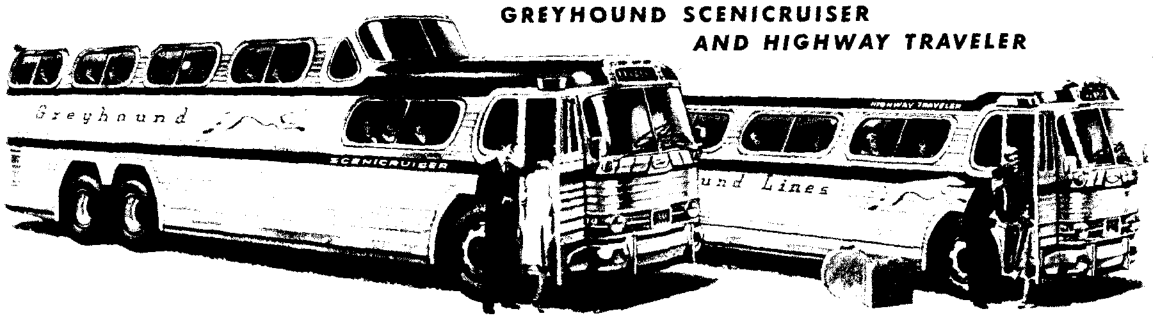

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color of a coffee bean. He had a thatch of black hair and a pug nose that wrinkled as he squinted. "You don't look as strong as Pinky," he decided, after a brief scrutiny of Martin's muscles.

"Who's Pinky?" Martin asked.

"Linda's boy friend. He's a captain. What are you?"

Martin looked at Linda. "A lieutenant."

"First or second?" Joey countered.

"Second," Martin said apologetically.

"It figures," the kid said, seeming to reject him

LINDA laughed. "Go and swim, Joey. My nephew," she explained, when Joey had scampered off. "My brother's a captain too."

She stretched her long legs and put on a pair of dark glasses. "What's that in your hand, Lieutenant?"

Martin glanced down. He was still holding Anne's snapshot, which had become rather soggy during his swim. "A picture of my fiancée," he said woodenly.

"What a shame," Linda said. "That it got wet, I mean. May I see it?"

He handed it to her, and somewhere between his hand and hers the pulpy print tore in half.

"Oh," Linda bit her lip. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay. I have others."

"She's very pretty. Where was it taken?"

"Massachusetts. Where I lived until they shipped me out."

"How awful—that they shipped you out, I mean."

"I'm used to it. I had a girl at home when I was in college. I had a girl in college when I went home after my senior year."

"And you burn your bridges behind you."

"They kind of burn of their own accord. But of course Anne's different."

"Of course," Linda said politely.

Anne *was* different. There was a natural reticence about her, although her brown eyes were sparkling and intelligent beneath arching eyebrows. She had a creamy complexion and hair like jet that curled closely like a chic, tight-fitting cap. As an added attraction, it had to be admitted, her old man was J. B. Bostwick, and no grass grew on J. B.'s corporate holdings. But Martin was too idealistic to give much thought to that.

Linda stirred, removing her glasses, and it was all Martin could do to keep his ideals in focus. "You certainly have your troubles," Linda said, watching him. Her eyes were just the color of the water in the pool. "Why not marry the girl?"

"She thought it best to wait until I got out of the Army," Martin answered. "So did her parents."

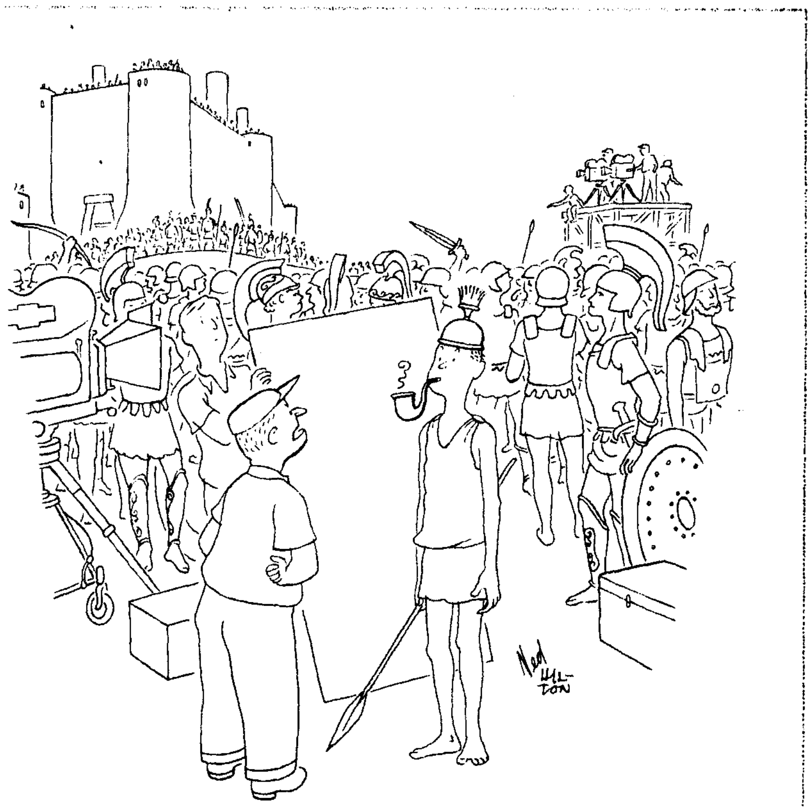
"How dumb." Linda sighed. "The situation, I mean. Have you thought of a transfer?"

Martin smiled. "Like a kid thinks of Christmas!"

"It happens. People get transferred every day."

"Here comes Pinky now!" shrilled a small voice near Martin's ear. Joey was pointing toward the gate, and dripping all over Martin while he was at it.

A large officer, resplendent in tropical worsteds and wearing a captain's bars, was striding in their direction. He had a small, closely clipped mustache and eyes that bulged slightly behind his dark-rimmed glasses. His campaign ribbons glittered like the aurora borealis.



COLLIER'S "You mean you went through the whole Trojan War with that thing in your mouth?" NED HILTON

"Captain Pinkerton," Linda announced, "this is Lieutenant—"

"Bannister," Martin said, rising. "Martin Bannister."

"As you were, Lieutenant," the captain said, without taking his eyes from Linda.

"Tell us about Okinawa, Pinky," Joey said. He was swinging from the captain's arm as from a trapeze.

"Not now, Joey." The captain seated himself carefully on the concrete, mindful of the crease in his trousers.

"The lieutenant," Linda said, "is from Massachusetts too."

Pinky looked disapprovingly at Martin. His voice was cool: "That practically makes us cousins."

Martin, conscious of the freeze, observed that it was time he left. "Good-by," he said to Linda. "Good afternoon, sir."

As he was passing the lifeguard's chair, a voice said: "Three o'clock, Lieutenant."

"I beg your pardon?"

"She swims every day at three o'clock." The lifeguard looked conspiratorial. "Pinky's always in the field with his troops."

"Corporal," Martin said to the lifeguard, "there's no reason why I should tell you, but I have a fiancée in Massachusetts."

"And I," said the lifeguard, "got a wife in Omaha, but it don't abolish my eyesight. A lifeguard's got to be observant. You should see the royal-blue number she wears. Compared to it, the one she has on today is a cold-weather model."

"At ease, Corporal," Martin said, walking away. He synchronized his watch with the clock on the dressing room. . . .

Though he was present for duty that afternoon, he found himself looking at his watch at three o'clock. He reprimanded himself sternly, haunted by a heart-shaped face bordered by short, dark curls. And also seeming to reprimand him was a letter from Anne, which arrived in the afternoon distribution. She wrote so longingly of seeing him that he considered taking a leave—until he recalled that he had just returned from leave in Massachusetts two weeks previously.

He thought of Anne, alone and waiting for him. But, whose deck had she been standing on in that snapshot? That of the character who had taken the picture, no doubt. Well, you could hardly expect her to sit around moping all the time. The others hadn't, and Anne was much prettier than they. Martin's anxiety took a sharp upward turn.

HE WAS at the bar in the officers' club that evening, when he saw Linda and Pinky near the door. They had just come in, and she was talking to the captain. Her head was turned, and Martin got the full effect of her profile. Her short golden hair was brushed up in back, and her shoulders emerged from a creation of black material flecked with white. The skirt was full, and high-heeled black shoes gave accent to the tapering curve of her legs encased in sheer nylon. The smooth motion of her stride when they walked to a table was too much for Martin. He got off his stool and walked over to their table.

"Hi, Martin." Linda smiled up at him. "Won't you sit down with us?"

Martin did, despite Pinky, who had just lighted a cigarette and was glaring through a wreath of smoke.

"I didn't see you at the pool this afternoon," Linda began. "The lifeguard said you'd probably be there at three."

"That lifeguard is a busybody," Pinky grumbled. "It's time he was moved. Think I'll speak to Charlie in Service Troops."

"Oh, that reminds me," Linda said breathlessly, turning to Martin. "I was telling the captain about your predicament—your fiancée being in Massachusetts—and we were discussing ways of swinging a transfer for you."

"Excuse me, my dear," Pinky corrected. "*You* were discussing them."

"But you have a friend in Officer Personnel—"

"I have." Pinky inhaled deeply. "The officer in charge is a good friend of mine. But I can't ask him for favors every time a second lieutenant gets an itchy foot."

"I can understand that, sir," Martin agreed.

"Don't be so stuffy, Pinky," Linda said, leaning forward. "You got a transfer for Dick Gregg fast enough."

Pinky shifted uncomfortably. "Well, yes. But that was different."

"I wouldn't be too sure." Linda was appraising Martin, one eyebrow slightly raised.

Martin didn't know what all this meant, but an idea occurred to him. Suppose he could convince Pinky that a lieutenant with an itchy foot should be nearer his own girl and farther away from Linda. Wouldn't that induce Pinky to swing the transfer, just as a favor to himself?

"We'll have to be going, Linda," Pinky said finally, with a glance at his watch. "I have to take the troops on a night problem."

Linda wrinkled her nose. "Why not leave from here?" she suggested. "It would save you time."

Pinky considered, tapping his fingers on the table. "What about you?"

"I'll drive her home, sir," Martin said, seizing the opportunity. "I'd be glad to help you out."

Pinky gave him a suspicious stare. "I just bet you would," he said. "However, it would save me time. Quite right." He patted Linda on the shoulder, glared once more at Martin, and departed.

"Pinky's so difficult," Linda said and sighed. "Sometimes I wonder why I put up with him."

"Could he get me transferred?"

A reminiscent light entered Linda's eyes. "He's done it before," she said. "Pinky doesn't snow me, Martin. I've been an Army brat most of my life."

"Real RA?" Martin laughed.

Linda smiled. "I was. I'm afraid I was quite a tomboy. I always insisted I was going to the Point someday, even though Dad assured me it was impossible. But Mother eventually got it across to me that being a girl had its points too."

"She did a dandy job," Martin said.

HE DROVE Linda home. Helping her into his car, he found his chin level with the top of her small golden head. He was aware of the pearly texture of one delicately curved ear, the lithe movement of her hips, the faint aroma of her perfume. He had felt like this once before: as a varsity halfback, when three tacklers, converging from three different directions, had stood him on his head.

When he offered his hand to help her from the car, she came more quickly than he had anticipated, and before he knew it he was kissing her. Martin vibrated for a full thirty seconds.

But his intentions had been nothing like this. "A mistake," he said, releasing her.

Linda swayed almost imperceptibly, moonlight glinting on her hair and her half-closed eyes. "What a mistake!"

Martin swallowed with effort. "I—I'd better be going," he said.

"Do you have to? I mean, why don't you come in and meet my brother and his wife?"

Joey's parents, Captain and Mrs. James, were more sociably acceptable on first meeting than Joey was—in fact, Martin liked them very much. . . .

Martin managed to dismiss the kissing business as a temporary aberration, and slept on his new resolve: to pursue Linda only for Pinky's benefit. With some manipulating, he was at the pool next day at three o'clock. There was the usual scattering of kids, Joey among them, and the bored and lanky lifeguard was watching them between glances at a magazine.

"You're right on time, Lieutenant," he said slyly.

"Let's say I changed my habits," Martin said.

"Don't change 'em too much, Lieutenant. Do you know Pinky has a buddy in Personnel?"

"Uh-huh."

"I remember another lieutenant used to be around the pool a lot, especially at three o'clock. Name was Dick Gregg." The lifeguard shook his head. "Nice guy, Lieutenant Gregg. Wish he was still around."

"He got shipped out?" Martin smiled. This confirmed what he had been wondering about.

"Shanghaied is a better word for it. He was giving Linda a swimming lesson one day when Pinky walked in. Pinky ain't very broad-minded—you see, Linda needs swimming instruction about as much as Tiffany needs diamonds."

"Swimming lesson," Martin mused. "Well, perhaps I can give her a lesson myself."

"Lieutenant Gregg got shipped to the Canal Zone."

Martin's jaw sagged. "Canal Zone!"

"Sure. When Pinky ships out his opposition, he ain't particular where it ships."

Martin gulped. In his exuberance, it hadn't occurred to him that he could be sent just about anywhere but Massachusetts. But, he decided, he'd have to run that risk. The situation could hardly be worse, with Anne being photographed by unidentified males on unidentified boats.

"By the way, Corporal," Martin said. "One tip-off deserves another: you aren't exactly Pinky's fair-haired boy yourself."

The lifeguard laughed. "That don't petrify me, Lieutenant," he said. "I get discharged in a month and a half. That much time I can do standing on my head, even if he puts me on the ash-and-trash detail."

AT THAT moment, Linda appeared, wearing the royal-blue printed swimming suit the lifeguard had mentioned. He had not exaggerated. The color made a sharp contrast with the pale gleam of her hair. And the style was not for cold weather. As a man, Martin and the lifeguard popped to.

"At ease," Linda said gaily, approaching them. She was swinging a bathing cap in one hand.

"At ease, she says," mumbled the lifeguard. "Heavens to Omaha!"

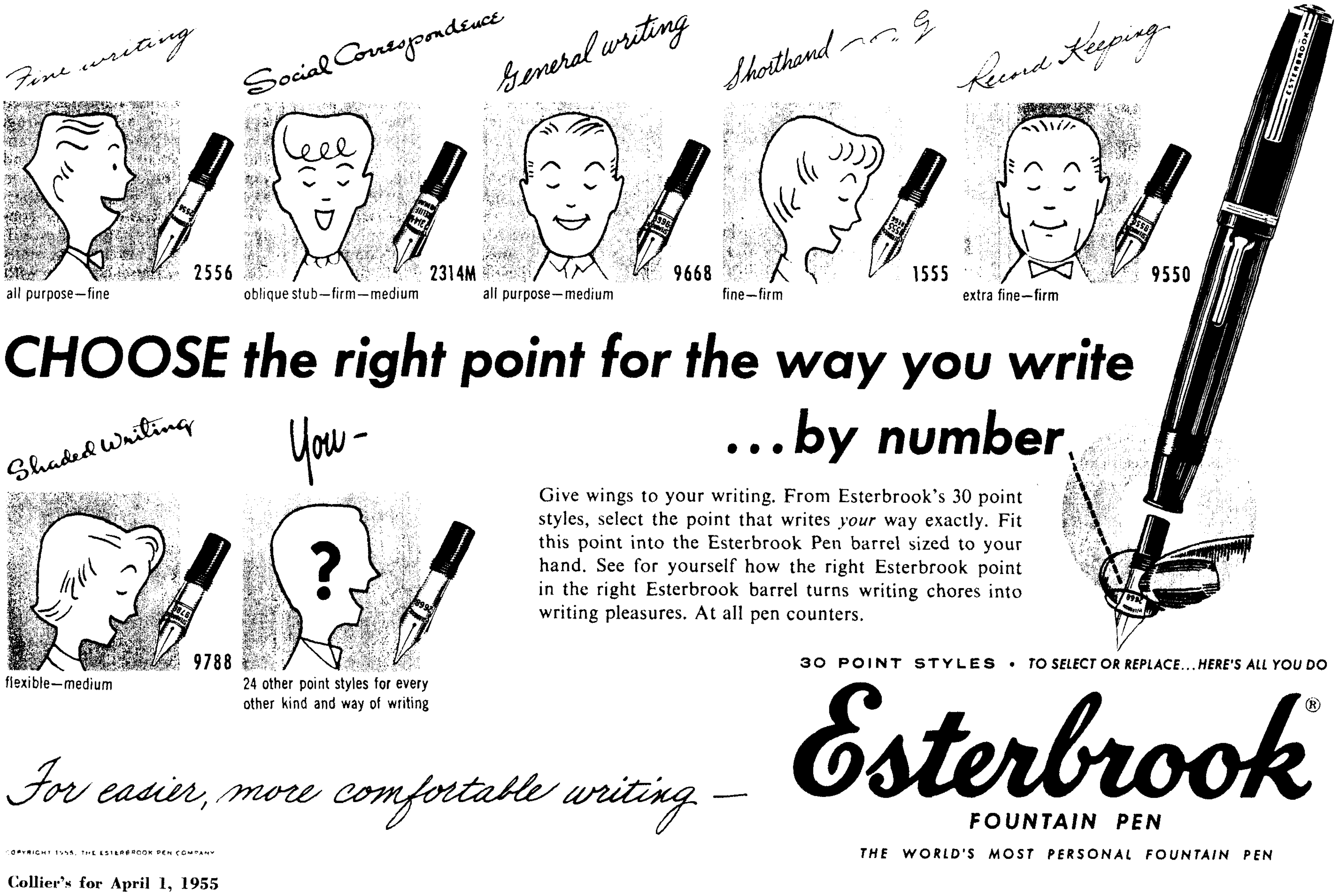
"Can you," Martin asked Linda numbly, "do a back one-and-a-half?"

Linda's blue eyes widened. "No. Can you?"

"I'll teach you," Martin said. He took her hand and led her toward the diving board. Over Linda's shoulder, he saw the lifeguard roll his eyes skyward and draw a forefinger across his throat.

"It's simple," Martin said determinedly. "Watch." He executed the dive once and remounted the board. "Come out here with me."

They stood on the board together, Martin bracing her with his hands on her shoulders. Linda was an attentive



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student, except that her eyes were closed and her lips slightly parted.

“I hope I ain't being picayune,” called the lifeguard. “But there's only supposed to be one person at a time on that board.”

“Okay, Corporal,” Martin assured him. “We're getting right off.”

Martin was bouncing like a pogo stick right at the tip of the board, demonstrating maximum spring, when he perceived over Linda's shoulder something that brought his bouncing to a shuddering conclusion.

The presence of Pinky, dressed immaculately for the field, hands on hips and glaring up at them, was just what Martin had been hoping for. But near Pinky stood a slender girl with dark hair curled closely about her face. She was startlingly pretty in a white dress and a picture hat. And she looked ready to dissect Martin on the spot.

“Anne!” Martin yelled.

One of his feet missed the edge of the board on his final bounce, and both he and Linda went cartwheeling into the pool. When they climbed out, Pinky's field pants were drenched, and Anne was brushing water from her skirt. Her dress had lost its stunning freshness, and a few strands of damp curly hair clung to her forehead.

“Just what was that supposed to be?” Pinky demanded.

“Martin was teaching me a special dive,” Linda said.

“It was some dive,” Anne observed.

Martin blundered through introductions. At the mention of Anne's name, Pinky goggled. “Not one of the Beacon Hill Bostwicks?” He removed his white helmet liner with a gesture almost chivalric.

“Down, boy,” said Linda.

“Captain,” Anne remarked, “I don't understand your role in this *jeu*. Are you the coach?”

A roar of laughter from the lifeguard's chair subsided as Pinky stared in that direction. “Corporal,” Pinky said presently, “start packing your duffel bag.”

Martin took Anne's arm. “I'll explain in the car.”

“It had better be good,” Anne warned.

BY THE time they had finished dinner in the officers' club, Martin had almost convinced Anne that his actions had been harmless.

“I came all this way to see you,” Anne pouted, “only to find you bouncing with girls on diving boards. Isn't that enough to make one wonder, Martin?”

“She and the captain are friends of mine,” Martin said. “The captain might get me a transfer to Massachusetts.”

Anne seemed mollified at that, and she was soon her old self again. Breathlessly, she began telling him how she and her mother had been in Florida, and how she had persuaded her mother to let her come. “I thought of writing, but decided to surprise you instead.”

In the middle of the narration, Martin caught sight of Linda at a table near the door with Pinky, and his attention went AWOL. Anne's voice faded into an unintelligible hum as Martin absorbed the vision of Linda in a form-fitting navy-blue outfit with a white collar.

“Are you listening to me?” Anne asked suddenly.

“Huh? Why—yes.”

Anne followed the direction of his gaze. “I thought so! Pretending you're glad to see me, yet when this girl appears you oscillate like an electric fan.”

“Oh, that's ridiculous!” Martin said, bringing his oscillations under control. “My concern all along has been to get that transfer.”

“Well,” Anne said suspiciously, “it seems to me you're enjoying the process too much. But I suppose we'd better be nice to that captain. He's flailing his arms at us. Let's go over.”

“Miss Bostwick!” Pinky exclaimed as they approached the table. “What a pleasure to see you again!” He had leaped to his feet and was holding a chair for her.

“Good evening, Captain,” Anne said, giving him a smile that should have disturbed Martin.

But what was disturbing Martin was the cool reception they received from Linda. When he sat beside her, she steadfastly ignored his presence.

“It's not hard to see,” Pinky said, “why the lieutenant was so eager to transfer to Massachusetts.”

“At any price,” Linda added dryly.

Anne gave a strained little laugh. “And is there any chance that he will?”

Pinky smiled. “Let's just say I wish *I* were the one to be going.”

“Hi!” shrilled a voice behind Martin. Joey and his parents had come in, and the kid came surging up to the table like an unleashed boxer pup. He had a white shirt and a suit on, and someone had driven a wet comb through his hair.

“Hey, Lieutenant,” Joey said. “Is it right you're a bullfighter?”

Martin blinked his eyes. “I don't get it, Joey.”

“Well, the lifeguard said: ‘Lieutenant Bannister can't mess with the bull and get away with it.’ ”

“I don't get it either,” Pinky said.

“You wouldn't,” said Linda.

These Sisters Kno

Tokyo

TONIGHT,” said my wife, “why don't you come with me to a Chinese cooking class? You can eat the lesson for dinner.”

“Who'll cook it—you or the inscrutable Chinese teacher?” I asked.

“Two teachers,” said my wife, “and they're not Chinese, they're from South Dakota.”

They were, in fact, two jolly Benedictine Sisters—Sister Francetta and Sister Regia, of Lemmon and Epiphany, South Dakota, respectively. At their small Tokyo convent they conduct five jam-packed classes a week in Chinese cookery—which they learned, along with the language, during nearly 20 years in China.

The sisters are two of six who established the first Benedictine Convent in Peiping in 1930, but left China in 1948 when it was overrun by the Communists. Like many other nuns and missionaries the sisters were in danger of being branded spies by the Reds. But the only secrets they took out of the country were recipes for about 40 dishes now being imparted to grateful American, European and Japanese housewives.

After leaving China proper, the six nuns separated. Two are now in Formosa; another has returned to the Mother House in St. Joseph, Minnesota; a fourth is dead. Sisters Francetta and Regia arrived in Tokyo from Formosa in 1950—along with Sister Ursuline, of St. Paul, a teacher who had joined the China convent in 1936.

At first the nuns were low in funds, and their prospects of remaining in Japan were slim. But they received many kindnesses, which they repaid with boxes of homemade candy. The candy was so good an old China hand suggested they give lessons in candymaking. Soon they were teaching American-style cooking to Japanese—and eventually Chinese cooking to Americans. They began to prosper.

Today their classroom is the convent kitchen. Morning classes culminate in lunch; evening sessions include dinner. For each lesson with

PETER KALISCHE

Benedictine Sisters Francetta (l.) and Regia show pupils how to cook Chinese food. Classes are held in kitchen of their convent in Tokyo

Captain James coughed. He was vainly trying to keep Joey at bay.

Joey looked confused. "I asked the lifeguard what you meant," he said to Martin, "when you told him you wanted to give Linda a lesson."

Martin turned purple. He could sense Anne stiffening beside him.

"Really, Joey—" Mrs. James began.

"Tell us more, little boy," Anne interrupted quietly.

"Well, the lieutenant and the lifeguard were talking about Dick Gregg shipping to the Canal Zone," Joey went on, "and the lieutenant said what I told you. But Linda's won diving championships. How could he give her a lesson?"

"How, indeed?" Anne said darkly.

"I asked Linda what it meant, but she just gritted her teeth."

"They're still gritting," Linda said.

"Well," Mrs. James said. "I guess we'd better be—"

"I know who *you* are," Joey said to Anne, with sudden recognition. "You're the lady in the picture they tore in half."

"Tore in half? Who?"

"Linda and the lieutenant. The first time he—"

"That does it!" Anne cried, jumping up to glare at Martin. "Here," she said, "is your ring. You—bullfighter!"

"Wait," Martin said. "I—"

"Would someone show me where I can get a cab?" Anne asked.

"Allow me, Miss Bostwick," Pinky crooned, leaping up. He took her arm and, passing Joey, patted him patronizingly on the head. Anne and Pinky went out the door.

"Joey," Captain James told his son reprovingly, "you talk too much."

Martin looked at Linda. Linda looked at the ceiling.

"Pinky's taking a long time to get that cab," Mrs. James said.

"Let him go," Linda said. "Pinky has so few chances at society."

"Linda," Martin pleaded, "let me explain something."

Captain James got to his feet. "Come on, Mary, Joey."

"Me too," Linda said.

"I'll drive you home," Martin said.

"I'll go home with my brother."

Martin found himself sitting alone at the table.

IF HE needed anything to complete his misery, he got it the following morning in the form of travel orders for the European Command. Noon found him wandering hazily into the swimming-pool area. The lifeguard was in his chair, head between his knees, moodily observing his reflection in the water. "Me and my big mouth," the lifeguard said.

"I'll buy that," Martin agreed.

"I got orders—the rest of my Army career, I pull ash-and-trash detail."

"You've got it made," Martin said. "I'm going to Eucom."

"Not Massachusetts, Lieutenant?"

"Who wants to go to Massachusetts? I like the scenery here."

"I agree with you." The lifeguard was looking across the pool. Linda was walking onto the diving board in a black swimming suit, perhaps slightly scantier than the blue one. "I ain't ever seen that one before," the lifeguard said reverently.

She made a clean dive, swam to the ladder and arranged herself under the umbrella. There was something about that dive: it was a back one-and-a-half, surpassing any dive Martin had ever made.

Martin was not sure how to interpret the gesture, but he was determined to find out. He dived flatly from the edge, swam the width of the pool as if a shark were at his heels, and got out. His determination failed him when he reached Linda. He stood over her uncertainly.

"I got orders," he said, "for Europe."

"So what else is new?" Linda asked casually.

"I wanted to tell you: sure, I tried to aggravate Pinky into shipping me, but from the first minute, well, the means I used kind of eclipsed the end. It took me a while to get it—like a prolonged double-take—but I've got it now."

Linda was inscrutable behind the dark glasses.

"I love you," Martin said.

Linda flexed her long legs in the sun. "And you're going to Europe."

"Yeah."

"So what do you want me to do—write to you, become one of your absent amours?"

Martin reached down and pulled her to her feet. "No," he said. "I want you to marry me."

Linda's dark glasses had got knocked off. Her blue eyes were laughing. "I thought you'd never ask."

After a moment, Martin said: "You knew I was going."

"Uh-huh." Linda brushed a trace of lipstick from Martin's mouth. "My brother could have had the orders rescinded if I'd asked him. He has friends Pinky never heard of."

"Why didn't you ask him?"

Linda laughed and leaned closer to her lieutenant. "Funny boy," she said. "Because I've always wanted to see Europe."

—BILL ANNETT

heir Skillet

meal, including mimeographed copies of the recipes, the sisters charge 1,000 yen, or $2.75. Ten weekly lessons comprise the course.

At first the sisters cooked for everybody, but now that classes average thirty people, the bulk of the four-course meal is prepared by Japanese helpers in a second kitchen. The midday lessons are attended entirely by women; at night there is a sprinkling of husbands who came to scoff originally but stayed to pay for the whole course.

"How much is a pinch of salt?" one logistics-minded colonel asked Sister Francetta recently.

"Well, there's a big, a medium and a little pinch," was the answer—very difficult to codify in an Army manual. Usually, however, instructions are as explicit as the art of cooking will allow: Sister Francetta mastered in home economics at the University of Minnesota. By popular request she and Sister Regia are preparing a book of their recipes whose working title, at the moment, is Out of the Ancient Past, Something New in Cooking.

"We don't go in for shark's fin, bear's paws or monkey brains," Sister Francetta said. "Just North China cooking mostly, and some Cantonese. We try to limit the ingredients to what American wives will be able to buy on the market here and when they go home."

The sisters have been giving cooking lessons for four years and their classes are filled up months ahead. Besides Americans, they teach wives of European diplomatic officials in Tokyo and—the ultimate seal of approval—a few Chinese women. "It was almost embarrassing," said Sister Francetta, delightedly, "to have the wife of the owner of one of Tokyo's best Chinese restaurants attend class. One day I saw their ad in the Nippon Times giving the recipe for chicken walnut and it was ours word for word. But I didn't mind. Three Chinese sisters told us our cooking was *'Chen'ten.'*"

Roughly translated, that means 'the McCoy.' —PETER KALISCHER

BEEF AND ONIONS

3 large onions, thinly sliced
½ pound tender beef, in thin strips
2 teaspoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons soy sauce
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons dry red wine
½ teaspoon sugar
4 tablespoons oil

Dredge beef in a mixture of cornstarch, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, ¼ teaspoon salt and one teaspoon wine. Heat pan, add 2 tablespoons oil and sauté beef. Remove. Reheat pan, add remaining oil and sauté onions. Add remaining salt, soy sauce, wine and the sugar, and cook a few seconds. Add sautéed beef and thoroughly reheat. Serves four.

CH'AO JO P'IEN

¾ pound pork, in thin strips
1 large onion, chopped
¼ bunch celery cut in 1-inch pieces
½ pound bean sprouts
½ can (16-ounce) water chestnuts, sliced
12 mushrooms
2 green peppers, sliced
ginger, size of walnut, chopped fine
4 tablespoons soy sauce
2 tablespoons cornstarch
½ cup water

Fry the pork slightly, add onions and cook a few seconds. Now add celery and peppers. Cook until done. Add soy sauce, bean sprouts, water chestnuts, ginger and ½ cup water. (Water chestnuts and bean sprouts must be thoroughly heated through but not left to boil more than a few seconds. They should be crunchy.) Thicken with 2 tablespoons of cornstarch mixed with 2 tablespoons water. Heat thoroughly and serve hot. Serves four.

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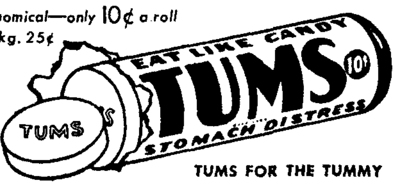

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We have become a nation

Around and around it goes—and sometimes a revolving door winds up like this. A harassed woman shopper finds an armload of parcels, a dog and a whirling door too much to cope with

All over the world today a seventy-six-year-old American invention is getting the pushing around it deserves. In all, 20,000 revolving doors whoosh endlessly, pleasing children, counter clerks and building owners, alarming dogs and claustrophobes, and inspiring comedians and cartoonists.

The invention has divided the peoples of the earth into those who push and those who get pushed. Millions of women get free rides through the doors, thanks to chivalrous men behind them. Small children love to merry-go-round on the cables that connect the vanes of older doors. Even a sizable male group, following the advice of the late Walter B. Pitkin, psychologist-author of Life Begins at Forty, allow others to push them.

"There are two ways to add five years to your life," pundit Pitkin pontificated. "Never open third-class mail; and always let the next man push the revolving door." Pitkin lived to be seventy-four, a good four years less than the seventy-eight achieved by Theophilus Van Kannel, the stubborn one-legged Philadelphia inventor of the revolving door. To the end, Van Kannel manfully pushed his doors.

He pushed even better than he knew. Since he obtained his first revolving-door patent in 1888 (nine years after he invented the door) his "always-open, always-closed" devices have whirled in all kinds of places.

Van Kannel's doors admit Communists to the Palace Hotel in Shanghai and capitalists to the U.S. Capitol, white-gloved society to the Waldorf-Astoria and black-faced miners to an Illinois coal-mine bathhouse. They admit gourmets to the Café de la Paix in Paris and quick-lunchers to the New York Automats; worshipers to New York's Riverside Church (among others), sinners to the South Dakota Penitentiary at Sioux Falls. Atomic scientists at Hanford use the doors to go in and out of restricted areas, and there are four revolving doors in the atomic-war home for our high brass, an emergency Pentagon built into the side of Rock Raven Mountain, near Thurmont, Maryland.

A few architects scorn the doors as old-fashioned and unaesthetic, but ultramodern Frank Lloyd Wright used them in the beautiful Johnson Wax Building in Racine, Wisconsin, and the earthquake-proof Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. (The hotel doors turn just as easily after earthquakes as before.)

There are 18,000 revolving doors in use in the United States and 2,000 in other countries, according to the International Steel Company, the world's leading manufacturer. And apparently the doors last forever. The Brown Palace Hotel of Denver still has the same door Van Kannel's company installed in 1892. The Statler Hotel chain has been using revolving doors for more than 40 years.

Most big-city post offices also have the whirling doors. Thirteen were installed next to one another in the huge main New York Post Office, behind Pennsylvania Station. When the Boston Post Office was completed in 1933 without revolving doors, the oversight became audible as drafts roared through the building. Moreover, the pressures generated by the drafts made it difficult to open swinging doors. (Revolving doors were installed in 1934.)

The Inventor's Gloomy Forebodings

Van Kannel anticipated such problems. "Study the door well," he wrote gloomily—and floridly—in 1898, "especially ye clerks of the busy mart, who enter employment in palatial stores, with rosy cheek and buoyant spirit and in time, all too short, leave fond parents to mourn an untimely death."

It took a long time for Van Kannel's prophetic words to catch on in some places. In Columbus, Ohio, Health Commissioner N. C. Dysart felt impelled in 1945 to urge the installation of a revolving door in one large store because of "a serious health hazard from drafts." A door was installed and the absentee rate for street-floor employees improved vastly. Naturally, department stores have been among the best and most consistent customers for revolving doors. The J. L. Hudson store of Detroit (and its local branches) holds the record: 79 doors bought since 1905, with 71 still in use. The 15 buildings of New York's Rockefeller Center have 55 revolving doors.

According to International Steel, the owners of the 31-story Fisher Building in Detroit found they were losing $6,400 worth of heat a year through their lobby swing doors, used by 15,000 persons a day. Even when the steam-heating system was working full blast all the time, elevator starters, operators and tenants were coming down with colds oftener than average. Revolving doors went in; most colds went out and heating bills went down.

Heating engineers liken skyscrapers to huge fireplaces. Every time an outside door is opened, stack draft is created by the difference between inside and outside temperatures. Stack draft is no joke. It once pressured a divan right through a show window in a Midwest department store. When stack

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO

the Revolution

By
MURRAY TEIGH
BLOOM

shing and pushed people. And a one-legged inventor from Philadelphia is responsible

draft is strong, you have to exert up to 100 pounds pressure to open an ordinary door. A revolving door usually requires no more than a pound of pressure to move, but when the weather strips are still stiff and new it might take up to 10 pounds.

Hospitals and medical arts buildings favor revolving doors to eliminate strain for elderly people and pregnant women. The Mayo Clinic has several.

Not Too Good a Locale for Romance

Seeing Eye dogs are trained to guide their blind owners into the same revolving-door compartment with them. That's the only time two-in-a-compartment is ever recommended. But sometimes two people do find themselves in the same compartment. Al Pinterally, a Chicago song writer, met a girl that way, and it inspired him to toss off a little number that begins, "I met my girl in a revolving door and we've been goin' around ever since." (Al didn't marry the girl—too dizzy, he said.)

Some people fear the door will whirl them around so fast they won't be able to get out. However, by law, most doors are geared so they can't turn faster than a comfortable 15 times per minute, and in many places the maximum is only 12 revolutions per minute. Pushing harder against a geared door doesn't make it go any faster. In fact, the newer doors slow down proportionately when pushed hard. And the very latest doors are motorized, self-turning affairs that can be stopped by simple hand pressure.

The all-time revolving-door traffic record is held by one of the Field Building doors on LaSalle Street in Chicago. It was once clocked letting out 3,720 homebound people an hour, or 62 per minute (the door was an old one which turned faster than 15 times per minute).

Revolving-door etiquette is informal. The lady may precede her escort or follow him into the door. But either way, the man pushes. When you enter a revolving door, you should face forward and step out promptly. Don't bend down to pick up something you dropped. Almost no one looks down while going through a revolving door. A woman once lost a $20 bill going through a utility company door in Des Moines. It was still on the floor several hours later—even though hundreds of people had passed through the door.

A Midwest sheriff wasn't as lucky. He and his deputy were taking a prisoner to the county courthouse. The sheriff got in the revolving door first, the prisoner next, and the deputy brought up the rear. The clever crook knew all about panicproof revolving doors—perfected in 1905—that collapse under heavy pressure. After the sheriff stepped out of the revolving door and entered the courthouse, the prisoner, instead of following, pushed hard. The door vanes collapsed, forming a pie-shaped wedge that trapped the deputy, and leaving the crook a clear path to the outdoors—which he promptly took. The sheriff had a clear path, too, but he was so startled he didn't make use of it until too late, and his prisoner got away.

But revolving doors shouldn't be considered procrime. In the L. Strauss store in Indianapolis not long ago, a would-be burglar was trapped in a locked revolving door when he tried to force it open at night.

Visiting foreigners have a little trouble with our revolving doors. Theirs usually turn clockwise; ours usually counterclockwise. Sometimes jokers will reverse the direction of a door and smile smugly at the puzzled looks of people coming through. The people know something's wrong but aren't quite sure what.

The man responsible for the revolution in doors was an American of Dutch descent who lost his leg in a sea accident. As a mechanical engineer he was largely self-taught. No sooner had he perfected his door—he sold out in 1905—than he began tinkering with a device that would do away with all doors, including his own. It was a controlled series of hot-air jets that would keep cold air out at the building threshold. Trouble was, it played upsy-daisy with women's skirts, just as the playful air jets do today at amusement parks. Van Kannel died in New York in 1919—long before vaudeville expired, but jokes about his wonderful door may have helped kill off the five-a-day routines. Billy Glason, a former vaudeville comic, recalls these killer-dillers:

"Come out of that revolving door, Mother. You're dizzy enough now."

"A revolving door is not particular—it goes around with anybody."

"Why, he's so fat he has to make two trips through a revolving door."

The door was also a key prop for comedy filmers Mack Sennett and Charlie Chaplin. Today the door still provides some of the best sight gags for cartoonists. Herblock, the political cartoonist, gave the revolving door a prophetic plug when the UN was still meeting out at Lake Success awaiting its Manhattan tower. He showed a UN official carrying a newspaper headlined, "Russian Delegates Walk In Again—Walk Out Again." The man was rushing into the UN architects' office saying, "Hold it, fellows. Better put in revolving doors."

Sure enough, the architects did—but not just for the Russians. The UN buildings on the bank of New York's East River have 11 revolving doors. They were installed by the General Bronze Corporation, Garden City, N.Y., which gets most of the North American revolving-door business International Steel's Ray Goad doesn't snag. Goad, who is short, stocky and forty-three, started out as a seventeen-year-old apprentice in "rev doors." He knows the age and condition of just about every revolving door in the United States and has sold more of them than anyone else on earth. In short, he's Mr. Revolving Door himself.

Competitors Who Started—and Stopped

More formally, Goad is sales manager of the Revolving Door Division of International Steel, which makes about 90 per cent of all doors sold. International, with headquarters at Evansville, Indiana, is the successor of the original Van Kannel Company. After the inventor's basic patents ran out in 1905, some 25 companies entered the field, whirled briefly and came to dead stops. T. B. Colman and Sons, Ltd., of England, once a Van Kannel licensee, makes most of the British and European doors today.

Besides his official function with International Steel, Goad is founder of the International Order of Sidewalk Superintendents, a 10,000-member, no-dues outfit created in 1949 for enthusiasts who wouldn't miss a revolving-door installation for anything.

The cheapest door made by International today is a ready-made job that sells for $2,535. The most expensive: three revolving doors made for the new Bank of Nova Scotia building in Toronto with a $106,000 price tag. Gold-plated ornaments ran the cost up.

The biggest revolving door in history never got off the drawing board. It was to have been a 40-foot affair for the Chrysler Tank Arsenal in Macomb County, Michigan. The door was designed so that newly built tanks could roll out of the building every few minutes without admitting great drafts. With World War II's end, the order was canceled.

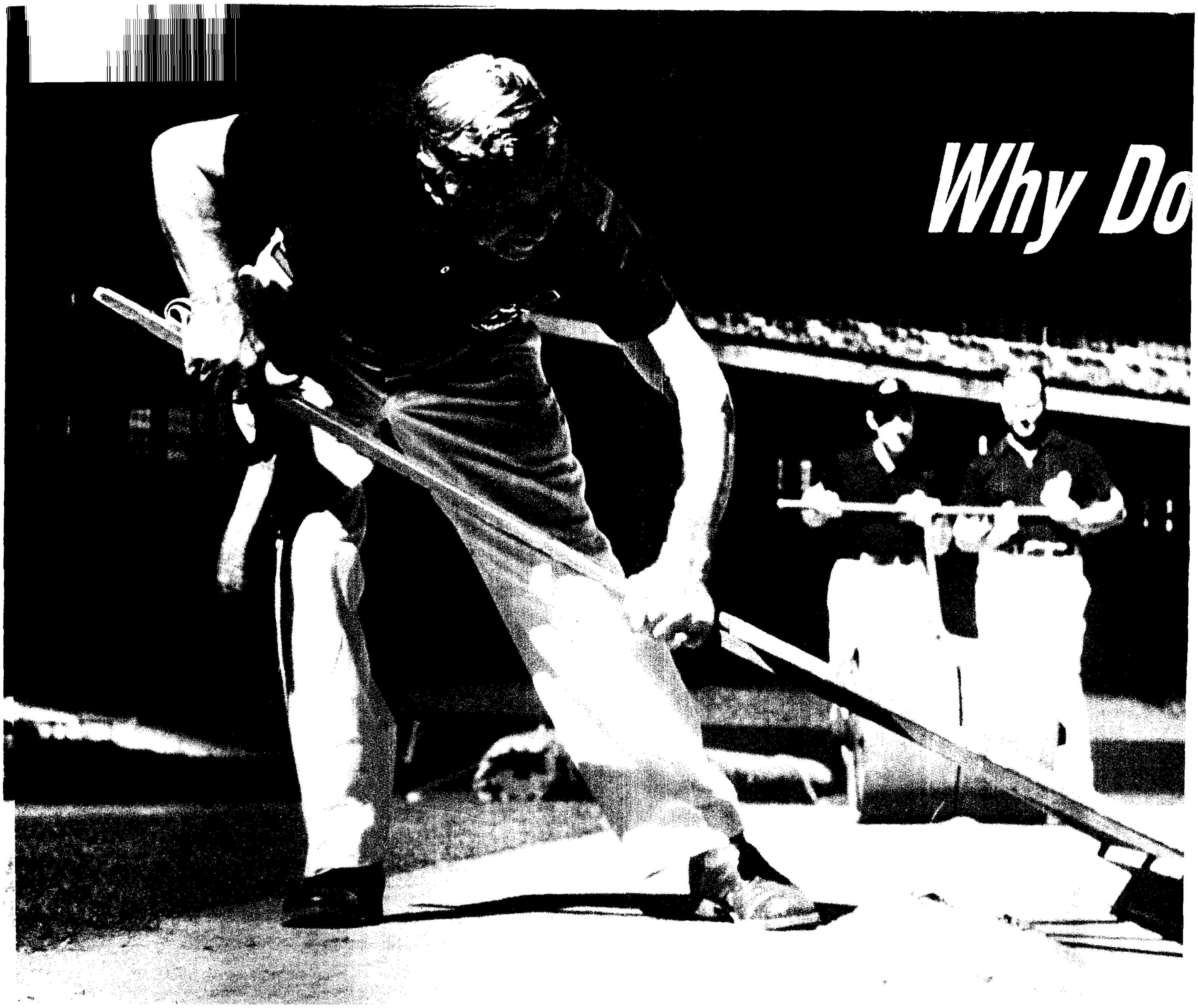
Walter G. Koch, International's president and Goad's boss, thinks the present air-conditioning era will be the golden age for the revolving door. An ordinary swing door pours out 2,600 cubic feet of expensively cooled air per opening; a revolving door's rubber and felt weather strips reluctantly permit 18½ cubic feet to sneak out. Today half the revolving doors sold by International are to replace swing doors in air-conditioned buildings.

Goad doesn't stop there. His dreams are of headier stuff. "Why not," he asks, "place a revolving door in every air-conditioned home?"

Why not, indeed? Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

▲▲▲

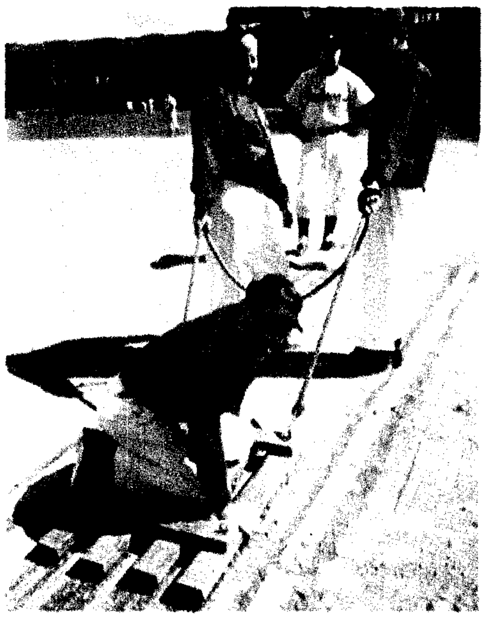
When revolving-door vanes are folded back in New York's RCA Building, drafts sweep inside



Why Do

Emil Bossard, head of the clan, builds up foul line as sons Harold (left) and Marshall stand by with roller to help. The field is tailored bef

Having tilted foul line, Emil checks to make sure his work will be hidden from players on the opposing club



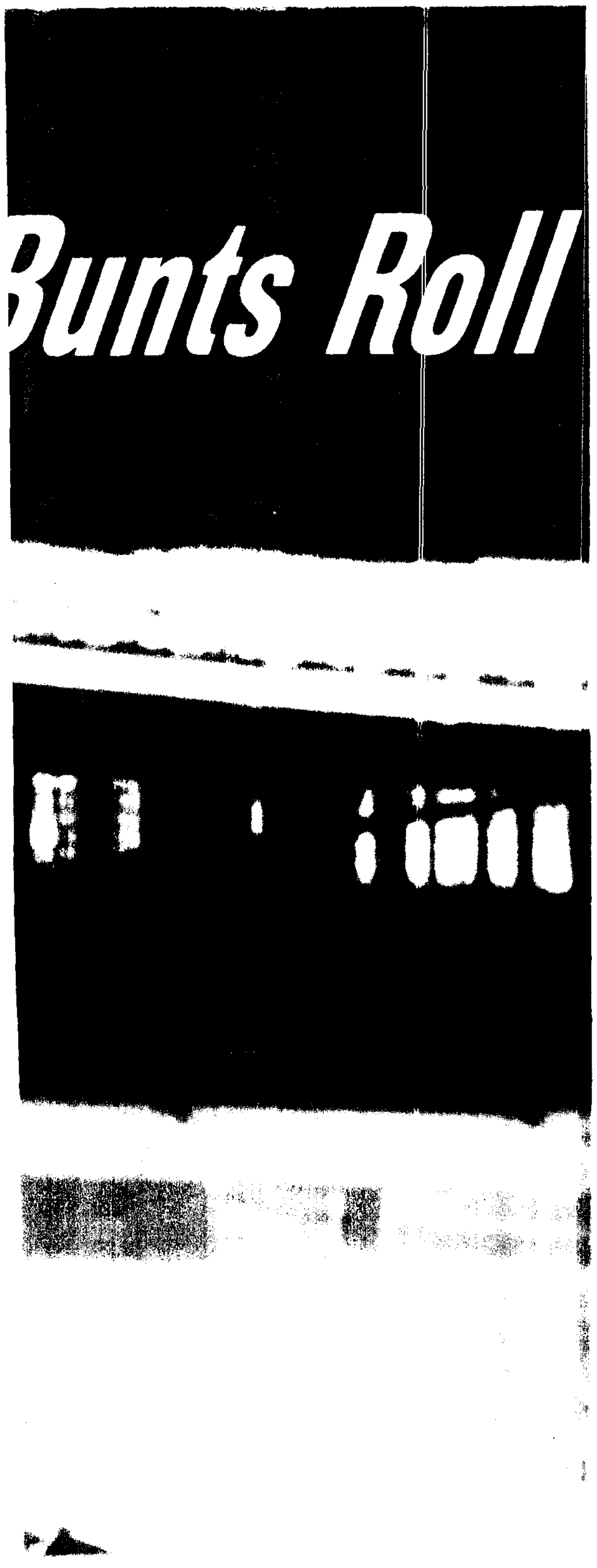
Son Marshall, grandson Bruce pull Emil on Bossard invention: 1,000-nail harrow

Elder Bossard finds water a most useful tool when the Indians want a slow field

Bunts Roll Foul in Cleveland?

By HAL LEBOVITZ

They seem to—especially for the best bunters on visiting teams. Reason: baseball's Swiss Family Bossard, who clinch some 10 games a year for the Tribe by doctoring the diamond



home game to give Cleveland edg

Work finished, Emil stands by for okay on dirt's hardness from pilot Al Lopez

LET'S say you have just become the manager of a last-place club for a brand-new American League franchise. What's your first move? Study the records of your personnel? Make some trades? Buy players? Hire new coaches? Revamp the farm system?

Not Lou Boudreau. When he was named manager of the Kansas City Athletics a few months ago, his first move was to call the Bossard family in Cleveland. He offered Harold, the eldest Bossard son, the job as head groundskeeper of the Kansas City ball park. "Write your own ticket," he told Harold.

Boudreau isn't crazy. Once upon a time he managed and played shortstop for the Cleveland Indians. Emil Bossard was groundskeeper, aided by sons Harold and Marshall. "Emil was the tenth man in our line-up," Boudreau says. "I wouldn't be surprised if he helped us win as many as ten games a year."

That same touch is still helping the Indians, as general manager Hank Greenberg admits. "A good groundskeeper," he says, "can win his share of games, and the Bossards are the best."

The Indian infielders are so delighted with the condition of their diamond that you might say they literally worship the ground they walk on. When shortstop George Strickland came over from the National League in 1952, the greatest change he found was under his feet. "I can't say enough about the difference," he observed. "When you make an error in Cleveland it's seldom because of a bad hop. Best infield I ever played on."

Strickland's high opinion of the sixty-four-year-old Bossard is reflected all around the league. Just before the Yankees met the Brooklyn Dodgers in the World Series of 1953, the American Leaguers put in a call to Hank Greenberg. Would he consent to send Bossard to Yankee Stadium to give some professional advice? That the haughty Yankees should come seeking help was the highest possible compliment. Bossard went, and advised them how to turn their diseased grass into a healthy green and how to repair their infield. He was paid handsomely.

Last summer Greenberg received a call from the Detroit Tigers. The once-lush Briggs Stadium diamond was falling into disrepair. The Tiger ballplayers were moaning about bad hops and bumpy ground. Bossard was dispatched to the rescue. The biggest trouble, it turned out, was caking of the dirt strip around the infield. Bossard told the Detroit groundskeepers of a new rolling process he had developed. It softened the skin area of the diamond perfectly, according to the Tiger infielders. Bossard received a check and a testimonial letter from Jess Walls, the Briggs Stadium manager—plus a tremendous tribute in the Detroit Times.

The numerous job offers received by the younger members of the family are further proof that the Bossards are recognized as groundskeeping geniuses. It would be unethical (and useless) to try to hire Emil away, so the other teams try his sons. Each year at least one major-league club makes the attempt. Only one has ever succeeded. Son Gene was enticed away by the Chicago White Sox in 1940 and he's been head groundskeeper at Comiskey Park ever since.

Harold, of course, refused Lou Boudreau's recent offer. The younger Bossards—both of whom are in their forties—have comfortable salaries and fine homes in Cleveland and enjoy being with Pop. One of Harold's sons is a full-time member of the Cleveland ground crew and another son, along with a boy of Marshall's, is a part-time worker.

Although the Bossards are renowned throughout the league, few of the fans in Cleveland's huge lakefront stadium realize the importance of the three groundskeepers to the Indians. To the fans, the reason for a high hop, a bunt rolling fair or foul, a base hit through the infield, a runner safe or out by a wink, is good luck or tough luck, depending on how they're rooting.

Making the Ball Hop According to Plan

Chances are, luck has less to do with it than the Bossards. In Cleveland, when a ball takes an unusual hop, it's often planned. Diamond doctoring isn't a Cleveland exclusive, of course. It's attempted throughout the majors. But Emil Bossard, it is unanimously agreed, is a diamond doctor *summa cum laude.*

The art of doctoring diamonds to give the home club the greatest advantage was first propounded by the great Giant manager John McGraw, and it's been done ever since. Ordering these invisible booby traps is much easier than making them, however, and it was not until Emil Bossard arrived on the baseball scene that a diamond became fully custom-built for the talents of the home nine. The Bossards speed up the field one day, slow it down the next, tilt the foul lines to control the direction of bunts and engage in all manner of tricky—but strictly legitimate—maneuvers.

The Cleveland players think so much of the Bossards, as a result, that last season they voted them a three-fourths World Series cut, totaling $5,034.45.

Cleveland manager Al Lopez, who says the Bossards "helped us win the pennant," counts heavily on them for day-to-day assistance. Although he may discuss strategy in general terms, Lopez says he never directly advises Emil or gives him specific instructions concerning diamond manipulations.

"I leave it up to him," grins Lopez. "He never second-guesses my managing and I never second-guess his groundskeeping."

The Bossards, like Lopez, are profound believers in percentage baseball. They study the Indians from the day spring training opens. Emil, in fact, goes to spring training each year. How many pull hitters on the club? How many ground-ball hitters? In which direction do they hit? Is it a fast club? How many good bunters?

Similarly, they study the pitchers and rival hitters. They have daily conferences. Harold, a

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN IGER

"An inch is often the difference between a base hit and an out. We tr

former minor-leaguer, is a particularly keen baseball student.

Then, for each home game they custom-build the infield to give the Indians the edge percentage-wise.

"Oh, we know a trick or two," admits Emil and the wrinkles around his eyes fan out on his smiling, weather-beaten face. "This is a game of inches. An inch is often the difference between a base hit and an out. We try to have the inches go our way."

Strategy of the 1954 Season

The Bossards won't divulge their master plan for the present season, but they do reveal what they did last year when the Indians won 111 games for an all-time American League high.

"We figured it this way," says Harold. "We have three guys who could pull the ball down to left field—Al Rosen, Bobby Avila and Al Smith. That's one third of the offense. So we decided to speed up the field down third base."

The key to diamond doctoring, according to the Bossards, is the first bounce. "If the first bounce is quick and sharp the ball has a better chance of going through the infield," explains Emil. "So we work on the area where the ball first hits. That's usually in the dirt circle between home plate and the infield grass." To speed up the ground along the third-base line, says Harold, "we rolled it plenty and didn't give it much water before games, especially when we played the weaker clubs, who couldn't pull." Last summer, Rosen, Avila and Smith shot a number of hits over or past opposition third basemen, and many Cleveland wins were traced directly to a hardened third-base line.

Of course, the speedy infield worked both ways; Rosen, who is slow afoot, also had to field on it. "But since he knew what we had done," says Emil, "he was able to play deeper. With the ground around the plate so hard, he didn't have to worry about bunts. They'd roll out to him faster."

Wherever possible, however, the Bossards try to tailor the infield to suit the fielders. Second baseman Bobby Avila used to like a fast field around second because it made the balls bounce higher instead of hugging the ground. Now he feels he gets a better start on the ball if it comes at him medium to slow. At first base last summer, the groundskeepers had a problem: Vic Wertz had never played that position before. Without telling him what they planned ("He had enough to think about," says Marshall), the Bossards kept the ground soft around first early in the season so the balls wouldn't come to Vic too hard, and made it faster later as he became more adept.

The '54 diamond was concrete-hard in comparison to the one fashioned by the Bossards for the 1948 World Champions managed by Boudreau. That year's infield quartet—Ken Keltner at third, Boudreau at short, Joe Gordon at second and Eddie Robinson at first—was slow-moving, "so we made the skin part of the diamond so soft they must have felt as though they were playing in rocking chairs."

For the current campaign, a safe prediction would be that the successful '54 formula will be maintained, especially with the advent of Ralph Kiner, another right-handed pull hitter.

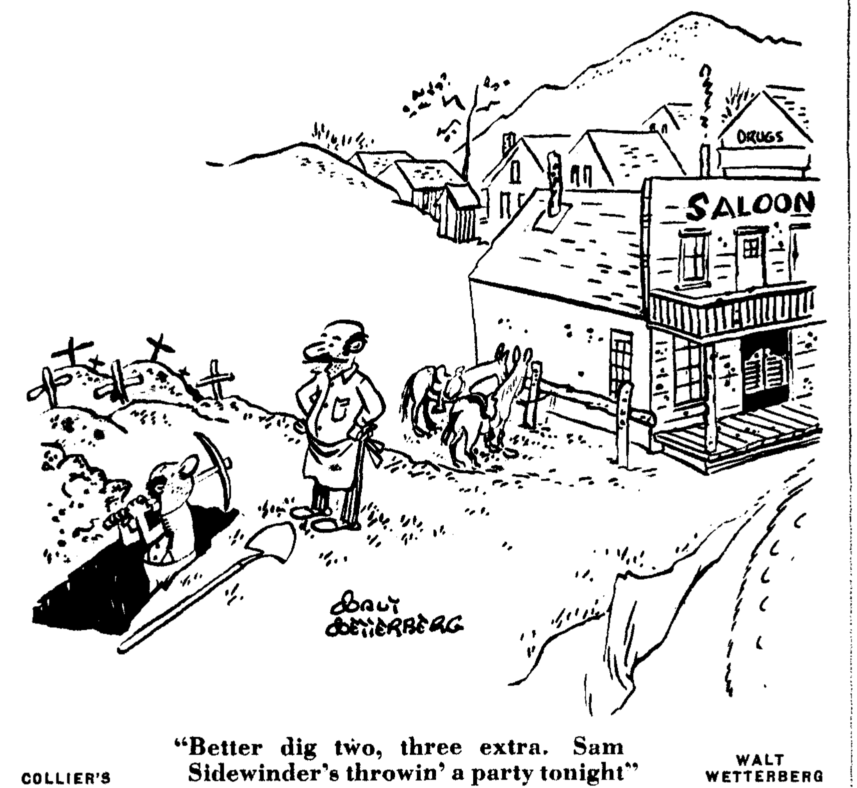
But whenever Bob Lemon pitches, the ground goes soft. "Lemon," explains Harold, "has a sinker. The batters hit it on the ground."

Bob Feller also gets the soft-ground treatment these days. "He's come up with a sinker, too," is the Bossard explanation. "But in the old days we made the ground as hard as we could for Feller. When Bob had his fast ball, he'd strike out as many as 15 batters every game. That's 15 guys a hard infield couldn't help. On the other hand, only three or four of our guys would strike out. It's all percentage."

Diamond tempering (or tampering, if you will) is as legal as the knuckle ball, as long as the dimensional regulations of the rulebook are followed. And like the knuckle ball, it doesn't always work.

Take the last World Series (which Cleveland lost, of course). In the fourth and final game the Giants' Willie Mays hit one of Lemon's sinkers into the dirt. It took a kangaroo hop over Rosen's outstretched glove for a clutch double, reminiscent of one Rosen had hit during the season. Later in the game, Smith hit a similar bounder—except that Hank Thompson at third base stabbed it.

Said Joe DiMaggio, covering the game from the press box, "First time I ever saw that happen to the Bossards. It calls for a Congressional investigation."



COLLIER'S "Better dig two, three extra. Sam Sidewinder's throwin' a party tonight" WALT WETTERBERG

Why Ground Didn't Stay Soft

The Bossards know the answer. Says Harold, "With Lemon pitching, we tried to make the ground very soft. But we were afraid to soak it too much; there isn't much sun in October to dry the excess water, and the ground might have become too muddy. So we didn't use enough water and the ground got too hard."

Away from home the Indians are on their own. The first time the Indians appeared in Comiskey Park last season, coach Tony Cuccinello called to each Cleveland player as he entered the batting cage, "Look at the third-base foul line." It was sticking up like a Dutch dike, leaning inward, making it virtually impossible for a bunt to roll foul. The doctoring was so obvious the Indians could adapt their strategy to it.

"The secret," declares Emil as if lecturing his son Gene, the White Sox groundskeeper, by remote control, "is to keep your tricks hidden."

Papa Bossard unhappily chalked up a victory for Gene, however, in Comiskey Park one afternoon last May. That day, the speedy Sox ran Cleveland's Mike Garcia off the mound by stealing five bases in less than four innings against the veteran hurler.

This incident caused radio broadcaster Van Patrick to challenge Emil. "I'll bet the next time the White Sox come to Cleveland for a series they'll steal at least two bases."

"A buck," said Bossard emphatically, "says they don't steal any."

"I knew when I shook hands with Emil," said Patrick later, "that I had just lost a dollar."

He was so right. Bossard halted the Go-Go Sox without a single theft. "All we did," says Emil, "was loosen up the soil about an inch deep so their spikes wouldn't grip. They had to stay close to the bag or get picked off."

One of the Bossards' biggest boosters is the Yankees' Phil Rizzuto. "He calls us the greatest," says Emil proudly, "but he doesn't trust us." Rizzuto learned quickly about the Bossards. On his rookie appearance in Cleveland, the Yankee Scooter beat out three bunts. The next day he bunted again. Each time he tried, the ball rolled foul. Until last year, the third-base foul line always was slanted outward when the Yankees came to town. But after Rizzuto lost his status as a regular, the lines were beveled inward to give Avila the edge.

"Last year," reveals Harold, "we generally slanted 'em out only for the White Sox and Senators."

Lou Boudreau, knowing Bossard's skill, thoroughly tests the ground before each game by hitting grounders to his infielders. "I see you've got a well at third base," he'll shout to Bossard if the balls slow down.

Visiting teams don't often complain about diamond doctoring. But Bossard admits he isn't infallible and on rare occasions he gets complaints from his own tepee. Once in a while a player in a slump will protest that he isn't hitting past the infield because the ground is too soft. Emil always tries to co-operate. "The worst thing on a club is a guy in a slump," he observes.

Al Rosen, a keen baseball student, often talks over ground problems with the Bossards. "We listen to him," says Harold. "He has some good ideas."

Rosen's advice on groundskeeping helped set the stage for the Tribe's greatest day last season. The Yanks were coming in for a double-header on Sunday, September 12th. It was their last stand, and they had to win or drop out of the race. But the Indians were crippled. Rosen had a bad leg and there were other injuries.

"Make the field as slow as you possibly can," he urged the Bossards. "That might equalize our speeds."

Yanks Victims of Indian Sign

"We intended to make it slow anyhow, because Lemon was pitching the first game, but after Rosen talked to us we went all out. We made the infield slower than ever before," says Harold. "The Yanks didn't have a chance to test it in advance because it was only a one-day stay."

The Indians won the first game 4-1 and the second 3-2 before 86,563 people, the largest regular-season crowd in baseball history. But not until the unsuspecting fans who were there see this will they realize why so many Yankees grounded out that day when the Indians, for all practical purposes, won the pennant.

For Rosen the Bossards also custom-build the batter's box. He requests an elevation of about an inch at the spot where he plants his right heel, to give him a more comfortable stance against tough pitchers.

"When Ray Boone was with us, we had a problem," says Harold. "He liked a lower box. Finally he told us, 'Rosen is the better hitter. Make it right for him.' "

The Bossards build most of their own groundskeeping equipment and are constantly inventing new tools.

Emil's prize device is his drag—42 inches long, 16 inches wide and containing 1,000 tenpenny nails. "Other groundskeepers use rakes," Emil points out. "But everybody rakes differently. Our drag does away with rakes and all the soil gets the same touch."

Another of his pet possessions is the Bossard Tarp, made of spun glass and weighing half as much as the standard infield cover. Since it cannot absorb moisture it does not gain weight, nor does it require drying after a rain. Furthermore, it cannot rip. Bossard predicts all major-league clubs will be using spun-glass tarpaulins eventually.

Including himself, his two sons and grandson, Bossard has a year-round crew of 12. During the summer he adds about 25 high-school boys. Then there's the gang from Wellington, Ohio, a town about 40 miles from Cleveland. For each night and Sunday game, about a dozen citizens from Wellington journey to the stadium at their own expense, put on groundskeeper uniforms which they purchased themselves and sit with Bossard in his special box along the left-field line. If it rains, they help him with the tarp. They get no pay, only free entrance into the park. In this unique group are a doctor, the Wellington chief of police, several businessmen and a newspaper reporter. "They're crazy about baseball," explains Emil, "and it's a break for us to have them."

As an extra aid, Bossard keeps in close touch with the Weather Bureau. Throughout each game he makes periodic checks and notifies Manager Lopez of approaching rains. Needless to say, rain warnings affect Lopez' strategy. More than once last season, the Indians protected an early lead by making sure 4½ innings were played before the rains came.

A few years ago, Cleveland was beating the Red Sox in the last of the fourth, 5-1, with two men on and one out when the skies opened up. It rained hard for 53 minutes, and when it finally stopped, he outfield was thoroughly flooded. The infield was dry because Bossard's gang had spread the canvas in less than our minutes, but it didn't seem that he game could resume—and unless it vent five innings, it wouldn't count.

Joe Cronin, who was then the Red Sox manager, walked out to umpire Bill Summers and said hopefully, 'There isn't a chance in the world to inish the game." Summers agreed, and urned to Bossard for confirmation.

"Just give me 25 minutes," said Emil, "and the field will be playable."

"I'll give you exactly 30 minutes," aid the astonished umpire.

Game Saved by Wheelbarrows

Emil had his men dig huge holes in he outfield. As the water drained into hese pits, the Bossards hauled it out vith pails and poured it into wheelarrows and literally pushed the pudles off the field. In 25 minutes the eld was ready, the game was resumed nd the Indians won.

That night Bill Veeck, the Cleveland resident, phoned Bossard, thanked im for the victory and gave him a 500 gift. "That," says Emil, "was the iggest thrill of my life." Last Christıas, the Bossards got bonuses from ıe grateful Greenberg.

Bossard and his sons are probably ıe highest-paid groundskeepers in the ame. In addition to working for the ndians, they also are on the Cleveland rowns' payroll for taking care of the adium during the football season. ossard employs no unusual turf tricks or the Browns. "Give us a dry, fast field" is coach Paul Brown's orders, "and we'll take our chances."

"When the Cleveland Rams were here," reveals Emil, "it was just the opposite. Their coach, Adam Walsh, wanted the slowest field he could get."

Because football cleats somehow deaden the soil, Bossard has to install a new infield after each grid season. For this, he mixes his ingredients as carefully as the most meticulous chef. He scouts around Greater Cleveland until he finds a clay that satisfies him. To this he adds strained builders' sand to attain the desired consistency.

Pitchers Make It Unanimous

Bossard takes pride in building the best pitcher's mound in baseball. In 1946 a committee of pitchers, in an effort to make all mounds uniform, polled the league's hurlers. It was unanimously agreed, "Copy the one in Cleveland."

He also is fiercely proud of the thick green carpet in the stadium outfield. The stadium grass is a mixture, mostly creeping bent, with a little Kentucky blue and clover added. "It takes 50 per cent more work, but it's 50 per cent better," he says. "The secret of good grass is to feed it. Give it plenty of fertilizer. We use over two tons a year."

Emil says quietly, "I guess fixing fields is the job I was intended for, just like I suppose an artist is born with a special talent."

Emil might not have discovered his special talent if hard times hadn't hit St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1911. Emil was working at his father's hardware store, but business was so slow that year he began looking around for something else. "I heard they were doing some building at the St. Paul ball park so I went there and they put me to work carrying lumber. I'd never seen a baseball diamond before."

Within three weeks Bossard was asked to give the groundskeeper a hand. When the snow melted he learned how to manicure a diamond. On opening day, the head groundskeeper took sick. "He stayed sick so they made me head groundskeeper at $80 a month," Emil recalls. He listened to the ballplayers, got good and bad advice and learned by his mistakes. Soon he became so proficient that other American Association owners prevailed upon him to rehabilitate their diamonds.

Then, in 1936, Cy Slapnicka, just appointed general manager of the Cleveland Indians, fired the groundskeeper he had inherited. "Recommend another," he said to his manager, Steve O'Neill. Not long before, O'Neill had been in the American Association, where he had piloted the Toledo Mud Hens. "The best in the business," said O'Neill, "is Emil Bossard at St. Paul."

Slapnicka offered Emil a two-year contract, and Emil accepted. Not once has he regretted the move. In Cleveland he soon made enough money to buy an eight-suite apartment which provided him a supplementary income. His sons became tenants.

A few months ago he sold the apartment at a 100-per-cent profit and bought a large home in a Cleveland suburb. His sons did likewise.

"You watch," promises Emil Bossard. "We'll have the best lawn in town. You know why? Mama will take care of it."

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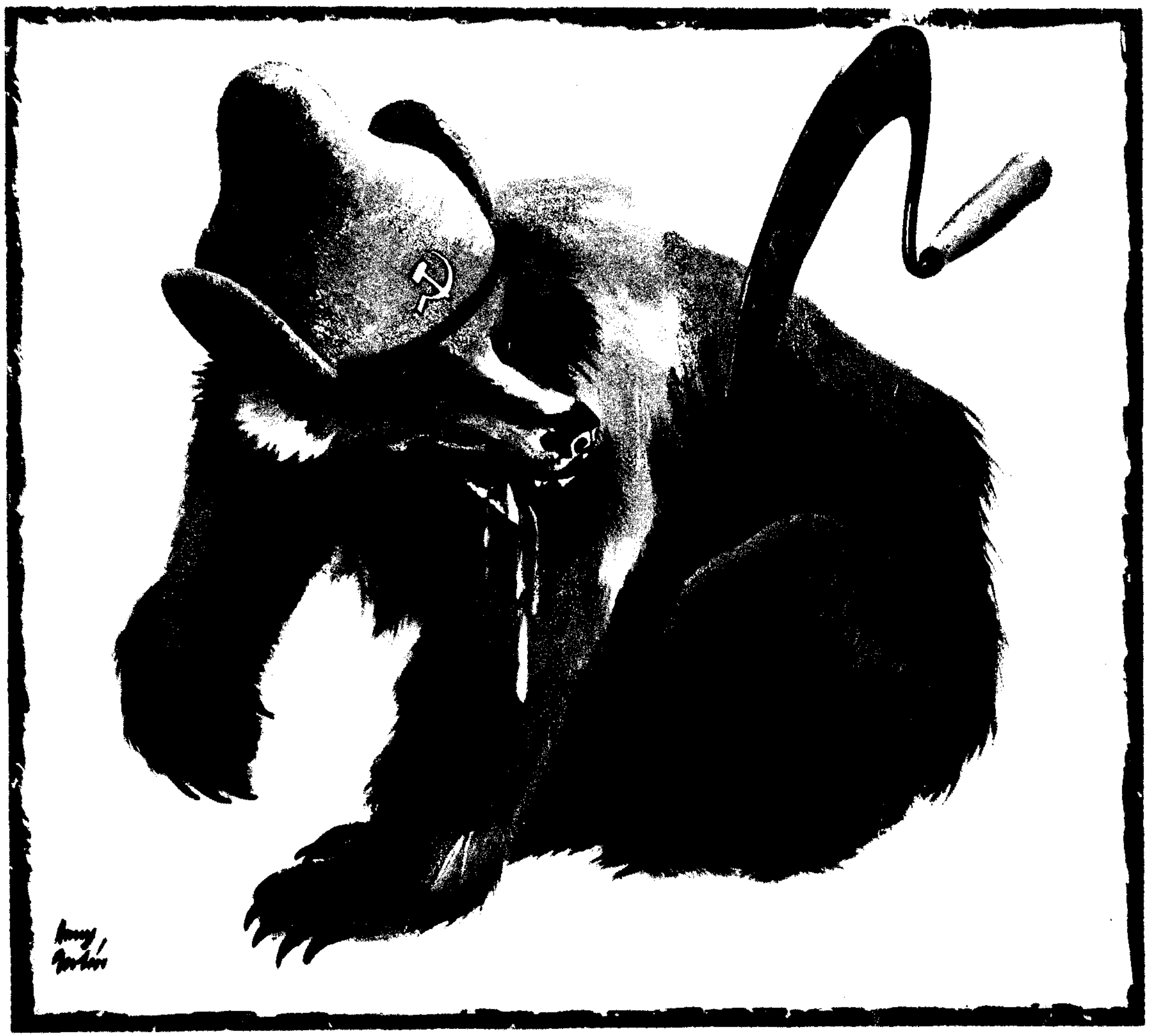

HARRY DEVLIN

Thorn in his side

The Nether Side of Paradise

WHEN GEORGI MALENKOV surrendered the premiership of Russia with a confession of "guilt and responsibility for the unsatisfactory state of affairs that has arisen in agriculture," he put his finger on the foremost problem facing the Communist high command.

Russia isn't producing enough food to meet the needs of its people, and the situation is worsening steadily. Russia's livestock herds are leaner and more sparse than they were under the czars. There is one third less milk produced in Russia today than 30 years ago. The most vigorous efforts of the Communist party have failed to boost grain production anywhere near a level adequate to feed the 3,000,000 new Russians born each year.

It puts no bread in hungry mouths for the Soviets to point out that Russian heavy industry has increased briskly through this period; even the industrial workers must go on eating if they are to go on producing.

The challenge to the disciples of Marx is to produce *both* food and machines, efficiently enough to generate the momentum of prosperity.

This is the challenge put to the Communists by the American free-enterprise system, which has managed not only to mechanize its whole economy but also to build an agricultural system which, utilizing one twelfth of the population, turns out enough food to keep the entire nation fat and healthy, export vast surpluses to the free world's needy, and stuff innumerable warehouses with what's left over.

For the failure to meet this challenge, Malenkov took too much blame upon himself. Marx is the original culprit.

Marx dreamed of a communized Utopia sparked by the diligence and devotion of industrial workers. But Marx drew his blueprint on the basis of the countries with which he was familiar—industrial-minded Germany and England. He didn't know a great deal about human nature, and he was particularly ignorant of the mind and nature of the soil tiller. This proved all the more ironic because Communism got its toe hold not in Britain and Germany, but in agrarian Russia and China.

It seemed a perfectly feasible scheme to Marx's disciples to enlist the peasants' cooperation with the promise of land, taken from the rich and distributed among the poor, and then go on to indoctrinate the peasants to the degree that they would happily surrender their small plots for the privilege of being cogs in the collectivist state. The Russian peasants went for the pie-in-the-sky promise—as did the Chinese peasants 30 years later.

But when, around 1929, Joseph Stalin launched the collectivization phase, he ran into trouble—trouble that has lasted to this day. He discovered that the peasant, once he had hold of his small plot, became a rugged individualist, a vigorous free enterpriser fiercely attached to the idea of reaping the profits of his own sweat and toil. Stalin found that the peasant powerfully resented being pressed into a collective pattern where the state scooped off the bulk of the profits, and indiscriminately distributed what was left among the diligent and the lazy.

By killing the peasant's incentive the Communists also killed his will to work. The grimness of the resistance is suggested by the fact that the liquidation of 10,000,000 truculent peasants failed to change the attitudes of the other 100,000,000. They merely switched from active to passive resistance.

That's what ails Soviet agriculture. And the new bosses can cook up all manner of schemes for cultivating the Siberian badlands, and preach the glories of Marxism till kingdom come—but until they give the peasant back his incentive they'll go on having trouble. And they can't restore the incentives of free enterprise without blaspheming Marx and likewise surrendering their one means of exercising economic and political domination of the peasants. They have dug themselves into a very deep hole.

What has happened in Russia can reasonably be expected to happen in China where, following a similar prelude of mass bloodshed, collectivization is proceeding under forced draft. Indeed, the problem stands to become more acute in China, which has four times as many peasants as Russia and a far greater shortage of scientific and technical agricultural skill.

The prospect of desperate want overtaking one third of the earth's people offers no cause for jubilation. And there is the continuing hazard that the Red leaders may try to relieve the internal pressure by seeking an outside war.

There are, nevertheless, some ways in which the free world can exploit the Communist dilemma without violating humanitarian principle.

There is good reason, here, to intensify the bombardment of the iron curtain peoples with messages of truth and hope, and reassurances that the free world maintains its sense of kinship with those who wear Communist shackles.

And there is good reason for a fresh look at American policy in Asia.

Much has been said of the need to export know-how to Free Asia; certainly the Free Asians need the means to strengthen their economies and enlarge their understanding of democracy's dynamism as against Communism's physical and spiritual poverty.

But just as urgently, Americans need to gain know-how—the know-how to persuade these people that what we offer them is true and good and in their interest. This is a complex matter, but it will be far simpler if we grasp one basic fact: in dealing with Asians we are dealing not with chunks of geography or swarms of brown-skinned population units, but with people. They are emotional people, like the rest of us, and suspicious people with good historical grounds for suspicion. But they are also freedom-loving people like ourselves, full of pride and eager determination to be masters of their own destiny.

They are setting out on a very long road; they need to build their economies and living standards step by step. They need our guidance in laying strong foundations—schools, farming methods, health, leadership. But along with this, and inseparable from it, they need our faith and respect. As Delia and Ferdinand Kuhn say elsewhere in this issue: ". . . it is people—not dollars, not weapons, not good intentions—that will decide the issue. And the only people who can save Free Asia are the Asians themselves."

The way to exploit Communist weakness is to build democratic strength; in Asia it must be built—with our sympathetic help—by Asians, with their own hands, in their own way.

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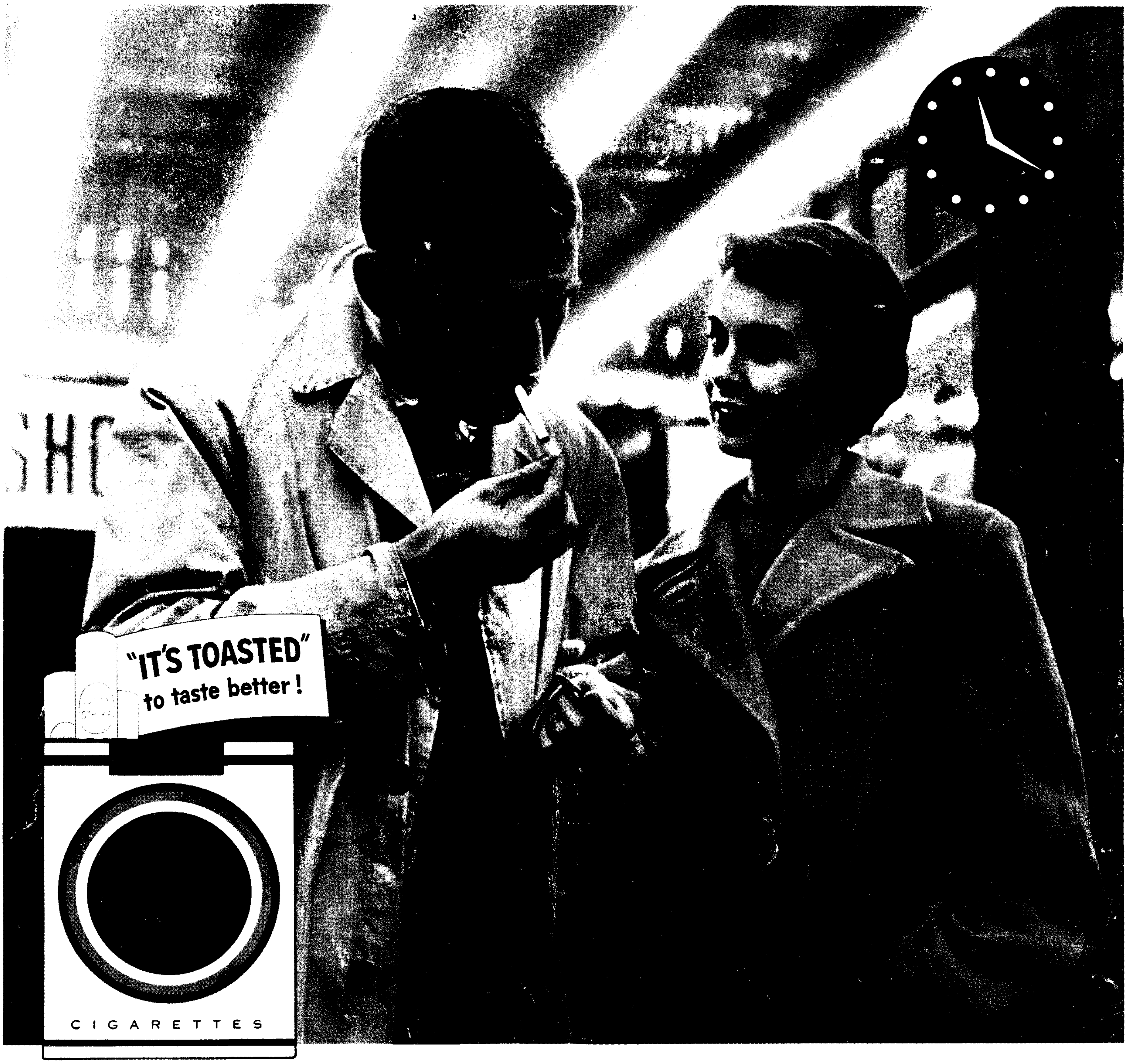

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